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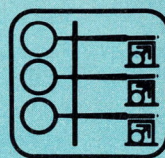
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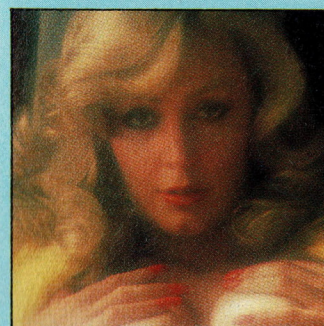
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The International Magazine for Australian Men/December 1979

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US Pet of the Year



Christmas gift guide



Dumb Bandits



Cheyne Horan

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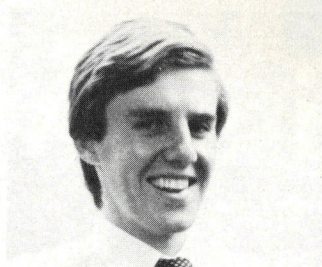
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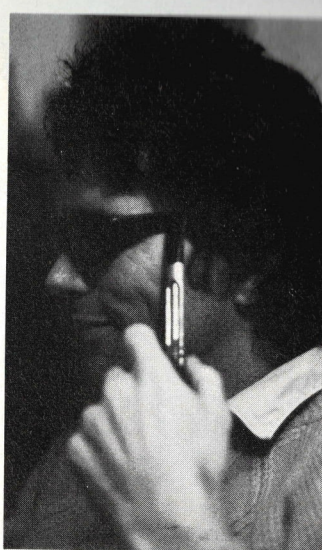
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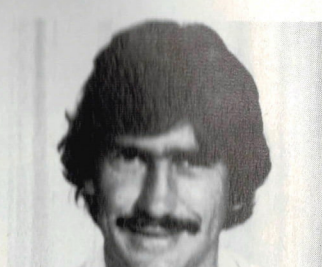
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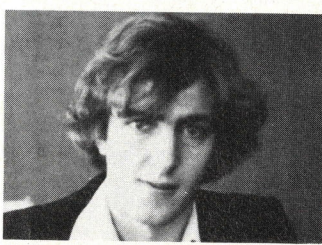
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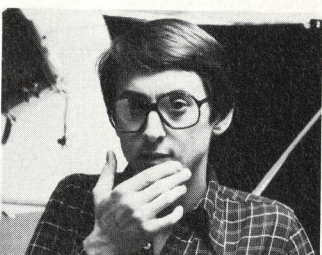
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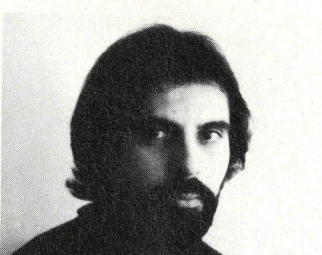
Frank Robson



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Helen Dalley

HOUSECALL

When **Bob Guccione**, the editor-in-chief and publisher of *US Penthouse* visited Australia for our launch two months ago he could not be drawn on an annual event of great significance for *Penthouse* lovers. Who would win the Pet of the Year award? "All I can say," Guccione told us, "is that she is a most wonderful lady, and I believe my pictorial of her is the best I have ever done." That augured well, coming from the man who changed the world's approach to photographing beautiful women, capturing in his pictures the air of erotic mystery which excites men everywhere. But it failed to answer the burning question: Had Australia's **Cheryl Rixon**, the girl from Perth who wowed us all when she first appeared in *US Penthouse*, and again in the first issue of *Australian Penthouse* done it again and become the \$150,000 Pet of the Year? The answer is: She has. And *Australian Penthouse* is proud to bring you, for the second time in three issues, a magnificent pictorial of the most magnificent Cheryl. Her pictures begin on Page 51, and the text includes a list of some of her great prizes. We are sure you will be hearing more of Cheryl as she continues her acting, modelling and fashion career.

We will be having an Australian Pet of the Year, too. We are currently arranging prizes which we expect to be valued in excess of \$50,000. The contest will be open to all Australian Pets who appear between our first issue and that published in September next year. Readers will be asked to vote for their choice of the ultimate in Australian womanhood, so keep your copies safely stored away for reference.

Carmen McCall, who appears in this issue, photographed by **Paul Abel** at the delightful Pine Trees Resort at Noosa Heads in Queensland, is, of course, the latest contender.

This issue is the first to include contributions from Australian readers in our Forum and Feedback sections. Your Forum letters indicate to us that the sexual climate in Australia is warm to hot, and it is interesting to note the number of readers who tell us they have learned more about themselves and their relationships with

their partners through reading of the experiences of others in *Penthouse*. Throughout this International Year of the Child we've been reminded to care for kids. Investigations by *Australian Penthouse* staff writer **Martin Riordan** shows that those who should care for kids most in need of care are clearly failing in their duty. Riordan, an honors graduate from Macquarie University, calls for a special ombudsman to be appointed to protect tomorrow's adults from the decisions of today's. The haunting illustration is by **Nicholas Harding**.

Another out-of-sight-out-of-mind scandal in Australia today is the plight of the Torres Strait Islanders. Thursday Island is further north of Brisbane than Hobart is south. This huge distance means a great number of Australians living in the southern States find the problems of the north easier to put out of their minds than to embrace. We hope the words of Brisbane freelancer **Frank Robson**, the art of **Tony Pyrzakowski** and the photographs of **David May** will remedy that situation.

Maxwell Newton is back in this issue with another incisive look at the politico-economic health of the nation. If, like us, you worry about individual freedoms in this country, you'll worry more after reading it. The dramatic ceramic art is by **Jay Antablian**.

With this issue summer and Christmas are upon us. Our six-page Christmas shopping guide, photographed by **Gary Isaacs** is designed to give subtle hints for gifts, while those into sun and the surf will get an insight into the young mind of **Cheyne Horan**, arguably our greatest surfing hope in years. **Helen Dalley** wrote the Horan profile and **Peter Crawford** took the pictures. Christmas is also Sydney-Hobart yacht race time and our interview marks the occasion: **Jim Hardy**, the gentleman of good wine and blue water, talks to senior editor **Phil Jarratt** about the tough world of yacht racing.

To wrap it up, **Peter Manning** looks at the way ahead for Australia's film industry (with photo/art by **Adam Brooke**) **Colin Talbot** tears himself away from the book he is currently writing to despair at the Great Australian Sleaze, and **Bill Tuckey** (also writing a book, his sixth, on the Repco Round Australia Trial scheduled for publication in mid-November) explodes a few myths about the 1-2-3 Commodore victory in the trial. ☐



All your Christmases have come at once.

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DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Sharing chores

I would like to share with you one of my more memorable sexual experiences. I was feeling very cross about being stuck with the housework one Sunday afternoon. I didn't want to talk to anyone, neither my son nor my live-in boyfriend (whom I've recently married).

The day before, we had been arguing about who was to do the dishes, and I had lost. We had been talking about sharing the housework on a 50-50 basis, in conformity with the principles of the women's movement, and it was becoming obvious that Carlos's idea of 50-50 was more like 20-80. This is no better than most couples do, and I had hoped for more, even though Carlos is Spanish.

Incidentally, Carlos actually believes women are equal, though he naturally has some habits in lovemaking that reflect his heritage. For one thing, he is pretty good at touching and being romantic, from time to time. He is pretty good at some other things, too.

Anyhow, I was trying to resign myself to losing in this housework issue. If I was going to have to wash the dishes, then why should I be nice about it? I pottered around the house with a sour expression on my face, showing that I couldn't possibly take time to cuddle with Carlos or even with my son. I was down on lazy males in general.

After an hour or so of this, my son went out to play, but Carlos was seemingly unaffected by my bad mood.

"Hey! Can't you take a little break?" he inquired as he lounged on the bed in such a way that I knew what kind of "little break" he had in mind.

"No," I said, "I've just got too much work to do." I noticed he seemed not only to get that message, but the implied one, as well. He looked thoughtful.

The next time I was passing through the bedroom, he jumped up and laughingly started smothering me with kisses and stroking me, squeezing my breasts and

sneaking little feels of my pussy. "Leave me alone!" I yelled, but Carlos just kept on. His hand snaked down into my panties, and then he was all over me, sucking my breasts and rubbing me. I was breathing deeper and deeper, and I could feel my face beginning to flush and my whole body getting hotter and hotter.

Suddenly, I found myself turning myself over — or maybe Carlos was turning me over. I couldn't tell, because my body wasn't fighting it at all. Carlos lifted my dress and entered me. I was still mad, though. It was an odd sensation — interesting! Here I was, mad as hell, making frantic love. I was still thinking to myself: "Yeah, and he won't share the housework," and then I glanced up at myself in the mirror and saw an enormous amount of pleasure written all over my face.

My whole body was pink and glowing with sexual arousal. It was obvious that in spite of my being mad, I was having a great time. So I just laughed, and we continued making love in different positions until we both had an orgasm together.

I tried to raise myself off the bed, and then just sank down again. The intensity of my anger had somehow added to the whole effect, but I wasn't angry any more, to say the least.

Of course, I haven't changed my mind about the dishes issue. I figure that if I didn't get stuck with chores while other people lie around relaxing, I'd have a lot more spirit and energy for making love and dreaming up imaginative things to do. I do have to hand it to Carlos that he helps sometimes. People ought to be as flexible as possible, don't you think? — Name and address withheld.

Dressing-room follies

My experience began one afternoon when my girlfriend, Kelly, and I were shopping in a mall. The afternoon was almost over when she mentioned that she would like to stop at a ladies' boutique to try on some dresses. When we had both agreed

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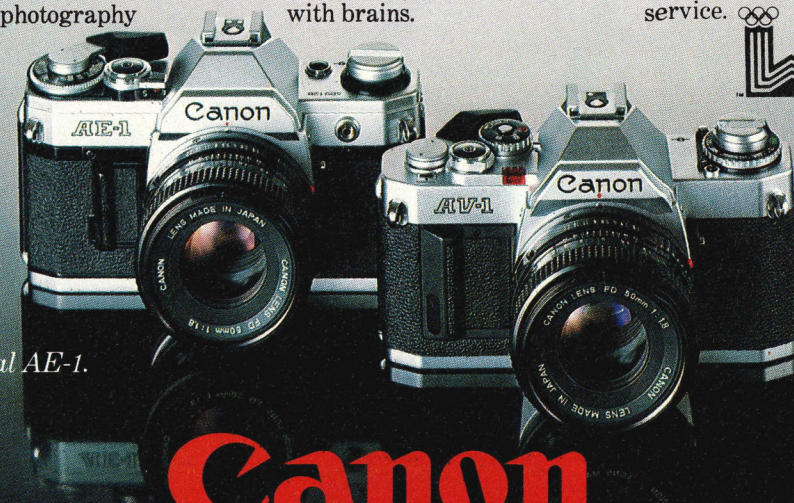
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on about five dresses, she proceeded to the front of the shop to use the dressing room. Knowing how slow she is I started to wander toward the back of the shop, looking at the display of women's bathing suits, while she was in the dressing room.

As I was standing there, a dressing room door opened, and one of the most beautiful girls I'd ever seen walked out and asked: "How do you like this suit on me?" Stuttering frequently as I spoke, I said: "F-f-fantastically b-b-beautiful." Then she commented: "Your pants seem a little tight; maybe I could help alter them." At that moment she reached over and kissed me while she grabbed me.

Forgetting about my girlfriend, I immediately followed her into the dressing room. It wasn't long before we were completely nude and we were at it. Pumping away at such a rapid and carefree pace, I hadn't even noticed the loud noises she was making. Just as I was about to come, the dressing room door flung open and there stood the sales clerk. I immediately withdrew, but before I could control myself, I came all over the swimsuit lying on the floor. The startled sales clerk closed the door and with a shocked tone in her voice murmured: "I hope you found the right swimsuit for your friend."

Throwing on my clothes, I quickly grabbed the swimsuit and ran to the checkout counter to pay for it. Remembering my girlfriend in the front of the store, I quickly threw out \$30 and told the girl to keep the change.

I ran to the front of the store and made it just in time to meet my girlfriend coming out of the dressing room. I told her that I had a present for her. Then I thought to myself: "This is the most exquisite, yet enjoyable \$30 I have ever spent." — *Name and address withheld.*

Therapy session

One Friday night I was home, watching television. I wanted to relax because I had been up the whole night before, studying for a big accountancy exam. My flatmate was at work that night so I was alone in our apartment.

I was really feeling down because my girlfriend, Jane, and I had recently parted company. Jane is a real fox, and we had a pretty good sex life going. Often when we were having trouble at work, we would screw to relieve our tensions. Jane was great in bed, but she wanted to get married and I couldn't handle that. Anyhow, we had a big fight, and two weeks later the relationship ended when I found out she was hitting the bars almost every night and picking up a different guy every time.

Enough about Jane. As I was lying back, watching the tube, I heard a knock at the door. When I opened it I was shocked to see Debbie standing there. Debbie is a good friend of my flatmate and is really popular.

She told me that she was in the

neighborhood and thought she would drop in to see my mate. I told her he wasn't home and she asked if she could come in to use our phone.

I have often fantasised about making love to Debbie, but never thought it would ever happen. After she used the phone, she sat down and we started talking.

After a few minutes I couldn't help staring at her tits. Debbie was wearing a skimpy top which did little to hide her big boobs and large nipples. I asked her if she would like something to drink and went into the kitchen to fix a drink. I went over to her to give her the drink, but instead of grabbing the drink, she reached right for my crotch and began caressing me through my jeans. I put down the glasses before I dropped them and sat down next to her on the couch. Before I had quite recovered from my first shock, she had my pants undone and was caressing me. Meanwhile I undid her top and was stroking her gorgeous tits. I was getting hot just thinking about putting my lips to her breasts.

I leaned down and took her breast into my mouth. Her tits were more beautiful than I had ever imagined. Her nipples stood straight out, and as I was sucking them, she was stroking me.

All this time we hardly said a word to each other — it was too good to waste words. After sucking her for about 15 minutes, I reached down and pulled off her panties, which were now very damp

and put my mouth to her warm pussy. I had planted one kiss on her when she said her first words: "Take me now."

I positioned her on her knees and slowly entered her, and within minutes was rhythmically moving. At the same time I was still playing with her tits and from her groans I think that she was really enjoying our session.

It wasn't too long before I felt that I was going to come, and when I screamed out with passion "I'm coming", she moaned and came with me.

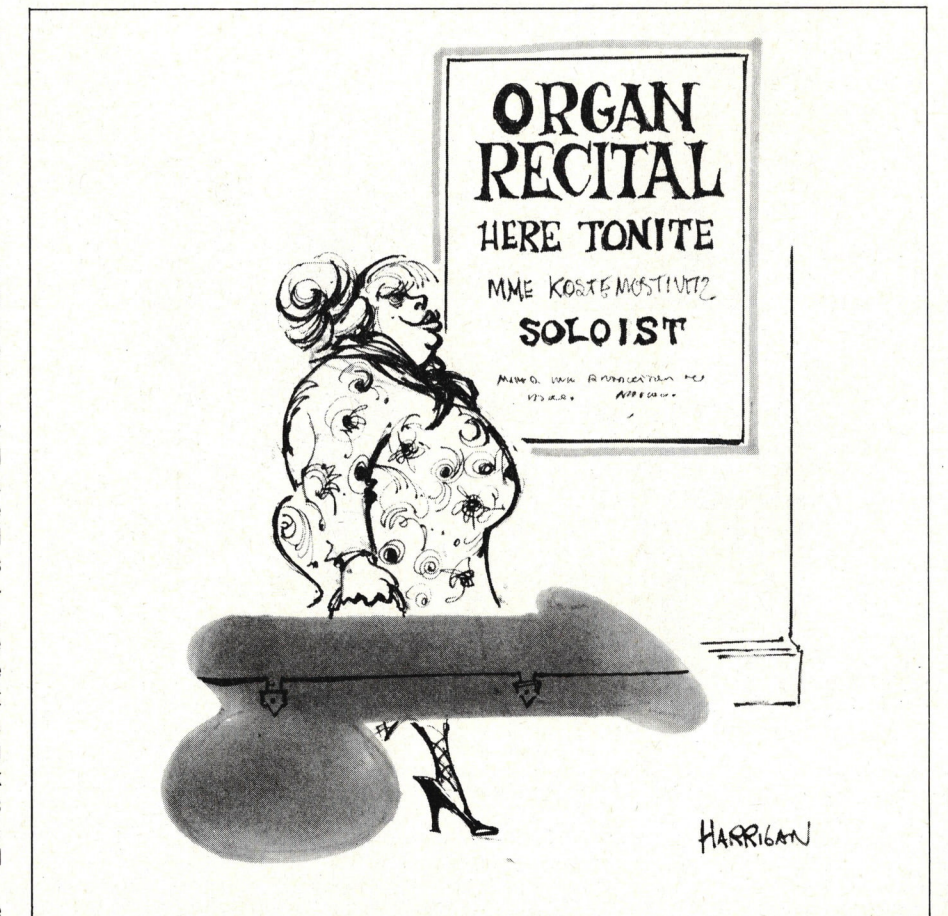
Suddenly we were startled when the door opened and my flatmate walked in. It was quite a shock for him to see us naked on the couch. He just said hello and walked into his room.

He came out about an hour later and couldn't believe we were still on the couch naked, watching television. My hand was stroking her pussy and I was in seventh heaven.

Debbie and I are seeing each other regularly now, and even though I thought I'd never forget Jane, Debbie has opened up a new life for me, one I thought only happened in dreams. In fact, as I am typing this letter she has her steaming mouth on me. — *S.C., Elizabeth North, South Australia.*

Summit meeting

I am a 27-year-old single man who has been fortunate enough to have always enjoyed a healthy, active sex life, but



recently I had my most exotic, interesting, surprising, and exciting experience yet.

I have always been athletic and, for the last few years, a very avid skier. Last season, at a well-known ski resort, I came upon a skier who was down and struggling to get up in the deep powder. I stopped for a moment to see if I could offer any assistance and then discovered that the struggling figure was a stunningly beautiful woman. She seemed a bit embarrassed and began muttering something about "not knowing the hill". She appeared to be all right, and so I moved on.

Later that day, as luck would have it, we met by chance at the lift line, shared a chair, and rode the lift together to the top of the hill. It was a long ride, and by the time we reached the summit I had found out that her name was Doris. By that time I also had this strange feeling that something very good was about to happen.

We made a few runs together, and by then it was late in the afternoon so we decided to adjourn to a bar in one of the chalets.

After a few drinks, she made what I thought was a rather strange request — she asked if I would walk her to the ladies' room. I was a little confused and taken by surprise, but that strange little feeling kept telling me this was no offer to refuse, and I followed her.

When we got to the door, Doris opened

it quickly, looked around, pulled me inside, and then locked the door behind us. We stood there for a few seconds, and then she smiled and said: "I have been dying to screw you all day, and I just couldn't wait any longer."

Wow! What a rush! I felt myself snap to attention so fast I thought it was going to bust right through my ski pants. But I managed to undo the straps and buttons to release myself, never taking my eyes off her wide smile.

In seconds she had me in her hands and when she began deep-throating me I almost immediately convulsed into violent orgasmic delight.

All the time I had been tearing away at her clothes, and by now I had her well-shaped, grapefruit-size boobs exposed. I began kissing them hungrily while removing her pants and panties. I slid my mouth slowly from her nipples, pausing briefly at her navel before moving down to her pussy. In seconds, I could feel her beginning to come and as she did, I started to get another erection.

The ladies' room was small, and we had to use our clothes as a mat, but now I was ready to enter this beautiful goddess. I slipped firmly but gently into her, and we screwed in a wild frenzy for what seemed like forever.

In just a few minutes we got dressed. People had been knocking on the door the whole time, but we obviously paid no at-

tention. When Doris opened the door, though, the coast was clear, and we slipped out quickly and quietly.

She was my lover for that whole weekend, and I was richer for the experience. We made love many more times in more comfortable quarters. Without a doubt she is the most fantastic lover I have ever met. Though I haven't seen her since that weekend, I can hardly wait for next ski season in hopes of having another close encounter with my snow bunny. — G.B., Wollongong, New South Wales.

Hair today, come tomorrow

I'm in my mid-twenties, and until recently I never knew how great a haircut could be. I consider myself fairly handsome, not extremely muscular, and easygoing.

A few weeks ago I went to a unisex hairstyling place. I thought it was to be just another day of getting my hair cut and styled. But to my surprise and enjoyment it wasn't.

I went into this place about an hour before it closed and as all of the chairs were full, I had to wait a few minutes. Then a beautiful blonde, Debbie, called me over to her chair. I didn't mind at all. I told her to wash it, cut it short, and blow-dry it.

As she washed my hair, she began talking to me. I told her that I was out in the job market, looking for something I could make a decent living at. She told me that she was looking for something for herself, that she was bored working there and wanted to get out.

While we were speaking, I noticed her tits bobbing before me. They looked so big and luscious that I was tempted to grab them and scoop them right into my face. I thought her movements were by accident — later I learned they weren't.

When I lifted my head up after the wash, I noticed that all the other customers had left. The only people who remained were Debbie, the manager, and myself. About 10 minutes later, the manager asked Debbie if she would mind locking up the place. She said she wouldn't mind at all. The manager then left, and I saw Debbie closing the curtains on the windows. By now I could only guess what was about to happen.

She came back over to me and continued on my hair. While cutting it, she would lean into my back, pressing her boobs against me. I could feel myself bulging in my pants. Then, when she came around front, she leaned over so that I would have to notice her pair of 36s. I was loving every second of it. I wanted it, and so did Debbie — it was only a matter of time.

As she began to blow-dry my hair, she put her hand on my leg for support. I then grabbed her hand and placed it on me. She smiled with satisfaction. She then turned off the dryer and placed it back on

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"Isn't it supposed to be iggorant or somethin' to begin a sentence with a bloody proposition?!"

the rack. I got out of the chair and buried my face in her tits. She immediately ripped off her shirt. Her tits were gorgeous. I began sucking and biting on those nipples frantically. By now her hands were in my pants.

I knew it couldn't stop here, and I stripped completely. She did likewise and then, just in case, walked over to the door and made sure it was locked.

Debbie then came over to me and gave me the best head of my life. I came instantly. Meanwhile, my head was buried in her love box.

We needed something else; so I gently placed her on the floor and entered her. We weren't on the most comfortable surface, but it was so good I really didn't care at all. After it was over, we just lay on the floor and talked for a while. I can't wait for my next haircut. — *Name and address withheld.*

Van-tastic

I had an experience a month ago I would like to share with your readers. It all started the night my girlfriend, Karen, who is a trainee nurse, asked me to take her to an end-of-year ball for trainees. I don't have a car so I borrowed my brother's van. The van had wall-to-wall carpeting and a beautiful, plush bed in the back.

My girlfriend and I are very much in love, but she is scared to go to bed because she doesn't want to get

pregnant. But when I picked her up that night, which was also my birthday, she was acting very sexy.

As we drove to the dance, she kept reaching over and rubbing my crotch, and I could tell right then the last place Karen wanted to go was the ball. So we stopped on a small side road and got into the back of the van.

We quickly took off our clothes and because I had never been to bed with her before, I didn't know what to expect. I moved over beside her and started to kiss her and caress the most beautiful boobs you have ever seen.

Karen started to shiver with excitement as I moved my hand down across her soft stomach to her pussy. She then took me in her grasp and ran her hand up and down very slowly.

We then changed position, and Karen lay on the edge of the bed. I moved around and gently eased into her. We started off slowly, but soon we both started to moan as we approached orgasm. After a good, long screw, we collapsed in each other's arms and slept till early next morning. We got dressed and drove to a breakfast party a friend was having. Everybody asked where we had been, but we just smiled. — *Name and address withheld.*

First tango

Last year I went to Europe for a holiday, and I was extremely excited before the

trip because I was finally able to experience life in other countries — but one experience was quite bizarre.

This is what happened. I started in Germany and had recently arrived in Paris for a five-day stay with some friends of my parents. I was taken on a tour of the city by Cynthia, my hostess, and her boyfriend, and was totally fascinated by the sights and the girls.

One night, after having a few drinks at two or three smaller nightclubs, Cynthia said she wanted to treat me to one of the classiest clubs in Paris. I was pretty loaded by this time, and after a cover charge that was equal to about eight bucks, I sat bored at a table in the corner, watching Cynthia dance with her boyfriend.

Rather than do nothing the whole night, I figured I would try to pick up a girl.

The light show and live rock band made for a very wild party on the huge dance floor. I got out on the floor and started dancing with a group of people, and suddenly I found myself doing the bump with a cute curly-haired blonde, who was smiling seductively at me.

When the song ended, I pulled her toward me and happily, a slow song started to play. As she whispered something in my ear I began to sway slightly because of my drunkenness. I couldn't understand her whispered French, and the loud music wasn't helping the situation a bit.

She started nibbling at my right ear and squeezing my bottom, and I was sure she could feel the hard-on I was getting. Suddenly, she pulled away from me, grabbed my hand, and started to lead me in the direction of the exit.

It turned out that the ladies' room was right near the doorway leading out, and she signalled for me to wait outside and quickly entered the rest room, shutting the door behind her.

Within a span of five minutes, two other girls left the bathroom, and I finally decided to return to the dance floor, figuring that she was going to be in there all night.

As soon as I started to walk off I felt a hand on my shoulder, and when I turned around, my blonde pick-up anxiously grabbed my hand and hurried me into the rest room.

After she locked the door, she walked over to me slowly, leaned up, and kissed me passionately, inserting her tongue deep into my mouth. By this time I'd nearly come in my pants.

She then grabbed my head, and while violently kissing me, wrapped her legs around my waist, rubbing her pussy up and down on my belt. I had finally come to my senses and decided to follow my instincts and take advantage of the awkward situation at hand.

I was so drunk that I almost fell down because of her weight, but I finally managed to stagger on to a chair. As soon as I

had set her down, she undid my belt and yanked down my pants.

I felt my erection enter her mouth and it was only seconds before I had the biggest orgasm of my life. I felt as if I'd never stop coming.

Then I somehow managed to get down on my knees and pull her pussy to my mouth. Soon she began to gasp as my tongue went to work, and after about 15 seconds her gasps turned to shrieks as her pelvis began heaving up and down uncontrollably.

Suddenly, she grabbed my hair and pushed my head so that my whole face was pressed against her. I thought she was going to rip my hair out as she came to an exhilarating climax. This turned me on so much that I didn't care what happened next.

I finally stood up and pushed her bra up over her huge breasts and as I fondled her she played with me until I got another erection. I carefully guided myself into her and wildly moved until I had come.

I pulled myself away from her and stood up. My knees were shaking, and I felt as if every bit of energy had been drained from my body. I looked at my watch and it was only 12.15. She was still breathing heavily and had now begun playing with herself, but I suddenly became frightened that someone would catch us in this revealing state, even though the door was locked, so I got dressed and left.

I didn't see her for the rest of that night and my friendly hostess, Cynthia, never found out what had occurred.

After Paris, the rest of the holiday was quite eventful sexually. I got laid beside a lake, in the middle of a vineyard, and in the bedroom of the host of a party I attended in Italy.

I have since always tried to take advantage of circumstances that permit sex in places other than the bedroom. Unusual surroundings always make everything more interesting.

My solo trip abroad taught me a great deal about life, and I recommend it to any person seeking excitement and adventure. — *Name and address withheld.*

Erotic acrobat

I am a 20-year-old male, and as a result of my tennis ability, I've travelled extensively. This fast-paced life has given me opportunities to enjoy many women, but no woman can compare with the lady I was involved with recently.

I met Joanne on the tennis court one day, and immediately decided to seduce her. I was even more determined when I overheard her saying that she had a boyfriend in another State and that no one here could interest her.

We played cat-and-mouse games for two weeks, and then one night nature took its course. Joanne came over one night to bring back some tennis racquets I had left

at the court, and I still remember how sexy she looked in a tan cashmere jumper, tight jeans, and spiked heels. She is the kind of girl who doesn't need makeup to be beautiful. She has a dark complexion, long, velvety brown hair, and a willowy five-foot-five body. Her breasts are perfectly formed, with large, chocolate-brown nipples.

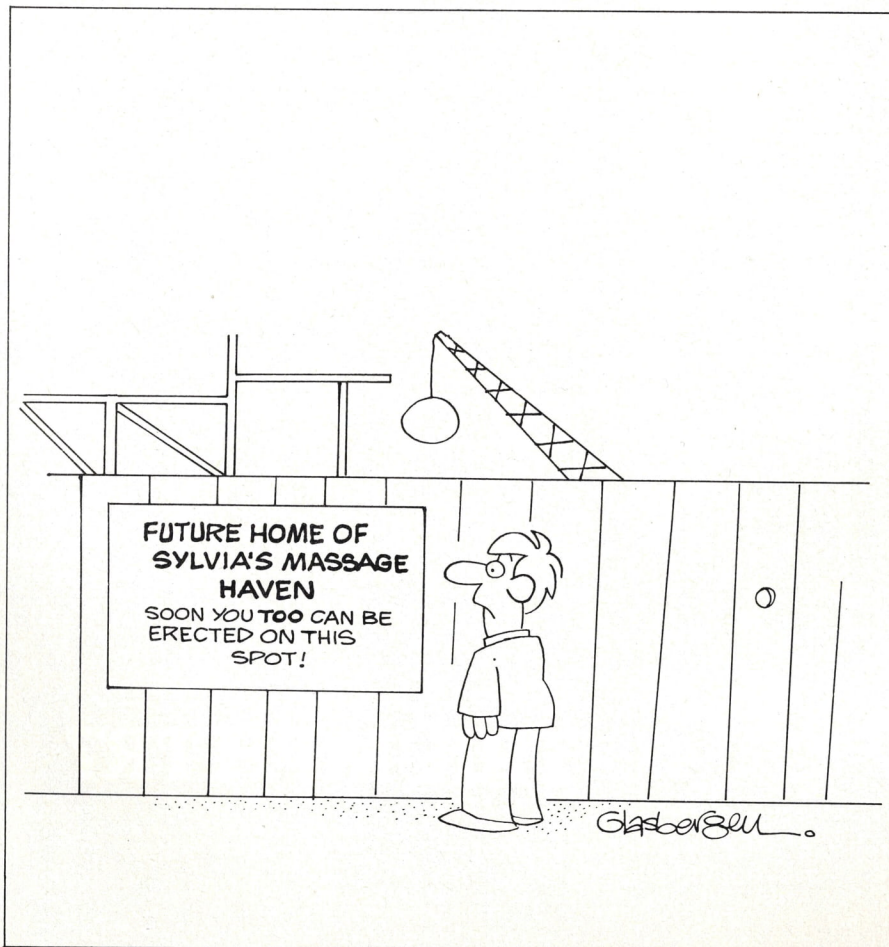
After talking about tennis for a while, I turned the lights down and put on some soft music. I began caressing her neck, and my hand found its way under the soft jumper to her stiffening nipples.

The atmosphere was extremely sensual, and clothing began to fall to the floor. She touched me in ways no woman had ever touched me before. Her hands and mouth sent ripples of pleasure tingling through my body.

I explored every inch of her deliciously smooth skin with my tongue and she moaned softly as I began to tease her. As I varied the pace and pressure, the moans came quicker and with more intensity. I took her up and down on an orgasmic roller-coaster ride of pleasure.

She later slid down between my legs, and her mouth worked like magic. She moved up and down until I thought that I would explode.

When the time came and I entered her silky, smooth warmth, the experience transcended my wildest fantasies. For the first time since my early experiences, I



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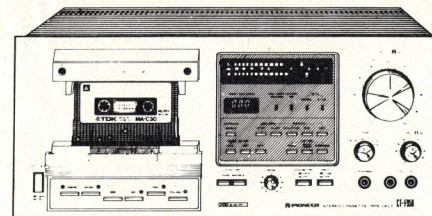
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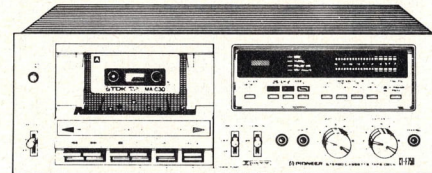


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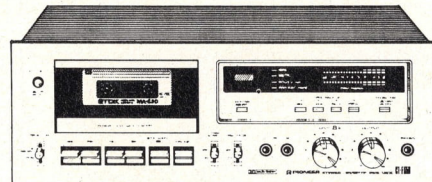
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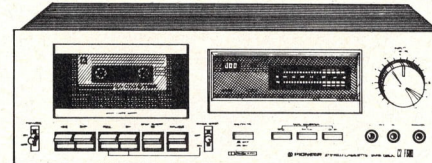


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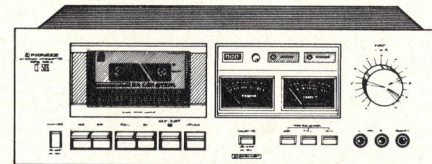


CT-F650 \$299.00*

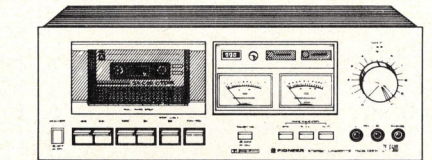
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came almost immediately. It was one of the most intense orgasms of my life. I was so aroused that I later regained an erection and our incredible lovemaking continued.

I kissed her neck, face, and ears while my fingers traversed her entire anatomy. I varied the pace and depth of my thrusts, teasing her and then gradually driving deeper and deeper until we both came in a rush of passion and ecstasy.

As we lay in each other's arms, sweating and exhausted, I glanced at the clock and saw that the hour was after midnight. We had been enjoying each other for four hours!

As we got to know each other better, our already beautiful lovemaking became even more pleasurable. We engaged in some of the most erotic sexual gymnastics of my life, exploring countless positions and techniques. — J.W., Matraville, New South Wales.

Pizza party

I am a 20-year-old male and I recently met a girl who is a typist in the police department. Kathy is fairly pretty and I wanted to sleep with her, but everytime I made a move, she'd talk police jargon at me and jokingly threaten to tell her workmates that I was hassling her.

But one night she finally came to my place for a few drinks. After a while we got hungry, so I called a cab to bring a pizza.

Pretty soon the doorbell rang, and while I was paying for the pizza, Kathy headed for the bathroom, or so I thought. I sat down and took a bite, and she called for me to come back. To my surprise she was lying in my bed, and she said: "This is better than pizza." I practically choked.

She looked so beautiful lying there. The only parts of her body that weren't tanned were her large, erect, pink nipples, and I literally ripped off my clothes.

I buried my head in her soft down, and she worked on my "truncheon" with real authority. I stressed the fact that she should destroy the evidence, and she did. In a short time I was hard again, and we screwed for what seemed like an hour. Feeling as if I had just finished running a marathon, I suggested a shower. It lasted about two minutes, and we were back in bed again.

By now the booze and the sex were getting to me, and I was on the verge of passing out. Before she left, however, I thought I heard her say something about revising the "stop and frisk" procedure.

Now if all of this didn't alter my opinion of the police department, nothing will! — Name and address withheld.

Poker face-off

I am writing to tell you of a fantastic sexual dream come true that occurred recently.

I broke up with my boyfriend a few months ago, after a very unfulfilling sex

life of a year and a half. This particular afternoon I was feeling very down in the dumps about my lack of sex since the split. Then a young man, whom I'll call Dave, suggested that the best way to get rid of my blues was for him and his flatmate, Bob to come over and play cards with my flatmate, Karen, and me. I agreed, and we set a time for that evening.

They both arrived on time, and I was immediately taken with Bob. We never did play cards, but we did not do anything else, either. After all four of us shared a couple of bottles of wine until early in the morning, I got up and went to bed. Bob was already comfortable on the floor with a pillow and blanket. Karen had fallen asleep an hour before, and I offered to set up the fold-out couch for Dave, which he readily accepted. I said my goodnights with everyone comfortably settled in the living room.

I headed into my bedroom and was undressing and just pulling off my jeans when I heard a knock on my door. It was Bob, asking if he could sleep on my other bed. I answered yes, expecting my blues to disappear. No such luck. But I did wake up to find Bob in my bed, asking if I minded. I answered: "Definitely not."

Bob wrapped his arms around me, and we started to kiss. He then started to rub my now erect nipples and caress my ample breasts. He started licking my nipples and slowly worked his way down my tummy to my pussy, and minutes later I exploded in a tremendous orgasm.

Having thoroughly enjoyed myself, I rolled Bob over and gave him the same pleasure that he had given me.

After a shower, he suggested that we get together that afternoon for a barbecue — and here is where the real story begins!

We got together at the guys' house, and I was surprised that Dave had not arranged a date. I soon realised why. After cooking dinner and eating I suggested a game of strip poker. We played for nearly two hours with me doing my best to lose. But I could only manage to lose my belt by the time both Bob and Dave were naked. Finally, after a couple of "lousy hands", I lost my remaining clothes. I suggested to Bob a romp in the sack and hopped into his king-size bed. I wasn't altogether surprised to see Dave joining us in the bed.

Some dickering was done between the two of them as to who was going to do what (there were no objections from me). That night I was to have my fantasy come true: to have a three-way.

The three-way, needless to say was great, and the next hours were measured not by minutes but by the number of times I came.

All I can say is, if I had known Bob and Dave's plans for that evening, I would have lost at poker a lot earlier. — Name and address withheld. ○+✉

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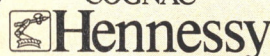


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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Porthole

Perhaps *Penthouse* could inform its readers how a firm and fit Russian lady can squeeze through a porthole without doing damage to her 'superstructure'? — P. Allison, McMahon's Point, NSW.

It was a large porthole.

Northern belles

I have just finished reading your Queensland edition and even with our narrow-minded restrictions with censorship it is very good.

Your Pet of the month Lillian is right on, top marks. If you are going to keep on using Australian girls for your Pets you should have a look up here. Queensland has some very attractive women. — R. Lange, Toowoomba, Queensland.

Don't miss Carmen, our Pet of the month!

Not disappointed

I eagerly bought every edition of your rival magazine when it first hit the street and with every copy have felt some disappointment in it, but not so with your magazine. And what an opening centre-fold. I only hope you have something to follow an act like that! Enclosed find my cheque for my subscription. — Paul Menhennett, Leederville, WA.

Gentlemen, please

Being an inquiring female, I bought a copy of your first *Penthouse*. I must say I really enjoyed it. Even without the male centrefold it gives me the information I want, leaving women's magazines out in the cold. I know it's basically a men's magazine but I counted 12 women's names among the various departments. Give us one of the pictorials. No recipes, no craft, no babies. Just men! I guarantee you'll double your sales next month. — J. Gardner, address withheld.

Request for Karen

I am a Queensland and I resent any association with the bluenoses and unenlightened incompetent fools who "rule" this State. I do not know why *Penthouse* was banned in this State. It could not have been the photographs for although they are erotic, they are far from explicit. I would like them more open. Perhaps one of your articles went too

close to the truth on a touchy matter? Unfortunately Australia has no First Amendment to afford its citizens the right to truth and to look at whatever they wish to see.

What is the possibility of publishing a pictorial of Karen Pini using the photos taken in New York by Lord Lichfield? — Bob Wheeler, Coorparoo, Queensland.

We do not own the rights to Lichfield's pictures of Karen. We do have some shot in the US at the same time by Eddie Adams (see below) but not enough for a major pictorial. Let's know if you want to see them anyway.



Local talent

Congratulations on the first Australian edition of *Penthouse*. It was a pleasant surprise to at last find an Australian magazine which wasn't just good to look at, but actually worth reading cover to cover.

There is only one minor criticism — among the fine articles there was only one piece of fiction, and that was from outside Australia. Now, there are few better writers than J.P. Donleavy — I have been a fan of his ever since *The Ginger Man* and the excerpt from his book *Schultz* was a scream — but like they say in the singles bars, local talent needs to be encouraged. — Mark Knapp, West Brunswick, Victoria.

Good girls

Thank you for featuring our Outrigger Restaurant in the first edition of your fine new publication. We were delighted with

the author's praise of our culinary achievements, but we must disagree with the comments made concerning Ansett air hostesses.

These fine, young women always conduct themselves with a great deal of decorum, dignity and sense of propriety. It would therefore be far from factual to give your readers the idea that the behavior of airline hostesses in general — and especially at the Outrigger Restaurant — is anything other than a credit to themselves, and their respective companies.

Me thinks I detect a case of sour grapes on the author's part. — George H. Kamsler, Chairman of Directors, Tradewinds Hotels Pty Ltd, Cairns, Queensland.

Heated discussions

Congratulations on a very fine first issue. I'm sure that you will follow the lead set by American *Penthouse* and become the most widely read magazine in Australia. I am a policeman who follows music, cars, girls, politics, and law and you certainly catered for all my main interests.

After your first issues' articles I'm not really sure who actually does run this country anymore. If it had the same effect on many more of your readers we may soon be able to get the politicians in this country to start to tell us the truth. (Impossible, I know but I was a born optimist.)

The stories on Pine Gap and the Energy Crisis have had me involved in some really heated discussions and I love it. More please.

It is a real pleasure to sit and read without continually having to chase articles through the magazine. — G.S., Gympie, NSW.

Energy bias

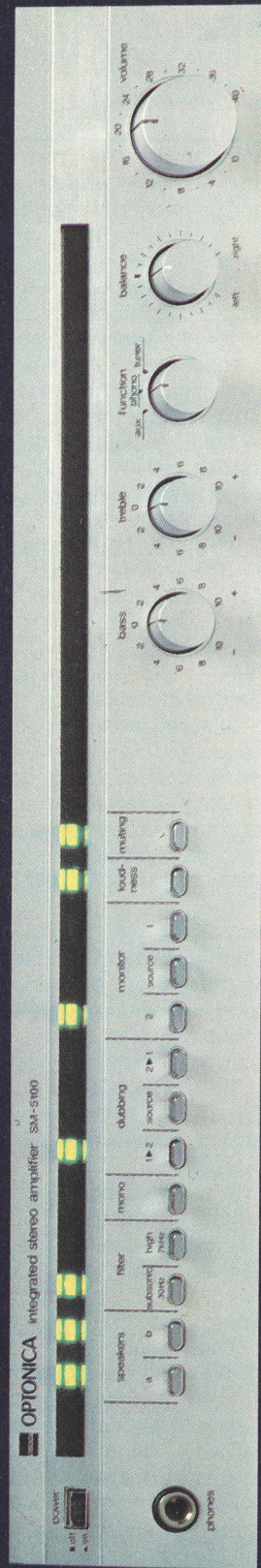
Your article, 23 Myths of the Energy Crisis, would have been far better if it had not been written by someone so heavily biased in favor of solar energy.

Two of his myths relating to nuclear energy were absolute rubbish.

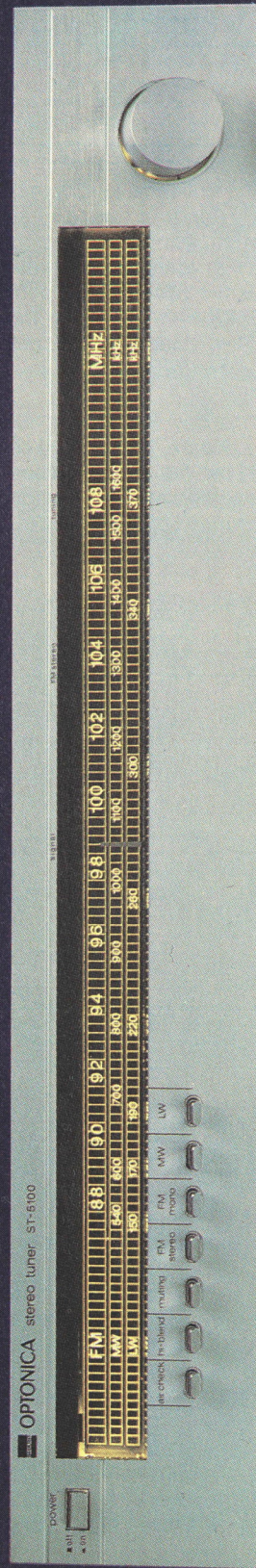
First, uranium is a cheap, economical source of energy. This is why so many private companies wish to exploit it in the US. It is already producing electricity across the United States considerably cheaper than the fossil fuel systems. As for his claim that it may require more electricity for enrichment than it generates,

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the ratio used to produce energy is around 1 to 22 in favor of the produced energy. The electricity companies advocate its use because it provides cheaper power. The other reasons why we should support it, such as its safety, and miniscule environmental impact are only secondary considerations to them but important to us.

Second, the fast breeder reactor is simply a more efficient system using far more of the fuel in each kilo and thus conserving our supplies for future generations without denying ourselves.

Davidson's claims about waste drift into the fairytale area. If, as he claims, the US is going to have 2000 fast breeder reactors by 2025, the waste would still be an insignificant problem compared with the waste from fossil fuel reactors. According to R.P. Hammond in an article in *American Scientist*, if the entire US electrical capacity were nuclear and run at the present rate for 350 years, the volume of waste would amount to a cube 200ft on each side. Compare this with the fact that the waste from coal plants in the next 20 years will be sufficient to cover 5000 acres to a depth of 200ft — if one accepts the Environmental Protection Agency figures; less conservative figures put it at 12,000 acres.

Or to put it another way, if the nuclear plants require 100 rail cars a day the coal plants would require 60,000 rail cars daily containing poisons far more toxic than plutonium.

Who are his "experts" who agree that fast breeder wastes would have to be kept in protective storage for 500,000 years? The waste from a fast breeder loses 99.9 percent of its radioactivity in the first 10 years, and within a thousand years its radioactivity will be less than the uranium from which it came. Once it is stored safely underground it requires no additional expense.

To make a point about solar energy, the same output from solar energy would require 35,000 square miles of solar energy panels.

The "energy crisis", as he quite rightly states, is a political crisis. Its "solution" lies in the removal of government interference in the energy supply system. Let those systems which are cost efficient be developed but let that decision be made by those who have to put up the capital not by those who gain by political posturing. — *David Rennie, Mosman, NSW.*

Name change

I generally agree with Max Newton's view on politicians, although now and then one may emerge as an idealist to such a degree that he seems to act as a lunatic. So I would rather call the period 1972-1979 *the three Whitlam years and the four witless years.*

Newton avoids mention of how much of the Whitlam disaster was due to ex-

traneous circumstances such as the first price-hike by OPEC, the bankruptcy of the US dollar, the onset of world-wide recession due to the financial instability arising from the above factors.

I do not question that Newton's facts and figures are true. But they represent only part of the truth. He ignores such factors as the citizen's pride in his nation's achievements based on a happy, healthy, progressive society. He advocates "small government" in the days of nearly unlimited power in the hands of giant corporations when John Citizen needs the protective umbrella of strong governments more than ever.

Does he really believe that greed is the only motivating factor of the electorate? What about enthusiasm, national pride, a belief in progress, human rights, human dignity? I believe that the state of a nation, the welfare of its citizens, human happiness, the ideals of nationhood and national progress cannot be expressed purely by the financial equations of a disillusioned accountant. — *G. Somssich-Smith, Quakers Hill, NSW.*

Censorship

I enclose an order for your next 12 issues and hope you can send me the saucy version.

It always intrigues me that the excuse often given up here for repressive legislation is "to bring us into line with other States". I fail to see why the same maxim should not apply to our tastes in entertainment. — *G.W. Parker, Townsville, Queensland.*

Great reading *Penthouse*. I never had a better magazine in my 60 years. I also get *Playboy*, but it doesn't anywhere near

equal your outright truthfulness. This is what Jefferson meant when he said: "Our liberty depends on the freedom of the press and that cannot be limited. Without being lost". The Queensland ban is bloody ridiculous so keep fighting. — *D. McFarlane, Wynnum, Queensland.*

MOANS & GROANS

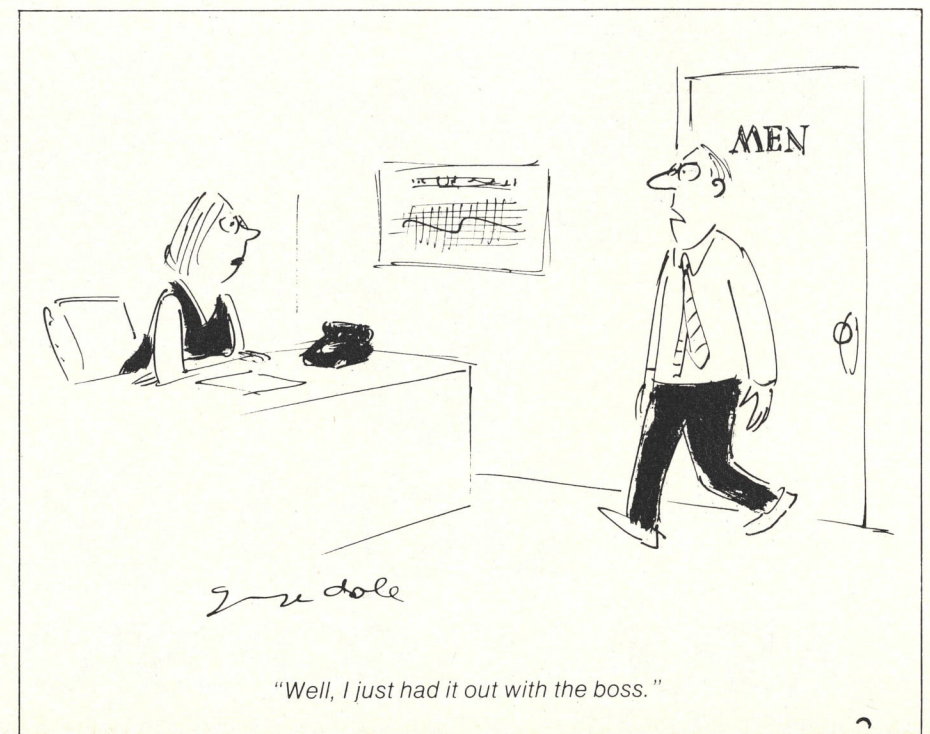
I am writing in response to Phil Jarratt's *Sounds* critique, and in particular his comments regarding Billy Thorpe's "nostalgia".

I would ask that Mr Jarratt's prose rise above his public toilet perceptions and deliver what I've come to expect of good reviewers — lucid, intelligent appraisals delivering an informed opinion.

I have read several of Mr Jarratt's articles and it is an unfortunately obvious fact that he is very proud of his diploma from the "Tit and Bum" School of Journalism — *Mrs J. Baker, Palmwoods, Queensland.*

Is Australia big enough for two men's magazines? Obviously not if your first edition is any indication of what is to follow. You say competition never hurt anyone. Fair enough, but almost all of the feature items in *Penthouse* have been lifted almost word for word from other magazines which deluge the market. Who cares about glossy paper blah blah blah if the standard of journalism is original, hard hitting and factual?

So how about a bit of the "freshness" you are talking about, hey? — *B. Potter, Bondi, NSW.* ☐



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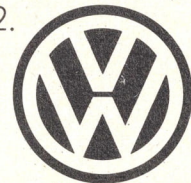
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PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty-five questions to determine your rating on the Machiavellianism scale.

If you prefer Scrooge to Santa Claus, you can skip this quiz. It's obvious that you're a devious fellow and probably proud of it. Christmas may seem like an odd time for a psychograph on deviousness, but the holidays always bring out the best and the worst in us. Decent gents become full-fledged "men of goodwill," while the con artists among us, sensing a larger-than-average field of suckers, operate under cover of all that tinsel and good cheer. Besides, if — in the face of the season's good feelings — you still run up a high score on this test, you can be sure that you are indeed a wily, underhanded bastard.

This psychograph measures the personality variable psychologists call "Machiavellianism" (named, of course, in honor of Niccolo Machiavelli, the political philosopher, historian, and bureaucrat who advised Renaissance princes how to survive in Italy when stabbings and poisonings — not elections — determined who would be the next head of state).

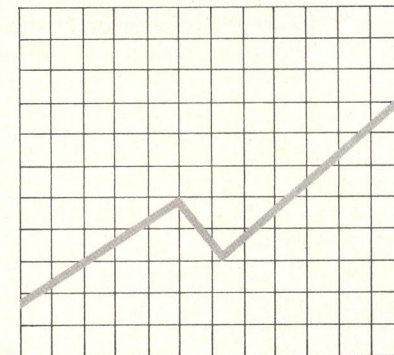
Twenty-five years ago psychologists discovered what old Niccolo had known all along: some men are just naturally crafty. They view life as a combination maze-chessboard-jungle-minefield where only the guileful prosper. Over a hundred research studies on Machiavellianism have been carried out since the mid-1950s, but only in the past decade or so have specific tests for this personality variable been devised.

We've based this quiz on the findings of experts who have investigated many of the social correlates of Machiavellianism.

Answer the questions honestly and quickly. Don't try to figure out "correct" answers. There aren't any.

1. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Most people will take advantage of you if they get the chance"?
 - (a) agree
 - (b) disagree

ARE YOU A DEVIOUS PERSON?



2. P. T. Barnum said there's a sucker born every minute. Do you agree?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
3. Are you
 - (a) the only or oldest child in your family, or
 - (b) do you have at least one older sibling
4. Did your father often play with you when you were a kid?
 - (a) yes, quite often
 - (b) no more and no less than most fathers
 - (c) no, he didn't pay much attention to me at all
5. Which of the following best reflects your holiday gift-giving philosophy?
 - (a) I give gifts only to people who are close to me

- (b) I sometimes give gifts to people I don't like (such as a boss or customer), I would not if no one else were doing it
 - (c) it makes sense to give gifts to people you don't like if they are in a position to help you
6. Do you like your job?
 - (a) yes, very much
 - (b) it's okay
 - (c) no
7. Do you find it easy to look people straight in the eye when you lie to them?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
8. Which of these statements best reflects your feelings?
 - (a) it's easy to tell right from wrong, although I may not always choose the former over the latter
 - (b) life is full of morally ambiguous situations; it's not always possible to distinguish right from wrong
9. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "The average man will fight for his rights even if he ends up getting screwed for it"?
 - (a) agree
 - (b) disagree
10. How closely does this statement parallel your own behavior: "When I meet people, I don't reveal much information about my background, finances, and feelings. It's best to keep them guessing"?
 - (a) very closely
 - (b) sometimes I act that way; sometimes I don't — it depends on how I feel about the person I'm talking to
 - (c) I rarely act like that

11. Which of the following statements best reflects your feelings about compromise?

- (a) if I know I'm right, I won't compromise
- (b) even when I know I'm in the wrong, I rarely compromise or give in
- (c) I'll usually look for a compromise, even when I know I'm completely in the right; it's the most sensible way of resolving a problem

12. Which of the following statements best describes the way your parents treated you as a kid?

- (a) my parents punished me a lot, using physical punishment or forbidding me to do things I was normally allowed to do
- (b) when I did something wrong, my parents usually tried to explain to me what was wrong; when they punished me, it was as a last resort

13. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "It's best to tell people what they want to hear; telling them the truth only gets you into trouble"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

14. Do you feel it's important to change with the times?

- (a) yes, if you don't you'll be left behind
- (b) no, there's nothing wrong with being old-fashioned

15. Do you have a "poker face"?

- (a) yes, and I love to bluff people
- (b) I can bluff if I have to, but it doesn't come easily
- (c) no, people always see through me

16. How closely does the following statement reflect your own way of acting: "I believe in the old saying 'Don't get mad; get even'. Trading insults with someone doesn't give me any advantage over him. When I'm angry with someone, I bide my time until I can get my revenge"?

- (a) yes, that's how I operate
- (b) that's how I'd like to operate, but I'm not always successful.
- (c) I never seem to be able to contain my anger that way
- (d) I rarely get mad at anyone

17. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "You've got to cut corners from time to time if you plan to succeed"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

18. Did you enjoy your years in high

school, and did you get along well with your teachers?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

19. How close are you to your relatives?

- (a) very close
- (b) fairly close
- (c) not very close
- (d) not close at all

20. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Deep down we're all crooks; a 'criminal' is just someone who got caught"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

21. Do you think your father was devious?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

22. Do you think that "the end justifies the means"?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

23. Which of these statements best reflects your attitudes?

- (a) promises should be kept
- (b) promises can be broken if the conditions under which they were originally made change
- (c) promises are made to be broken

24. Would you rather be (a) feared or (b) loved?

25. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Most people don't really know what they want out of life; somebody can always manipulate them"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

SCORING

Every possible answer has been given a point value. These are listed here. Find your score by adding up the points of the answers you chose.

- 1. a. 4, b. 1
- 2. a. 4, b. 1
- 3. a. 2, b. 4
- 4. a. 2, b. 3, c. 4
- 5. a. 1, b. 3, c. 4
- 6. a. 1, b. 3, c. 4
- 7. a. 4, b. 1
- 8. a. 2, b. 4
- 9. a. 1, b. 4
- 10. a. 4, b. 2, c. 1
- 11. a. 1, b. 1, c. 4
- 12. a. 4, b. 2
- 13. a. 4, b. 1
- 14. a. 4, b. 1
- 15. a. 4, b. 2, c. 1
- 16. a. 4, b. 2, c. 1, d. 1
- 17. a. 4, b. 1
- 18. a. 2, b. 4

19. a. 4, b. 3, c. 2, d. 1

20. a. 4, b. 1

21. a. 4, b. 1

22. a. 4, b. 1

23. a. 1, b. 2, c. 4

24. a. 4, b. 1

25. a. 4, b. 1

WHAT YOUR SCORE MEANS

If you scored 77-100 points:

Congratulations. Compared with you, Machiavelli looks about as guileful as Little Bo Peep. Actually, men with high Machiavellianism scores are not necessarily evil, but they are manipulative. They are always looking for the opportunity that will give them an advantage. In the process they can be highly creative; they explore and expand the limits that humans tend to place on themselves.

You probably have little interest in conventional morality or organized religion. People like you are attracted by power and often become effective leaders. You are unlikely to be concerned with problems of individuals (except your own, of course). Yet, because you can see the proverbial "big picture," you function well as a leader of men. In the end, however, you distrust most people because you assume they are as devious as you.

53-76 points:

Like many people, you fall between the extremes. You won't spend your life plotting and conniving, but neither are you completely naive in the ways of the world. You may often find yourself in an uncomfortable moral bind: you know that to succeed, you must participate at times in Machiavellian machinations; yet it distresses you to compromise long-held beliefs and standards. You represent the "modern man" that existentialist philosophers have written about. You feel that the old codes and methods of dealing with life are no longer effective, but you are not attracted to what has replaced them. Sometimes you compromise. To avoid these dilemmas, you may turn inward. You settle for a comfortable niche somewhere along the career ladder.

30-52 points:

If you scored in this category (particularly at the low end of it), you may still believe in the Tooth Fairy. That's not necessarily bad. In fact, given the decadent age in which we live, it's downright refreshing. People like you, who have very few Machiavellian characteristics, are often unsure of themselves and look to others for guidance. Many actually enjoy being dominated and pushed around because it relieves them of the burden of decision making. They are strong believers in the differences between right and wrong and tend to support traditional religions.

But people like you are not necessarily sanctimonious creeps. They can be extraordinarily generous. They don't see humanity as some amorphous mass but as a collection of individuals. 



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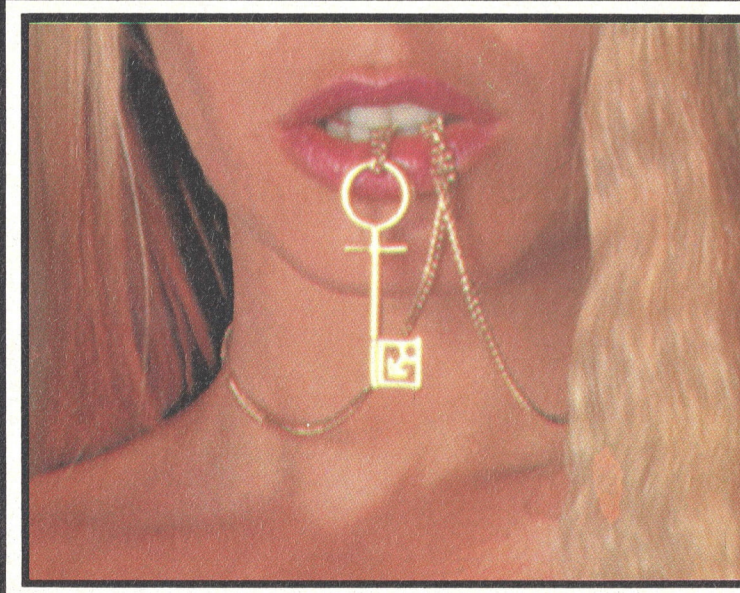
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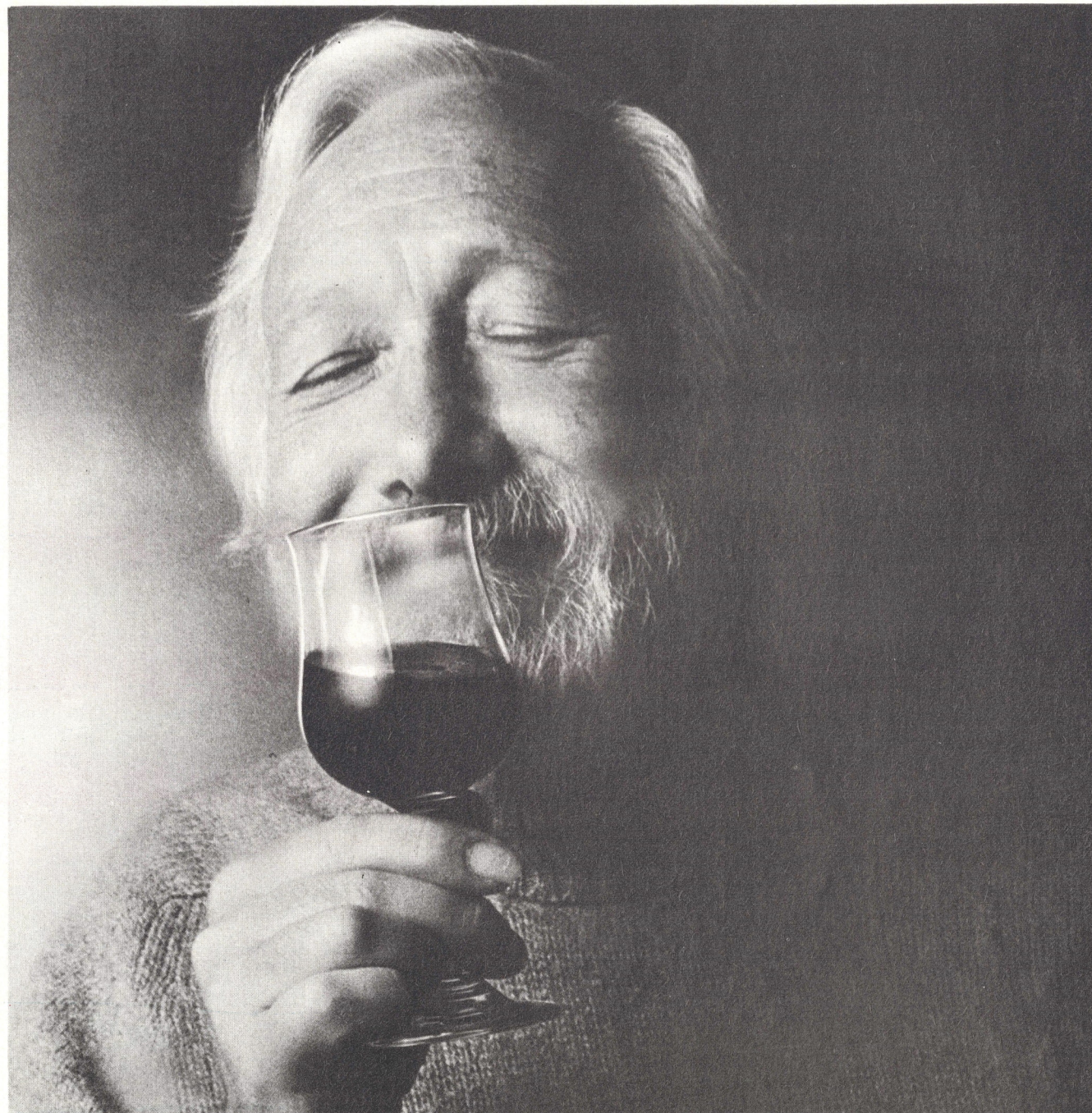
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Introducing the biggest wine tasting in the world. Come. Take your nose on tour through a thousand bouquets. Some new, some you'll recognise, some quite unheard of. Savour the endless vintages from Australia and the world, at Expovin 79 in Sydney. Learn more about wines from the people who made them. Mingle with the winemakers. Even take a wine course in between tastings, or take in a film on the way to the food.

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Expovin 79 is so much more than a wine show. It could well be the party of the year.

Expovin 79. At the R.A.S Showgrounds.

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THINGS THAT GO BUZZ IN THE NIGHT

A lighthearted consumer guide to adult toys, lotions, potions, turn-ons and rip-offs.

BY RICHARD DEUTCH

Lend somebody my multi-speed vibrating love doll? What do you think I am, some kind of pervert?" That outburst of moral indignation comes to you courtesy of — he actually said it — a most distinguished man of letters, a prize-winning author in fact, and professor of English and Humanities at USVSP (the University of Someplace Very Stolid And Prestigious, which is not its real name).

I quote him in this unusual context only to point out that sex gimmicks, which are not only legal everywhere within reading distance of this article except Queensland and Tasmania, are now acceptable in sophisticated circles anywhere in Australia, earth, the world. Or almost anywhere. One floor manager at Harrod's in London is reported to have suffered a near coronary occlusion when he happened upon a display of seven-inch phallic-shaped, battery-operated "facial massagers" on a cosmetics counter.

In October 1971, Prime Minister McMahon rescinded the importation ban on "abnormal contraceptives and articles designed for erotic stimulation". That meant it was all go, except for certain alleged aphrodisiacs which did not satisfy the Therapeutic Substances Act. Nor, for similar reasons, can you purchase a universal vibrator, a stretch vibromassager, or electric toilet tissue. (The government hopes it hasn't spoiled your weekend.)

But you can purchase articles made for harmless stimulation, and certain prosthetics — available long before the imports were strictly legal in surgical supply stores — which are in some cases, essential for leading a normal life.

Sex aids have even been known to prevent sex crimes, as in the test case of importation of the rubber woman into England. The court ruled that "fanny dolls" were excellent surrogates for potential child molesters.

Five years ago, when I got it into my

head to do the world's first consumer guide to sex products and nearly exhausted myself and my partner in the process, there were fewer products available and prices were generally prohibitive. Because of expanded world markets and worldwide competition, prices have dropped, along with the occasional pair of knickers and countless inhibitions.

A good vibrator, for example, costs less today in Australia than it did in England five years ago. But you can still get ripped off, or disappointed at a crucial moment, which is probably a lot worse.

Hence this new survey, conducted at great expense to the management and under constant threat of a hernia to the author, with the public-spirited cooperation of his Girl Friday, and Saturday, and Sunday, and Monday before getting up to give the cat breakfast, and . . .

VIBRATORS: Two of the vibrators worth buzzing about five years ago are still available. *The Honey Pet* (around \$7 one speed, \$10 two speed and \$13 multi-speed; prices given here are approximate, though variations in price for basic items are usually minimal from shop to shop) is a good basic vibrator of Japanese construction that is virtually guaranteed not to pack in just when the going gets good.

The all-important rotating nodule at the tip of the shaft is sturdily encased in good quality plastic, and the conductor is blessedly reliable. The seven-inch *Honey Pet* is the single largest-selling sex toy in Australia, and for the money it's excellent value. One Australian wholesaler-retailer claims that it's also the quietest vibrator ever made. That is errant nonsense, so if a decibel count roughly equivalent to that of a low-speed electric blender is likely to turn off the colored lights for you or your mate, forget about the *Honey Pet*.

The Non Doctor (\$17.00 single speed, \$21.90 multi-speed) is a better, slightly quieter vibrator but it doesn't have a

curved tip, so is less adroit at clitoral stimulation than even human fingers, if anybody still does anything that kinky these days. It does, however, have three easily interchangeable attachments for your more imaginative pursuits and should anyone, anywhere, be weird enough to want a vibrator for a simple relaxing non-erotic massage, the *Non Doctor* will prove worthy of its name.

The box in which it's packaged shows a young lady who is either about to give herself a facial massage or become the world's first fellatrix to knock out all of her teeth during the act; the *Non Doctor* does give an excellent facial, as well as being a highly unique automatic cocktail stirrer.

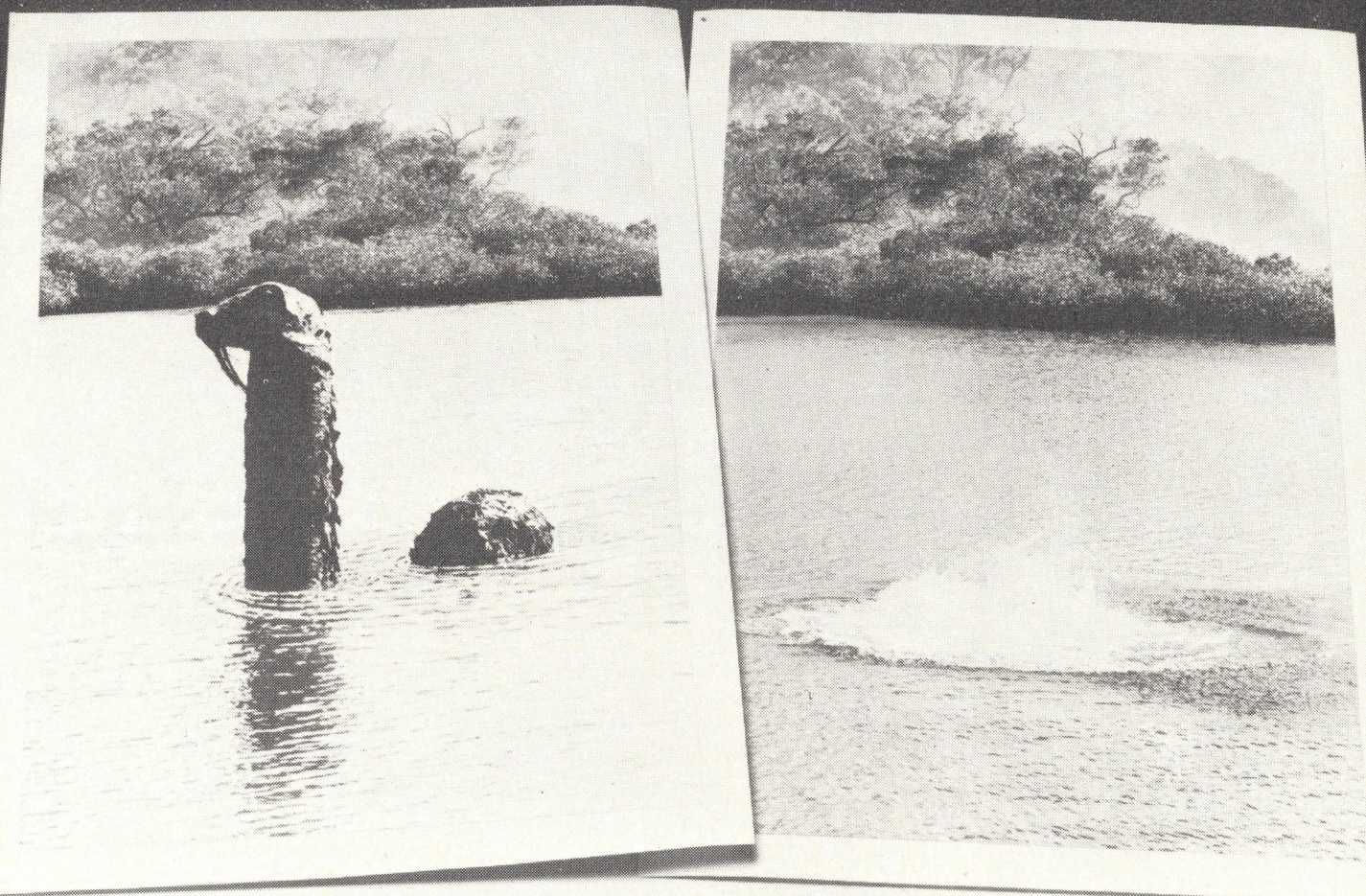
These days, there are dozens of vibrators to choose from, most of them, with the dramatic exception of the German *Lavetra* dildo-cum-vibrator, inferior to the two I've just mentioned; but when it comes to the nitty gritty, a vibrator is still a vibrator is a vibrator.

When the unknown Japanese inventor who for my money is right up there with Einstein, Leonardo and the man who invented candy that explodes in your mouth, combined the time-honored dildo with another ancient sex device, lopsided-weighted balls for insertion in the vagina, and loaded it with some batteries he'd pinched from Venerable Ancestor Transistor Radio, he created the ultimate space-age grownup sex toy; a kind of all day sucker if you pronounce your esses like efs.

His basic design, though it has been elaborated, has not been substantially changed, and the *Lavetra* people have vastly improved the mechanism. Here are a few of the available elaborations.

Ten-inch Multi-speed Special (\$15): Similar in design to the *Honey Pet*, but quieter because of the thicker casing, and of more ambitious proportions.

The "Personal" Vibrator (around \$5): A hunk of garbage — Sky Lab's answer to



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the sexual revolution. And now is as good a time as any to tell you what not to look for in a vibrator. If you shake it and the nodule rattles, the vibrator is in all probability made in Hong Kong, no matter what the stamp on it claims or the salesman tries to tell you.

Hong Kong vibrators, and American vibrators for that matter, are the electronic equivalent of Brewer's droop. With normal use they might last a month. Mechanical reliability is the difference between a good and bad vibrator, and many of the separate control panels on other sex aids are highly suspect as well.

Thin plastic casings are another dud giveaway: never, never purchase a vibrator or similar sex aid if the casing rattles or the plastic is so thin it's practically translucent, or before you've seen it run for at least a minute.

There are many organisations dealing in sex aids — some of which are reliable, and staffed by professionals. But if you buy a vibrator and it packs in (although you will, if you can prove the merchandise is faulty, receive a replacement) you will not see the color of your money again in your present incarnation.

"Cheeky Tongue" (\$9.95), "Goldfinger" (\$10), "Tingulator" (\$13), "Snake Charmer" (\$29.50), vibrating and rotating "Double Ender" (\$35): Refer to the comments above, and save your money for an electric toothbrush, which is not, all things considered, a bad alternative.

Love Eggs (\$13) and "Silver Sheen" eggs (\$15): Both good devices for clitoral stimulation; the *Silver Sheen* eggs are larger.

Vibrating Panties (\$29): For the girl who already has everything, but wants it all the time.

Lucky and Luck (\$49.90): A vibrator for clitoral, vaginal and anal stimulation. A good quality mechanism. I'll never know at first hand how effective it is, but it looks one hell of a conversation piece if you leave it lying around on the coffee table.

Lavetra Super Deluxe Vibrator (\$29.90): Quite simply, the quietest, most sensual sex aid in existence. The Japanese imitation (\$24.90) comes second, but not even a close second. Also available from Japan are the *Geisha Lover* (\$29.90) and *Geisha Lover Deluxe* (\$34.90), and it's just this sort of stuff that one day may put us all out of a job.

TICKLERS AND EXTENSIONS: Opinions vary as to the effectiveness of simple ribbed condoms; mine is that they do work if the man's technique is such that he uses his penis to excite the clitoris and outer labial walls during intercourse, a trick which may be learned from some of the less improbable descriptions in the *Kama Sutra*.

Ticklers come in all sorts of fantastic shapes and colors, and you'd better use them in the dark unless you're blessed



How do you feel about hairy chicks?

Be honest. Would you climb into the cot with a chick whose underarms and legs sprouted as much hair as yours? Out now, November issue of FORUM takes a rational look at the subject of body image and how men and women meekly accept society's demands about appearances. Result: a proliferation of painted faces, nose jobs, boob implants, and shaved skin. Question: is it an image you're chasing, or a real person? Read every word. You could be about to change your entire attitude to what **really** turns you on. And if you're over 40, short, balding, and lacking in size, there's another story which could give you hope.

Drugs that make monsters: For the first time in Australia, FORUM, prints a massive list of prescription drugs that should be avoided during pregnancy. In one of the most important articles we've ever published, you'll learn which drugs are simply not recommended, and which are outright dangerous. Don't miss it.

Prostate: your bête noir: got a pain down there, or now in your back? Wonder why you're not feeling the urge anymore? Feeling generally pooped? It could be your prostate — trouble gland for many men, even under 35. November FORUM tells you symptoms, gives you sensible life-style tips on doing the right thing by your prostate.

Also in November FORUM: *Are blind men better lovers? One woman's fantastic story could give you some priceless tips on technique. *Democracy in love — or is it adultery? Read why more married women are having secret affairs. *TV personals — details of a revolutionary US video dating system. *Making friends and keeping them. Methods you can use right now. *Cancer and smoking — can vitamins really give you protection? PLUS: letters, FORUM Adviser, Soul Mates, and more. It's about life, you'll find it in FORUM — November issue out now!

FORUM

THE AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL
OF INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS

with a lady who has a good sense of humor: when mounted on the erect penis they look like funny little party hats.

Reusable ticklers run to \$3.50 each, but it's best to buy an assortment of six (\$17.90) if you're really going to get into this thing and find out which type she prefers. Also recommended are the *Excess Crown* (\$7.95), the *Coronal Extension* (\$4.95 the set) and the *O-Garant* (\$9.90) for extra fun and games.

Not recommended are the so-called rubber stimulators whose bristles look like they belong on a hair-brush; the damned things can really hurt.

As for extension sheaths to increase the length of the penis, I'll always be grateful to them for disabusing me of the notion that an extra-long dong gives more pleasure during intercourse. I used one once without telling my partner — I'm of average length, and this thing made me one-and-a-half inches longer — and afterwards asked her how she liked the new sex toy. "Oh," she replied, "were you wearing anything?"

ARTIFICIAL LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND "POCKET PALS": Rubber women, at least the *Fanny Doll* and her macabre headless, legless cousin the *Love Torso*, feel, er, real; but while you're, er, feeling them you're always in danger of realising the ridiculousness of the situation and I defy any man to sustain an erection while asking himself: "Just what, precisely, am I doing here on top of this stupid rubber woman?" I was amused, however, during

those self-sacrificing days and nights of tireless research when we had all these gimmicks lying around, at how jealous a real live woman can become of her little latex sister. My girl insisted that I keep mine dressed in one of my old baggy jumpers.

If you're actually considering buying one of these things — they do make a thoughtful present for somebody's new swimming pool — be prepared to lay out a lot of money. The *Fanny Doll* retails at \$360, the *Love Torso* at about \$100, and their vastly inferior imitations, not exactly given away at \$30 and \$49.90, are not worth the cheap, aesthetically repulsive plastic they're made of. The *Elton* doll for the ladies, one man you may literally blow (up), is way overpriced at \$50.

Your right hand may be a girl, but if you're into something more sophisticated the *Sailor's Bride* at \$59.50 with vibrator included is best. The Japanese make a little inflatable "Pocket Pal" for \$30 which is also good. The highly recommended, but not by me, *Vibrating Maskuliner* at \$34.90, is also used as an erection aid; it works, but your hair will stand up, too.

BOTTOM BOOSTERS: *Oriental Love Beads* (\$5) consist of three small balls on a thread which are inserted before intercourse and removed just at point of orgasm. They're harmless and they work like crazy. It is strongly recommended that you not try anything large or unusually shaped because there is serious danger of rupturing the colon. There is

a four-inch vibrator available whose intended use is obvious; but it can, when inserted, be snatched up by the sphincter muscles and disappear completely inside. This happened to one gay person in England who was not pleased, with the little tickler rumbling away inside him, to reflect that the batteries were fresh and his new toy had come with a 90-day warranty.

ERECTION RINGS (around \$23 except for the *Blakoe Ring*, imported from England, \$50): It may surprise you to read that you have no muscles in your penis — only blood sacs. When blood rushes to the penis the sacs are filled and you have an erection; when the blood is trapped in the penis you have every adolescent's problem and every sexagenarian's dream, a penis that won't go down.

Erection rings, worn at the base of the penis, trap the blood. They work, of course (it would be more surprising to find that they didn't than that they do), but there is the problem, potentially, of psychological dependence, and it would be risky indeed to wear them all the time.

If temporary impotence is a problem, see your doctor, and remember the advice of the *Tao*, which has no literal word for "impotence" and compares the problem with that of a bad cold; it's annoying, even painful, but nothing really to get too worried about.

DILDOS (anywhere from \$13 to \$64, depending on size and quality): What can I say, except that they come with straps and without them, some are hollow and some are not, some vibrate and some do not, that the incredible 14-inch one is enough to give any man an inferiority complex, and with two of the ones that squirt you can have an excellent water-fight in your more playful moments.

PILLS, CREAMS, LOTIONS AND OTHER DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LIFE: For sexual stimulant tablets read vitamin complexes consisting mostly of vitamins B and E in low concentrations at high prices (add a dash of placebo). For premature ejaculation preventatives read non-abrasive local anaesthetic and save yourself a literal wad of money. For "Imitation Spanish Fly" read "curiously self-confessed rip-off". For "Rush" read a compound of nitrous oxide and methyl-propane which, being an aeromatic containing nitrate, is potentially dangerous because it may, under certain conditions, cause bone marrow repression and/or kidney toxicity. For "love oil", "emotion cream" and "Nympho Spice", read "disgusting crap". Paul Rimmer, England's leading wholesaler and retailer of sex products, is a man who tries his own wares. He told me that he and his lady had once smeared some love oil on themselves and proceeded to spend the next half hour sliding all over one another, and the waterbed. For \$7.90 this is one erotic experience you can do without. 



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They ought to introduce a 36 hour day."* Melinda Shelton, Avalon, N.S.W.

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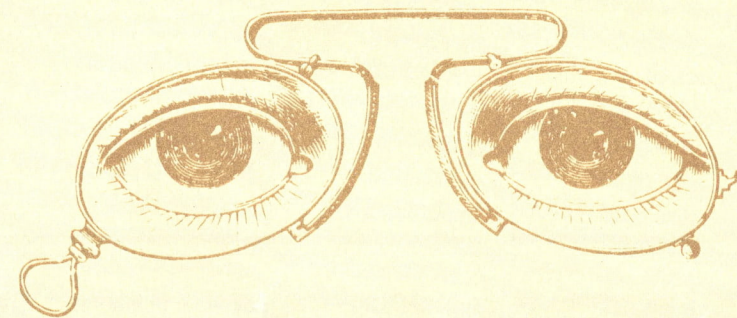


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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE AWARDS SUPERMARKET

One of our more honored industries is honoring ourselves. Each year we have our Logies, Sammys, Oscars (not to be confused with the Hollywood Oscars) for the film and TV industries, as well as country music awards, Kings and Queens of Pop awards, sports star awards, sportspeople of the year, Brownlow, Magarey and Sandover medals for footballers, not to mention scads of forgettable people getting New Years honors, Queens Birthday honors, Orders of Australia and whathaveyou.

This booming proliferation of awards and self-reward is appropriate in our media culture where recognition is more important than substance. Who are we to turn the tide? If entertainers can become, through media hype, stars, superstars and ultimately megastars, it is not for us to question the combined wisdom of the columnists, commentators, pundits and philosophers of the media world. So we announce the *Penthouse* Awards for 1979 complete with superlatives and towering metaphors.

There are several contenders for the Anne Phillips-Windsor Bore of the Year award. Nominees are *Bob Hawke*, who said "there has been considerable speculation about my future", *Belinda Green*, who raced around Australia with Rod Stewart only to be put into proper perspective by Alana Hamilton who asked: "Who's Belinda Green?" Overseas nominations are *Margaret Trudeau* and *Prince Charles*. Maggie wins hers by explaining away the black eye Pierre gave her with "It shows he really loved me," and Chuck gets his for "What I really need is a good wife." And the winner is: Robert James Lee Hawke. If he can make his run for the Prime Minister's job as tedious as his decision to run for Parliament, maybe we'll have all forgotten him.

There are also several nominations for the Holden Statesman Politician of the Year award: *Malcolm Fraser*, who was described by Bob Hawke as the cutlery man — born with a silver spoon in his mouth, speaking with a forked tongue, and holding a

knife in each hand; *Tom Burns* gets the nod for his Churchillian utterances about the government in the Queensland Parliament such as: "You dingoes. You 59 dingoes"; *Gordon Scholes*, who branded a Government minister as a "dirty, filthy low liar — I will hit him in the mouth if he says it again." And *Des Corcoran*, who led South Australian Labor to crushing defeat, before commenting: "I feel great." And the winner is . . . *Alderman C. Cainero* of the Armidale City Council who said: "Politician is the only four-letter word I know with more than four letters."

The Einstein Award for Intellect: Clear winner here is Treasurer *John Howard*, who proclaimed: "One of the most effective responses to unemployment in this country is to have more jobs."

The Titanic Award for Tourism: To *Flo Bjelke-Petersen* who told her loyal Queensland followers: "*Playboy* and *Penthouse* readers are a certain type of people. I'm not saying they are undesirables but I don't think they are the sort of people we should be trying to attract to Queensland."

The Andrew Peacock award for politicians with Stunning Good Looks: *Andrew Peacock*, of whom Shirley MacLaine said: "He's the only man I know who has a Gucci toothbrush." She added: "If he's the Minister for Foreign Affairs, let's give him one he won't forget."

The Nelson Rockefeller Award for business acumen: To *Harry M. Miller* for his Computicket operation. When it collapsed Harry said: "Now I know what they mean by being up to your arse in alligators."

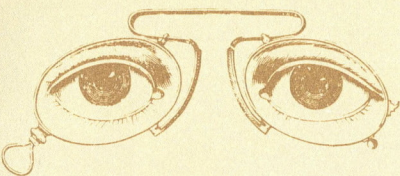
The Ita Buttrose Award for Wholesome Living: *Mark Thatcher*, who said: "Mummy suffered a sense of humor loss when I mentioned I was going motor racing." Daddy didn't like it either.

The Buck Rogers Award for Space Achievement: *Spike Milligan*, who warned NASA scientists "If Skylab falls on my mother's dunny at Woy Woy, this will mean war".

The Hugh Hefner Award for sexual discovery: A tie



CLAUDETTE



between *Dr Ken Fitch*, Australian Olympic medico who told us there was a greater risk of fatal heart attack from sex — particularly extra-marital sex — than from jogging. And *Britt Ekland*, who said: "I say I don't sleep with married men, but what I really mean is I don't sleep with happily married men."

The Thomas Edison Light-bulb award for inspiration: The Queensland parliamentary committee which reported on the need for sex education: "It will happen. Rather than have it done around the bike racks or behind the toilets we would like it to be handled by trained educators with the involvement of parents."

The Thank-God-For-Sanity award for Judicial responsibility: To the Canberra magistrate who dismissed a speeding charge against Mr J. F. Koenig after he told the court he was listening to Haydn on his car radio when "I must have become so elated that I felt my soul being transported to higher regions whilst my foot became heavy on the gas pedal, thus transforming my old Holden into a Heavenly vehicle".

And so endeth the 1979 awards.

SCENES



STAR TREK PHENOMENON

If you don't know what a Klingon is, you have just defined yourself as a non-"Trekkie". Don't laugh, it seems there aren't many of us left.

For the uninitiated, a Trekkie is one of that growing number of people who have created a unique entertainment phenomenon by refusing to allow the defunct science fiction television series *Star Trek* to fade into historical obscurity. Since filming on the series stopped in 1969, the 79 episodes have been repeated and re-repeated around the world to satisfy the demands of those addicted to

the scenarios and characters created by Gene Roddenberry.

To the profound confusion of programming executives, *Star Trek* has consistently rated higher each time it is repeated. There are nearly 400 fan clubs around the world and as many as 20,000 fans (they don't generally call themselves Trekkies) have gathered at frequent conventions to immerse themselves in an orgy of *Star Trek*iana.

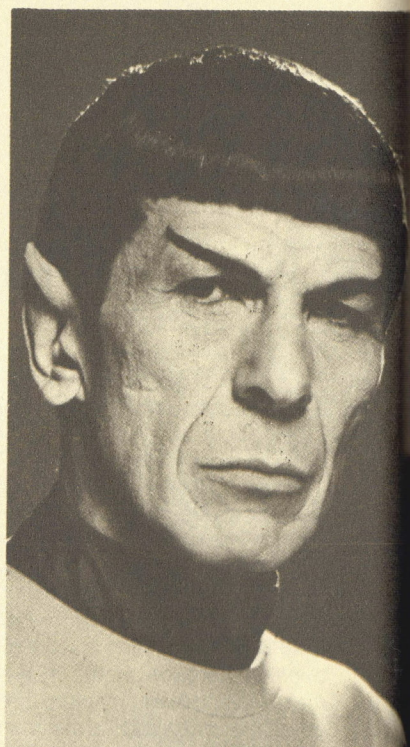
The stars of the show are trapped, more or less willingly, into a seemingly-endless round of appearances at these and other functions.

An enormous market has grown up in *Star Trek* trivia — books, hundreds of fan publications, operating manuals for the starship USS Enterprise, maps, charts, games and so on. Learned theses written on this phenomenon have led to high academic distinction. Such is the strength of numbers involved that a petition carrying more than 100,000 signatures, presented in Washington, was successful in having the first NASA space shuttle named Enterprise.

All this means that if you see an unusual number of smiling faces over the next few weeks, it's a fair bet you're seeing *Star Trek* fans who have just bought their tickets to *Star Trek — the Motion Picture*.

This \$35 million manifestation from Paramount has brought together, for the first time since 1969, the original cast of the television series in their original roles. William Shatner as Captain Kirk and Leonard Nimoy as the pointy-eared, coldly-logical Mr Spock vie for top popularity, but all the old favorites have their share of intensely loyal fans. There are also a couple of new faces, but it's unlikely there will be any complaints about additions like the lovely Persis Khambatta, a former Miss India.

Britt Ekland



Leonard Nimoy as Mr Spock.

Planning for the movie began four years ago, but Paramount was galvanised into an all-out effort by the success of George Lucas' *Star Wars* — also, no doubt, by the knowledge that Paramount was one of the studios which turned down *Star Wars*.

Big efforts were made with *Star Trek — the Motion Picture* to make up the ground lost by this bungle, to the extent of using the talents of Jesco von Puttkamer, a NASA scientist involved in the first moon landing and the development of the real Enterprise.

His help in the building of the elaborate sets, and the work of special effects genius John Dykstra (yes, he of *Star Wars* and *Battlestar Gallactica* fame) will, it is hoped, give the movie a popularity as enduring as that of the TV series. *Star Trek — the Motion Picture* is scheduled for simultaneous release around Australia on December 21.

O.S. ACTION

Each year tens of thousands of Australians fly out of the country in search of adventure O.S. With travel costs coming down and internal fares rising it makes increasingly good sense to seek out the exotic. So this month's guide to where the action is goes to two popular foreign destinations.

"Buddha not allow," the girl in the gold Thai silk dress said vehemently as she shook her head. I asked again, and again the answer was a vehement: "Buddha not allow. Cannot."

It seemed strange. Being a photographer I had asked her if I could take some nude photographs and had even offered to pay for them. Her name was Wanna. She was 19 and one of the top girls on the Bangkok massage parlor scene, but nude photography for her was out. After all she was a professional massage parlor girl, not a model. For that I would have to go elsewhere.

Time and again on my trips through Bangkok and visits to the various delights of the flesh in New Petchburi Road, I have come across this strange reluctance by the beauties who work as high class massage girls to do anything but what their job calls for: massage either in Chinese, Japanese, Turkish or best of all special Thai style, and missionary style sex.

It seems that it is a strict moral code all the girls (or at least the top girls) have. It is a code which will not allow them to take money, even a tip, from your hand: one has to put the tip on a table and they will pick it up and put it in their purse.

With Manila and Singapore, Bangkok is the Asian mecca for many Australian men who if not love-starved still want to experience the sensual delights of the Orient. But Australian men are not alone in this desire.



Selecting a companion at Nancy in Bangkok.

Plane-loads of German and Japanese tourists arrive in the City of the Angels every month, not just to look at the angels but to have an explicit, some might say sacred, relationship with them.

Bangkok, which attracts 67,000 Australians every year, not all of them men — there are a variety of special Eastern pleasures for women, too — is truly the City of the Angels.

Its full name is Krungthep Mahanakhon Bovorn Ratana-kosin Mahintharayutthaya Mahadilokpop Noparatrat-chathani Buriron Udomrat-chanivetmahasathan Amorn-piman Avatarnsathit Sakkathatiyavisnukarmparsit. It means: Great City of Angels, the Supreme Repository for Divine Jewels, the Great Land Unconquerable, the Grand and Prominent Realm, the Royal and Delightful Capital City Full of Nine Noble Gems, the Highest Royal Dwelling and Grand Palace, the Divine Shelter and Living Place of the Reincarnated Spirits.

Even though it rates a mention in the *Guinness Book of Records* as the longest place name in the world, it is little wonder that the five million Thais who live there seldom call it that.

Bangkok comprises seven

main areas: Oriental, Patpong, Siam, Gaysorn, Ploenchit, Sukhumvit and New Petchburi. Tourists interested in the erotic make for Patpong, Oriental or New Petchburi. Patpong and Oriental cater for the well-heeled tourist and charge prices according to the size of the wallet. In New Petchburi the angels are just as classy — or even better — and they won't cause your bank manager to have apoplexy on your return to Australia. And if your finances are really low — and your medical benefits are really adequate — one can always try the dockside area of Klong Toy where a lady can be had for one brown Australian dollar.

But my favorite area is New Petchburi Road, on the eastern side of the city. There you will find massage parlors just as luxurious as those in the more touristy areas, but a full body massage will cost you about 300bht (\$15A) compared with 600bht plus in the other areas.

The massage parlors such as Nancy, the New Atami, Happy-Happy, Merrie and Caesar's Palace, look much like Sydney's bigger Leagues Clubs.

To find them hail a cab, and don't be put off by a driver touting for business for one of the big tourist parlors. At Nancy, ranged behind three large oval

glass windows, are about 100 girls from 15 to 25. Not all of them are beautiful, but they look like a gourmet feast for a sexual athlete.

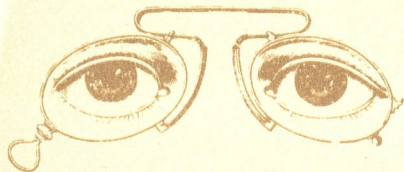
How to select a girl? First I bought a beer for 30bht (\$A1.50) and sat down looking through the windows at the girls. They seemed totally uninterested in the proceedings. Some were knitting, some were yawning, while others were reading or watching television. All had red number tags on their blouses.

After making your selection you get two hours of massage and love — an experience worth travelling around the world for. But it is after that the strict moral code — most girls are Theravada (Doctrine of the Elders) Buddhists — comes out. "Buddha no allow," said my girl Wanna. I didn't curse, but was disappointed. Was it hypocrisy, I thought, or true morals? She felt the same about cunnilingus and fellatio.

I was in love: love which is a permanent trap for unwary Australians in Asia. "Would you come out with me," I asked. "Cannot. Mama wait for me home. Me no come Mama beat me. Cannot work. Tomorrow I tell Mama I no come home. I come with you."

I left Wanna at midnight. My flight back to Australia left at noon the next day. That's Bangkok love. — Voytek Eymont

There I was, speaking "Franglaise" with the best of them, when I overheard an Aussie tourist say rather loudly: "I could really do with a bottle of French piss, right now. After all, we are in New Caledonia, you know." However, the French waiters are still not quite used to us *pokens* (it comes from "English spoken" and is pronounced "pok-en") So, he efficiently produces a *Beaujolais* red called "*Pisse-Dru*", believe it or not. I couldn't resist going over and asking for a taste since



I would be sure to be asked back home what the French piss was like, and now I could tell them. Unfortunately it was like a lot of their lesser reds — thin and acid and definitely needing ice blocks, but then that is the *Beaujolais* style. I frankly prefer the *Cotes de Provence Rose* as a fail-safe, go-with-anything-on-a-hot-day wine. It is also one of the cheapest on Noumean wine lists at around \$A8. The best value red is a *Baron Philippe de Rothschild* wine from *Pauillac* in the *Medoc* area of *Bordeaux*, called *Mouton Cadet*. It sells for around \$A12 and starts to look cheap as you peruse the \$A20-40 reds. Of course these wines actually cost more in Sydney restaurants, but it does come as some sort of cultural/fiscal shock on your first sortie to a restaurant in Noumea. It makes you appreciate the lower priced moderate quality wines we produce in Australia.

The things to eat are *Soupe de Poissons*, *Crabe Farcie*, deer, local fish (*Picot or Poit*), pigeon and snails (from the *Ile des Pins*). That is pronounced "pahn", not "pin" as the latter means penis and although it might be the thing to say, sort of like "where's the action?", you will have caused the locals to laugh like mad. If they were born here refer to them as *caldoches* ("kal-dosh") or as *baignards* ("bain-yard") if you want to insult them, as it refers to their convict origins. Be careful as it has the same effect as calling an aborigine a coon. Here the natives don't mind being called *canaques* ("kan-ak" — so when you are called a *poken* you have some return fire.

The top restaurants are *La Truffiere*, *El Cordobes*, *Chez Nano* (Centre Club), *La Rotonde* and *La Maffia*, with *Les Helices* (aero club) for seafood. *L'Escale* (La Potiniere) is under new management and it is yet to be seen if he can take full advantage of what must be the best

located and most charming restaurant in Noumea. Top Chinese food is found at *Le Mandarin*, 4.5.6. (*Le Nouvata Hotel*) and *La Perle d'Aste*. The best spot for Vietnamese food is *Vietnam*. The best after dinner to 4am nightspot has to be *Bounty*, with a live band. The *Joker* is more exclusive and *Don Camilo's* a bit boppy.

You must try to visit *Mont Koghi* for one of the most spectacular views you will ever see and it's only a 30-minute drive. The *Auberge* there is absolutely delightful and is a must for Sunday lunch or tea in the afternoon. Even the aquarium with its luminous fish is a worthwhile distraction for an afternoon, as it is truly world class.

A few duty free tips: buy your perfume and cosmetics before you come, as the prices here will disappoint you generally. I mean, go to city duty free shops back home and avoid our airports like herpes simplex. *Yves St Laurent Rive Gauche* (eau de toilette) 120ml spray is \$22 retail in Sydney, but \$14 in city duty free shops, and \$21 in Noumea. *Orlane* after-sun lotion costing \$12.50 retail in Australia was \$7.50 at Sydney airport and \$8.75 in Noumea. Cognac and liqueurs are extremely expensive in Noumea and unfortunately there are no duty free bargains except for some French designed fashions, leather goods and accessories.

A few useful French phrases are "*Tu veux, ou tu veux pas?*" (Do you want to come back to my place and screw or not?); *Elle est bandante* (She sure gives a guy a hard on, she's so sexy looking); *Je ne peux pas blairer* (I can't stomach here); *Mal-hereusement, je suis fauche* (Sorry, I've run out of money); *J'en ai raz le bol* (I'm bloody well fed up with this); *C'est un sacre mec* (He's a terrific bloke); *Ils n'ont que la peau et les os* (Those birds are all skin and bones, whippy snappy maybe, but a bit like a picket fence job,



Toads: a slippery problem for Queensland.

splinters and all); *C'est le coup de fusil* (This is a rip off job); *Voila les flics* (Look out here come the cops, let's piss off); *On va draguer* (Let's go and pick up some sheilas); *On va prendre un pot* (Lets go and have a drink); *Il m'a bien roule* (I've really been had and taken for a ride);

Obviously these are not your usual phrases but tend to give one the impression of knowing what's going on. Start always with "*Etes-vous Francaise?*" or you will end up like most of us chatting up some secretary from Sydney or Brisbane and making a proper dill of yourself. — Michael Lawrence.

TOAD PLAGUE

Science has good reason to hate the cane toad — introduced to Queensland from Hawaii in 1935 to control the sugar cane beetle. The toad showed its true colors immediately by eating the African dung beetle instead, spreading through the State in plague proportions and poisoning anything in its path.

For decades CSIRO scientists have pondered ways of ending the ecological reign of terror unleashed by these big frogs whose toxin — bufatenine — can kill other wildlife in

seconds and blind humans who get too close.

Brilliant plans were hatched late at night as the CSIRO boys huddled around their insect traps. Easily the best was a plan to import a different type of African dung beetle, large and vicious, which would, once eaten, reverse the process and eat the toads from inside out.

Outposts of science were shadowing elephants through Africa in search of these beetles when the scheme was suddenly abandoned. Too fanciful, science admitted. But because of the importance of dung beetles in cleaning up cow dung and extending pasture areas, Australia continued to import millions of the tiny shiteaters.

Bufo Marinus, as science knows the toad, continued to slither inland from the coastal cane fields and consume the beetles leisurely, as if they had been selected just for it.

No one could figure out what possible good the toads were, or why — like jellyfish — the warty monsters had come on Earth at all.

But Queensland was stuck with them. And somehow it seemed appropriate that one should wind up permanently on Joh Bjelke-Petersen's desk — placed there by cartoonist Patrick Cook of the *National Times* in any cartoon featuring the Premier.

Then, not so long ago, someone woke up to the fact that toad toxin had been used for centuries — even by the Egyptians — as the world's first heart starter. Steroid-like compounds in the toxin have shocked failed hearts back to life since 1600.

Other elements, science decided, made the toad useful in cancer research. With a tremendous sense of relief scientists began exporting Bufo to Japan and America.

Barely were the celebrations over when Thailand asked whether Queensland could supply millions of toadskins an-

nually... for handbags! A Thai woman without a toadskin handbag, it seems, is somehow incomplete.

And Thai restaurants serve toad meat as a delicacy, after trained chefs have removed most of the toxin — but not enough to prevent diners experiencing a mild stone from the LSD-like bufatenine. Riberting, isn't it?

But not nearly as bizarre as the latest craze among the more self-destructive of Queensland's drug freaks, who stew the monsters into a broth resembling the bile exuded by Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*, then drink it. Off they go on frog-induced waking nightmares... with death just one jump behind.

There are no records of fatalities so far, but there almost certainly will be. Toad toxin is savagely poisonous — domestic pets perish in contortions of agony seconds after merely mouthing the creatures. So Bufo broth as such is now an illegal drug and any desperate caught with the stuff is liable to a heavy fine or two years in the slammer.

Repressive drug laws aside, it's difficult to imagine how anyone could be so determined to alter his consciousness. Have you ever seen a toad in the flesh? Bad enough to dry and smoke the skins as some hippies do — to risk a one-way trip by actually swallowing the slimy amphibians is taking curiosity to nauseating extremes.

Toads have already spread across the Queensland-NSW border, establishing populations as far south as Wardell, 16km south of Ballina. Even considering those we can get rid of to cancer researchers and bagless Thai women, they breed so rapidly as to be a major pest.

Last year the Federal Government began a three-year study of toad habits in a bid to cut numbers and control the southward slither. Will they be in time to save Australia?

THE MA CONNECTION

Last month in *Australian Penthouse* Dr Alfred McCoy, lecturer in history at the University of NSW, unravelled the webs of intrigue, corruption and politics behind the international heroin trade. As the article was going to press he told us that one of Hong Kong's leading heroin dealers, Ma Sik-yu — White Powder Ma — had been busted and had fled to Taiwan. In the following report, Dr McCoy removes the cloaks of respectability and political protection which previously surrounded Ma Sik-Yu:

After 18 months circling the globe and writing up the results of my investigations of the international heroin traffic, I submitted a 700-page manuscript to my New York publishers, Harper & Row, filled with names of CIA agents, South Vietnamese political leaders, Laotian generals, Chinese businessman, US mafia figures and senior French politicians.

Among the several hundred people I charged with varying degrees of complicity in the international heroin trade, only one attracted the attention of Harper & Row's very astute libel lawyer — an outwardly respectable Hong Kong businessman named Ma Sik-yu, then rising to a position as perhaps the world's largest single distributor of narcotics.

During a visit to Hong Kong I had first heard Ma's name



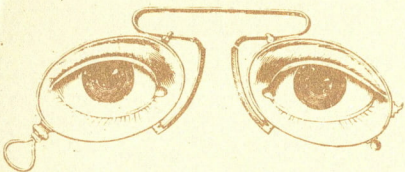
through a chance contact in the colony's Chinese underworld, then confirmed his involvement in narcotics manufacture and distribution through informants in the Hong Kong police. Their information indicated that the Ma brothers' syndicate was by far the largest of the five major Chiu Chow groups that dominated the city's narcotics trade within the past five years.

Local journalists had noted the curiously rapid rise of the Ma newspaper business; the Hong Kong Boy Scouts were grateful for the remarkable largesse of the colony's newest philanthropists; and government officials showed a sudden accumulation of real estate titles by various Ma brother companies.

Despite the considerable evidence of their involvement in the traffic, the Ma brothers had never been mentioned anywhere in connection with the heroin traffic. Their readiness to sue, with the nearly infinite resources their business could command, at the slightest unfavorable mention of their names had been communicated to the Hong Kong press through their solicitors. Harper & Row's lawyer insisted consequently that any reference to Ma Sik-yu be removed, I threatened to withdraw the manuscript, and in the end we compromised. Ma Sik-yu became "Hua Ko-je", his philanthropic generosity to the Boy Scouts was deemed overly specific and deleted, and his business investments were fictionalised. Six years later Ma and his brother became the last of Hong Kong's "big five" heroin dealers to be arrested.

The ensuing scandal, which reportedly "shocked" their peers in Hong Kong's business community, has generated relatively complete information about their underworld heroin business and clandestine

Alfred McCoy: unravelling the webs of intrigue behind the heroin trade.



political contacts, and makes open discussion of their involvement legally possible for the first time. While the Ma brothers are now in retirement on Taiwan, the world of heroin and espionage of which they were a part remains.

The conviction of the colony's other four leading traffickers after massive police operations in 1974-1975 left only one of the original five Hong Kong syndicates in operation — by far the wealthiest and most powerful led by the bothers Ma Sik-yu and Ma Sik-chun.

The largest of the drug merchants who had emerged from the reorganisation of the colony's traffic in the mid-1960s, the Ma brothers had begun their working lives as impoverished street hawkers in the narrow lanes of Kowloon's Tsimshatsui waterfront district in the late 1940s. Accumulating wealth gradually during the 1950s through their involvement in the colony's drug traffic as street pushers and opium den operators, the Ma brothers emerged in the 1960s as one of Hong Kong's larger gambling and narcotics syndicates.

Purchasing control over Kowloon's popular *tse-fa* lottery-style gambling racket in the early 1960s with his narcotics profits, Ma Sik-yu grossed an estimated average of \$6000 a day or \$2 million a year from his illegal gambling operations alone in these years. When Hong Kong Police closed the colony's illegal opium dens in a series of raids and the Customs' Preventive Services tightened drug searches on commercial freighters arriving from Bangkok in the mid-1960s, Ma Sik-yu was one of the Chiu Chow narcotics merchants instrumental in the reorganisation of the traffic.

To avoid interception by customs, Ma and his colleague Kong Sum-chuen imported raw morphine base from Bangkok in small Thai trawlers that entered

the colony's waters illegally. And to minimise police detection of the opium dens, Ma and his Chiu Chow confreres set up laboratories for the manufacture of odorless No. 3 and No. 4 heroin. Known as "White Powder Ma" for his dominance of the heroin trade, Ma Sik-yu became, according to the police warrant eventually issued for his arrest, the largest Hong Kong importer of Golden Triangle morphine and opium during the years 1969 to 1973.

With the enormous fortune they acquired from their growing international heroin ventures, the Ma brothers established one of Hong Kong's fastest growing business empires of the 1970s. The elder Ma Sik-yu managed an investment portfolio that included four restaurants, a racehorse, the Ford Plastics Factory and real estate holdings worth \$2 million. The more flamboyant younger brother, Ma Sik-chun, acquired in addition to his own restaurants and real estate interests a growing international media conglomerate. Beginning as a naughty-story "mosquito sheet", the *Oriental Daily News*, the flagship of the Ma media fleet, rose in only eight years to become the largest Chinese-language newspaper in Hong Kong.

Ma Sik-chun later set up Ma's Film Company to produce Cantonese and Mandarin feature films and in 1976, with Taiwan's largest newspaper, *The United Daily*, launched a Chinese-language daily newspaper in New York, the *World Daily*.

Seeking to shed the reputation that had tagged him "White Powder Ma", Ma Sik-yu began spending thousands of dollars on charities. The Hong Kong Boy Scouts became the main target of their largesse,



and its leaders reciprocated by showering the Ma brothers and their father with honorary titles and service awards.

Perhaps most important to their ability to avoid prolonged imprisonment was the Ma brothers' alleged involvement with Taiwan intelligence operations against the Peoples Republic of China. Shortly after their flight from Hong Kong in 1977, the *Hong Kong Star* ran an article which quoted sources in the US Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) as saying that "suspected syndicate boss Ma Sik-yu was deeply involved with a network that spied on China for Taiwan." Using their income from the heroin trade, the Ma brothers allegedly financed a spy network in Hong Kong and the Golden Triangle region.

Quoting other sources within the colony's Investigation Bureau, the *Star* further claimed that agents of the Peoples Republic of China "played a big part in giving Hong Kong Police evidence to smash the alleged syndicate, which led to the arrest of 10 in Hong Kong and Ma Sik-yu in Taiwan."

Following up leads gathered in the investigation of another leading heroin dealer, Ng Sik-ho, Hong Kong Police compiled a massive dossier on the Ma brothers' alleged narcotics syndicate and raided their homes and offices with about 300 men on August 25, 1977. Perhaps warned by his detention for questioning in December 1975, Ma Sik-yu had left the colony

and sought refuge in Taiwan once the warrant for his arrest was issued — following the footsteps of his alleged partner in the heroin trade, Kong Sum-chuen, who had fled to Taiwan some months earlier.

Apparently evading the police raids, the younger Ma Sik-chun disappeared for two days but later surrendered himself at Hong Kong Police headquarters in the presence of his lawyer and was released on bail. Using his freedom to expatriate his assets, Ma Sik-chun delayed court proceedings for more than a year then fled to Taiwan in September 1978, only a week before his trial was due to begin.

Their rather lenient treatment before the Taiwan courts and the Taiwan Government's refusal to date to extradite them to Hong Kong lends credence to the *Hong Kong Star's* allegations of the Ma brothers' involvement in Nationalist Chinese intelligence operations. While Ma Sik-yu was detained for only 100 days in 1978 and was then released, his brother was sentenced to a year in jail on charges of using forged travel documents to enter Taiwan.

Although their three alleged confederates in the narcotics syndicate were convicted and sentenced to 15 years' jail on drug charges by the Hong Kong courts, the Taiwan Government has so far refused to extradite the Ma brothers.

Through Interpol the Hong Kong Police have sent Taiwan a 400-page file on the Ma brothers' alleged narcotics operations containing transcripts from the trial of the alleged Ma associates, police evidence and statements made implicating them. Evidently taking considerable care with this matter, Taiwan authorities continue to "study" the Ma dossier — more than two years after the Hong Kong authorities issued the warrant for the arrest of Ma Sik-yu.

THE BARE FACTS

Summer time is topless time at beaches across the nation. Some of us could be forgiven for believing that going topless on the beach is the easiest thing in the world. You whip off the top and presto! you're topless.

But apparently it is not so. We are indebted to Laura Veltman in Sydney's *Daily Telegraph* for the following step-by-stop account of how it should be done.

"Dropping your top," says Laura, "can be an embarrassing business." But the important thing is to "free yourself in the sun".

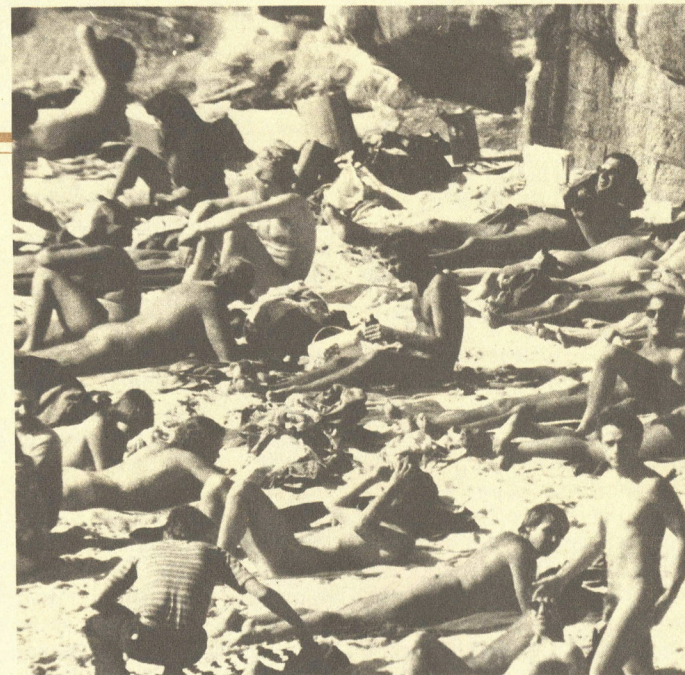
Topless women apparently fall into two categories: those who merely wish to attract with their shapely curves, and those who seek comfort and an all-over-tan. The most crucial step is to visit the beach on weekdays, thus avoiding raised eyebrows of the busy weekend beach crowd. Other precautions include a tight grip on a beach-towel and a firm hold on very dark sunglasses.

Laura's first how-to-do-it suggestion is sensible: undo the bikini strap. Start by lying face downwards "with a towel under your bust." Afterwards, when the pupil feels game, she should pull out the bikini top.

The third step is clearly the most daring. It's removing the top while boldly taking a dip. Laura's advice is to take the top off when swimming and throw the bra to a friend. The strategy of walking from the water without too many stares involves asking the friend to stand by with a towel.

Now it's time for those super-dark sunglasses. "Take your top off and turn over flat on your back," Laura says, suggesting a close hold be kept on the towel in case of the unexpected.

At this stage Laura believes the topless girl should be feeling "at ease", and ready to oil herself all over! Any volunteers?



Step-by-step account of how to join the topless crowd.

TAPE TRAINING

Male dogs are the world's greatest curse. Many are delinquents, and most are as randy as rattle snakes. (Are rattlesnakes really randy?)

That's the message on a cassette tape prepared by one Dr Paul, a 44-year-old Sydney veterinary surgeon who acts as a part-time lecturer at the University of Sydney. Dr Paul, who does not reveal his real name for curious "ethical" reasons, made the tape after appearing on the *Mike Walsh Show* and several other radio and TV programs for the Australian Veterinary Association. His specialty is the plight of the urban dog. And his greatest bug is walking down a city street barefooted and discovering dog shit oozing between his naked toes. This, he says, "really gets up his nose".

It's for reasons like these that Dr Paul has made his tape, educating misinformed dog owners on how to reform their delinquent canine friends. Dr Paul talks about the problems of keeping dogs in urban Australia. He estimates there are perhaps 10 million dogs in Australian homes, and says their problems are fouling footpaths, excessive

barking, viciousness, chasing cars, roaming, and sex.

Barking, says Dr Paul, can send any sensible person into looney land. But he says the European practice of removing a dog's vocal cords doesn't work. "The dog can still make whining noises after the operation," Dr Paul says. The best treatment, he says, is to "walk the pants off the animal", making it too tired to do anything except sleep...

His last topic on the cassette is sex.

Dogs, as distinct from bitches, are totally sexually uninhibited. "They're not embarrassed about copulating on the street corner," he said. "It's most embarrassing when your dog attempts to mount your leg while the vicar is having afternoon tea." He suggests the two forms of treatment best suited to monitoring "hypersexuality" of dogs in the city is either castration, or the administration of hormone drugs.

Dr Paul's tape is available for \$5.95 plus postage, from Twin-track Productions, P.O. Box 17, Northbridge, NSW. And in case you have more canine problems, Dr Paul intends coming to the rescue with further tapes on the care of puppies and adult dogs.

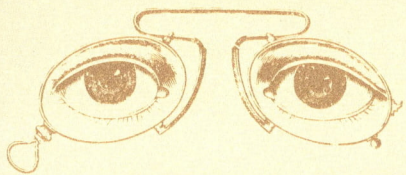
BUBBLY SEASON

December is the month of celebration. All manner of celebration. Office parties, end-of-year parties, (not to mention end of decade parties which won't come officially for another year, but you can celebrate twice if you wish). So the drink for December must be champagne.

Madame Pompadour said: "Champagne is the only wine a woman can drink and still remain beautiful." On this basis, now is the time for all men, good and true, to consider the tinsel-wrapped bottles of bubbles they should provide for their favorite secretary, mistress, boss, wife, partner, garbologist...

If you wish to be dinkum about champagne remember to smartly kick, in the backside, your local bottleshop oick when he tells you the only champagne he can offer is Great Western. Madame Pompadour's champagne was the only true champagne; the morale-boosting, magical wine which can only come from the strictly defined region of France named Champagne. It is a place, and its name should only be used for the wine from its splendid vineyards.

For too long, champagne has for most of us been a concept rather than a wine. All manner of sparkling wines from around the world, including countless carbonated confections, have posed under the evocative title "champagne". Not surprisingly, the proud folk of Champagne who nurtured the vineyards and turned their fruits into the pale liquid nectar that is the symbol of celebration through the centuries, take a rather jaundiced view of this and have succeeded in denying the producers of imitations — be they in other regions of France, in Germany or numerous other countries — use of the title champagne. Typically, with our hodge-podge of plagiarised wine descriptions — claret, burgundy, moselle —



most Australian wine makers continue to call their bubbly creations, good or bad, by the misappropriated title.

There is but one Champagne and all else is a shadow. Some of the shadows are, to be sure, substantial and make very pleasant and good value drinking. But others are mere imitations and often grotesque distortions. It is about the range available this Christmas that I offer my advice based on my great love for the stuff, and years of study and sampling. It is also part of my business, through my company, Wine-search, Melbourne, and in the following appraisal I mention two of my own import brands.

The choice is enormous in terms of price, quality and presentation: from supermarket specials containing carbonated crud for \$1.50, to beautifully packaged "tete de cuvee" Champagnes for \$35. The factors that determine your choice are diverse:

The size of your wallet, plus your sense of generosity toward others, or, more to the point, to yourself.

The susceptibility of your bank manager to yeasty bribery.

The size of your crowd. A good, modestly priced champagne alternative from France, Italy, Germany, Spain or Australia (\$4-\$8) is sensible for parties, weddings or wakes. A Perrier Jouet Belle Epoque 1973 (\$25) may set a seductive scene with the flame of your life.

Your lifestyle. Many readers will prefer to stick to beer. The intellectual bon-vivant won't be caught with Great Western in his ice bucket.

The sophistication of your palate and your progression towards being a true connoisseur. Your ability to enjoy and appreciate the subtleties, complexity, elegance and beauty of the rare Salon Le Mesnil Brut 1971 (imported by my company) will justify the \$29

price tag, even if your bank manager won't.

The sweetness of your palate. Most of us cut our sparkling teeth on carbonated cold ducks, starwines, pearls and passions. From there we evolve, some to tooth-curling brut de brut wines, but most favoring at least some degree of sweetness.

What you enjoy drinking. In the final analysis, this is the only most important consideration.

For the sweet tooth, start with your Australians. Some of our Spumante-style wines are well made and, at about \$2.50, give the Italian Spumante wines a shake. Reliable Italian Spumante wines like Gancia, Martini and Riccadonna cost just over \$5. Not all Spumante wines are sweet, but those described as brut won't be bone dry either.

In the middle range of demi-sec wines come Australian sparkling wines like Kaiser Stuhl Champagne, Hardy's Grand Reserve, Great Western Reserve and Wynn's Romalo Cuvee Reserve, all in the \$5-\$6 range (often much cheaper through discounters).

German offerings range from sweetish to fairly dry and are often very high in acid. Not wines to pamper an ulcer with, but if you like an acid balance to a sweet fruit character, they can be attractive. Cheaper wines like Blue Nun Sparkling Liebfraumilch at \$6.70 lead up to Furst von Metternich Vintage Brut 1976 at \$12.30, which is up into the N.V. (Non Vintage) Champagne market.

For the drier palate, forget the bottom of the Australian line if you can afford to. None of them have a claim to quality and few are anywhere near dry. The top line of Australian methode champenoise (fermented in the bottle) have some claims to quality, at prices between \$5 and \$7.50. Look for Chateau Remy Brut 1974, Wynn's Romalo Brut de Brut Vintage, Lindeman's Grand Emperor Vintage, and Seppelt's Great Western Vintage Brut. Occasionally, you may find special releases of older Seppelt's and Lindeman's Show Wines. For local "champagne", they are always interesting and sometimes very good.

The Loire and Burgundy regions of France offer some very good methode champenoise wines made from classic grape varieties that, for sheer quality and character, far surpass practically anything made here and they can be bought for prices between \$7.50 and \$8.50, which is only marginally more than our top-priced offerings. Chateau Moncontour Sparkling Vouvray Brut and Sablant Brut (imported by my company) are two examples. The real Sparkling Burgundies are not often seen, unfortunately.

Some fine dry champagne-style wines are being produced in Spain, but few are to be found here. Codorniu Ultra Brut at about \$5.90 should be available and is worth a look.

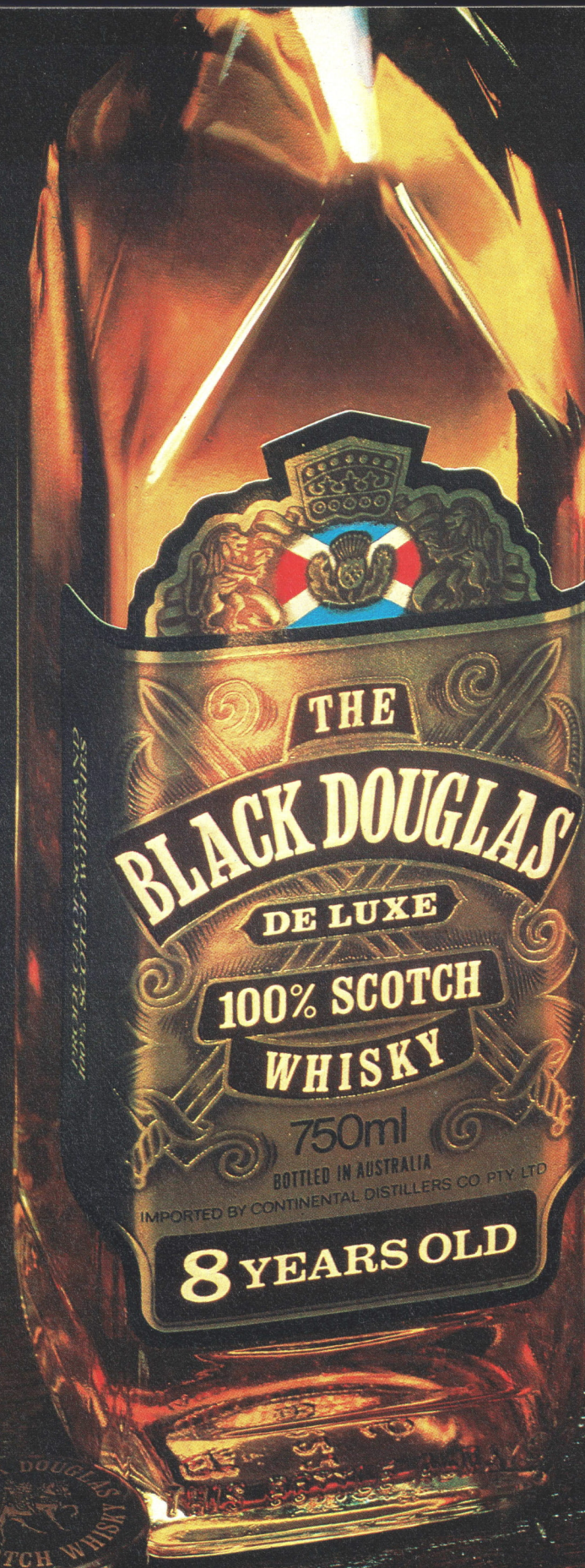
Champagne prices range from about \$11 for N.V. wines like Lanson Black Label or Louis Roederer, to \$31.50 for Dom Perignon.

Excellent wines in between are Bollinger 73 at \$16.75, Charles Heidsieck 71 at \$15.45, Pol Roger 73 at \$15.75 (the 71 was better) and Krug 71 at \$26.50. Many others are equally good and it becomes a matter of personal preference between styles. My impression of 1973 Champagne is that most need time to settle down to be very good. Meanwhile, if you can find 71's or 69's anywhere, they are worth seeking out. Don't forget Blanc de Blanc Champagnes — they are usually finer, more elegant and lighter in body than the traditional Pinot Noir-Chardonnay blends. Salon Le Mesnil, Pol Roger and Tattinger are splendid examples.

Finally, a warning or two. Drinking from belly buttons or thereabouts is not recommended with Salon, or Dom, or Krug. Great Western does the job just as well. Marie Antoinette breast-type glasses are no damn good for any bubbly, let alone a good one, so treat yourself to a set of flutes — or a belly button. — Paul Day. ☐



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When kids face the children's courts — closed to the press and public — and are committed to institutions also closed to the public, you don't hear much of their plight. But the problem doesn't go away.

KIDS IN JAIL

BY MARTIN RIORDAN

For thousands of Australian kids this International Year of the Child is a tragic joke. They are the children trapped in the so-called child welfare system, touted by politicians as reformed and enlightened. But a look behind this welfare veil reveals a world foreign to most Australians and feared by the children who, through circumstance or bad luck, end up behind its locked doors.

This is the world of children in jail. Once known as institutions for juvenile offenders, they are now "training schools", an Orwellian term politicians use to disguise their real nature.

Investigations by *Australian Penthouse* reveal that a system allegedly designed to help children is pushing kids into homosexual clubs and "sugar-daddy" liaisons as a means to stay out of the welfare institutions more hated than such alternatives. As well, we allege:

- Some institutions are run on militaristic lines, with little freedom, training or scope for a future outside crime. Solitary confinement is still in operation, in spite of recommendations by a NSW District Court judge almost five years ago that it should cease. Most institutions said by the judge to be inadequate are still in operation.

- In spite of denials, children are being sent to adult jails where they come into contact with hardened criminals.

- Children are encouraged to indulge in a barbaric "dingo" system, fostered by institution heads, to chase and punish offenders.

- The NSW Government is ignoring a building in Sydney which could be used for child care. Instead it lies vacant.

- There is an urgent need for a special ombudsman to cater for complaints by institution inmates.

This report centres on conditions in NSW children's jails. While considerable reform is apparent in South Australia and Victoria, the facts of life for children behind bars in Western Australia and Queensland are remarkably similar to those in NSW.

The kids committed to these jails are not much different from the normal knock-about Aussie kid, except that most come from broken bitter homes, perhaps bashed, then left to cope with an education scheme totally unsuited to their special needs. These kids face two likely prospects; a return trip to the jail system or a journey through the Kings Cross camp club escape valve.

The NSW Government is making considerable noise that it is doing something for kids in trouble. Changes are planned to its Child Welfare Act, presently administered by Youth and Community Services Minister, Rex Frederick Jackson. But as the politicians sit down to vote on the child welfare system, an increasing number of kids believe some institutions are so bad

Illustration by Nicholas Harding

they will do anything not to return. They choose a system untouched by government, outside the vote-catching concern of politicians. It is a world of sugar-daddies, homosexual clubs and cheap cubicles where hundreds of institution kids find themselves channelled, ready to be used in return for the big prize of freedom.

Children who face court charges present themselves before special children's courts which are closed to the press and public. And there the process of humiliation, regulation and control begins. It can be harsh. A teenage boy hanged himself last year after being placed in Sydney's Albion Street remand centre's solitary confinement cell. After the hanging authorities didn't close the cell but removed the light bulb to avoid further hangings. The solitary cells are used for kids aged from eight to 18.

Thousands of youngsters are committed by courts to institutions each year, some for an indefinite period. Under an anachronistic bureaucratic rule, the courts have no power over the institution to which juveniles are sent. Once a young person is committed to an institution, responsibility is handed to the relevant State department, and in the case of NSW, Rex Jackson.

The choice of where to place the "delinquent" then falls on him and the solid core of ex-institution youth workers and warders now in senior departmental positions.

A youngster then undergoes psychological tests so the department may decide where he or she will be placed. Out of seven available institutions, the youth has a slender chance of a happy stay. Five are run on militaristic lines with tough discipline, while the remainder accommodate a small number in pleasant homely surroundings. But that's for less than five percent, and for more than 1000 remaining youngsters, that's not a cheerful thought.

I approached Mr Jackson's office for information about institutions operating across the State. His press aide, Ian Dose, told me my terminology was wrong: "These places aren't called institutions, they're training schools".

Dose, a youthful former newspaper journalist, asked tactfully but insistently "the line this story might take". I told him I wanted to see the daily lives of the kids, including those in the allegedly tough Tamworth Boys Home, housed in a century-old jail in the State's northern tablelands. Dose said it would be okay and suggested I first visit Tallimba, a small home for boys on Sydney's outskirts, which he assured me was superbly run.

Tallimba stands on a hill overlooking the country town of Camden, with a perfect view of this charming district's sewerage treatment plant. With the

breeze blowing in the right direction, the air around the house was fresh, the staff enthusiastic and helpful.

Superintendent Ken Buttram is a young stout guy, the sort of cheerful mate one might see at a local water-hole after work. He invites me into a double-story Tudor-style house more in keeping with Sydney's north shore or trendy Toorak. Buttram talks about how different Tallimba is from other "training schools" across the State. Set up in 1973, this Youth and Community Services institution is for boys doing a 10 to 20-week stint.

Girlfriends, family and friends are all invited to visit the youths as they proceed through group counselling and support schemes. Camping trips are encouraged and vocational education undertaken, as most have left school or soon will.

Tallimba is without doubt a model school. It is also the only one the NSW Government would allow me to see. On

‘Difficult’ children
are forced to crack
rocks. If they
refuse they face
24 hours in
solitary confinement.

my return from Tallimba, I was telephoned by Ian Dose and told that all further contact between the Minister's office and *Australian Penthouse* would cease. He said the department's earlier invitation to visit all "training schools" across the State would be cancelled. Dose said: "The boss said the department did not wish to be associated with *Penthouse* magazine. I've argued it over with him. I think it's mad, but that's his decision." Then Dose gave an indication of the course of this attitude: "It's been really hard; we've had heaps of problems with departmental people after someone discovered what you're doing."

But all was not lost. I was invited to visit the Mt Penang training school by a contact. The department was not aware of the visit. One enters Mt Penang, perched on a mountain peak above the NSW north coast town of Gosford, under a huge iron boomerang above the roadside gate — perhaps a reminder of the statistical likelihood of a guest's return. Yet it's not the boomerang which suddenly grabs one's attention, but the striking similarity of the institution to an army camp.

As I drove in there were rows of boys sitting on a dormitory fence, dressed in khaki shirts and baggy long pants, all wearing heavy, highly-polished black army boots. Was it a sports day? Three groups of boys wore blue, green and red wool jumpers. Then a youth officer yelled "attention!" and the boys, mostly from broken or disturbed homes who had appeared several times on a range of charges including assault and car theft, were marched quickly to the far side of the complex with the officer marching beside, shouting at anyone with a foot out of line. The 150 boys aged between 15 and 17 live in long weatherboard dormitories opened in 1916.

I soon learned why all but a few were distinguished by different-colored jumpers. When the children are tested and classified by psychologists before being allotted a "home", those directed to Mt Penang are gathered into three main groups. At Mt Penang, the reds are the most difficult children, an officer says calmly. I quickly learn what an institution demands a "difficult" child to do during a normal day . . . crack rocks! After a 6am rise, breakfast and a short break follow before the boys are marched down to the oval, where they smash away at a sheer cliff face.

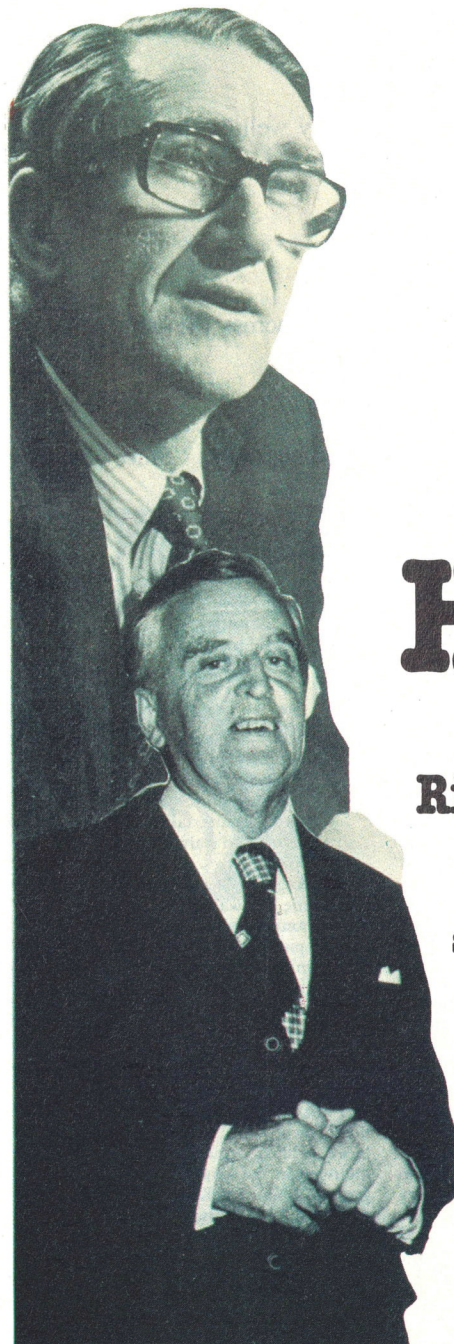
"They think a healthy body means a healthy mind," 17-year-old Wayne said. "If you refuse to do it, or run away, you face 24 hours in the boob." The boob? Solitary confinement cells are another practice one would expect did not exist.

"For mild offenders, the 3m by 3m concrete room has two colored windows and one high one, where they can peer out," explains Wayne nervously, fearing an officer might catch him talking about this home-within-a-home. His friend Bob speaks of the more severe boob cell, with no light, a mattress slumped on the floor and all windows painted black: "That's if you take off or something bad like that." Wayne and Bob are in Penang on their third car stealing conviction.

The conditions in these solitary cells were covered in a judicial inquiry more than five years ago by Judge Alistair Muir, of the NSW District Court. They are conditions he described as "no longer acceptable for use in remand centres or schools conducted by the department". In a report tabled in the NSW Parliament in 1974, Judge Muir recommended the immediate abandonment of all forms of corporal punishment, punitive measures of control and isolated detention. He said: "Any form of isolated detention should not in any sense have the appearance of a cell, nor should the key be turned in the door at any stage." Either the Wran Government has not read the report, or has not accepted the recommendation.

Mt Penang has other quaint customs. Perhaps the most bizarre is the "dingo

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Each speaker contains 3 integrated power amplifiers — a 50W amplifier for bass output, 20W amplifier for mid-range and a 5W amplifier for treble — providing a total power output of 75W. And low-note filters are incorporated in each speaker enclosure for matching the bass response to the location of the box near walls and floor.

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Technical specifications: Model AH 5875

Type of enclosure:	Motional Feed Back box with three amplifiers
Internal volume:	19 litres
Total power of amplifiers:	75W cont. sine wave power
Loudspeakers:	AD81671/MFB4, 8" woofer AD21160/ST 8.15 combi dome squawker/tweeter
Cross-over frequencies:	650 Hz and 3500 Hz
Frequency characteristic:	27-20,000 Hz
Input sensitivity:	variable; impedance up to 3V: 100 kohm above 3V: 1 kohm switchable

Low-note filters:

Amplifier for woofer

Output power: 50W cont. sine wave power

Amplifier for squawker

Output power: 20W cont. sine wave power

Amplifier for tweeter

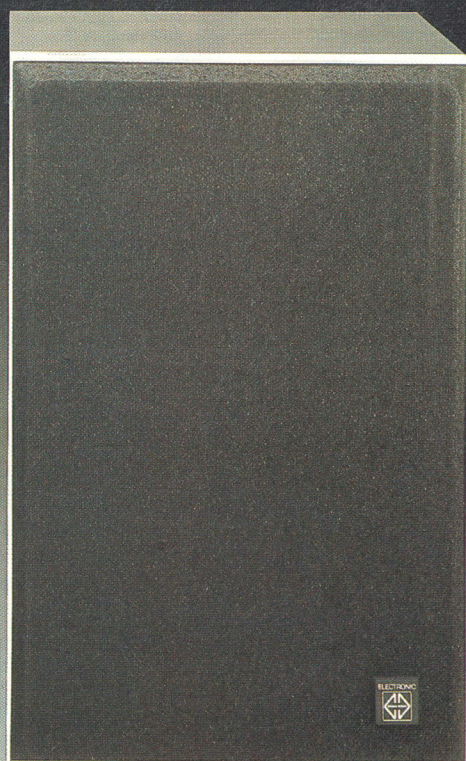
Output power: 5W cont. sine wave power

Also available Model AH585

Output power: 35W cont. sine wave power

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system", a barbaric practice fostered by institution chiefs pursuing a policy of divide and rule.

The dingo system operates when a person tries to escape. Immediately any youth is thought to have run away, a small group of administration-appointed youths give chase in fox-hunting fashion. Boys or girls who can be trusted not to escape themselves are appointed by the officers to lead the chase. Dubbed "store boys", these inmates usually land comfortable work positions.

Gary, 16, who has a record of car stealing and assault, spoke about the dingo system: "If I were to take off," he said, "I'd have about 10 store heavies on my back. They'd chase me through paddocks, over fences until they tracked me down. It's terrifying. When you're caught, you get the greatest hidin' of your life. Most don't try runnin' away after that."

A State-wide organisation advocating rights for jail inmates, the Prisoners Action Group, has similar evidence of the dingo system operating in our kid's jails. Mark Stiles, a former University of Sydney architect and now Prisoners Action Group filmmaker, interviewed scores of juveniles in institutions and those released in recent months. Stiles, at 30, is making his second film for the prisoners' group, called *Child Welfare*.

On videotape, many speak of what happens to those who dingo and others who "crab", a term for those who disobey officers' orders. Mick, a young teenager committed to an institution for wagging school after his father died, said some who dingoed and escaped the punishment of the boob instead lost their "privileges", which meant 12 days of standing at attention during morning and afternoon coffee breaks, and no talking. Half rations also followed, plus extra duties, involving long hours of gardening, sweeping paths or scrubbing floors while their fellow inmates relaxed after a day out of the complex.

Several years ago the Department of Youth and Community Services strongly denied such a system operated. The then Liberal Party Minister, John Waddy, told the ABC television program *Four Corners* that he had no idea officers encouraged the scheme and promised a full investigation. Mr Waddy said the system should be abolished, if found to be in operation. Clearly, the ball is in Mr Jackson's court.

Watching the afternoon muster at Mt Penang, I saw boys in most companies marched around in a small concrete area for 20 to 30 minutes, with an officer standing in the centre, shouting instructions with all the teenagers responding instantly. One youth was not so lucky.

As the officer yelled out "quick march!" he fell out of step and was instantly picked up in dog-like fashion around the neck, and shoved to the front

of the line. When the youth refused to march and began to walk away the dingo system came into operation. The largest boy in the group chased after him, clipping his right ear, and dragged him back to the officer, who looked and sounded more like an army reject than a helpful youth worker caring for kids.

Everything at Penang is structured in militaristic terms, ranging from the language used to describe the complex to simple day-to-day practices of marching to the toilet and standing at attention when talking to an officer.

The Department of Youth and Community Services adopts an even more extraordinary practice for youths it considers dangerous and uncontrollable. Such people are transferred to State prisons for indefinite periods, many caged in solitary confinement usually reserved for violent, hardened, adult prisoners. It is a practice shrouded in tight secrecy, with few departmental officers prepared to confirm it on or off the record. And no mention is made of the practise in the department's Annual Report.

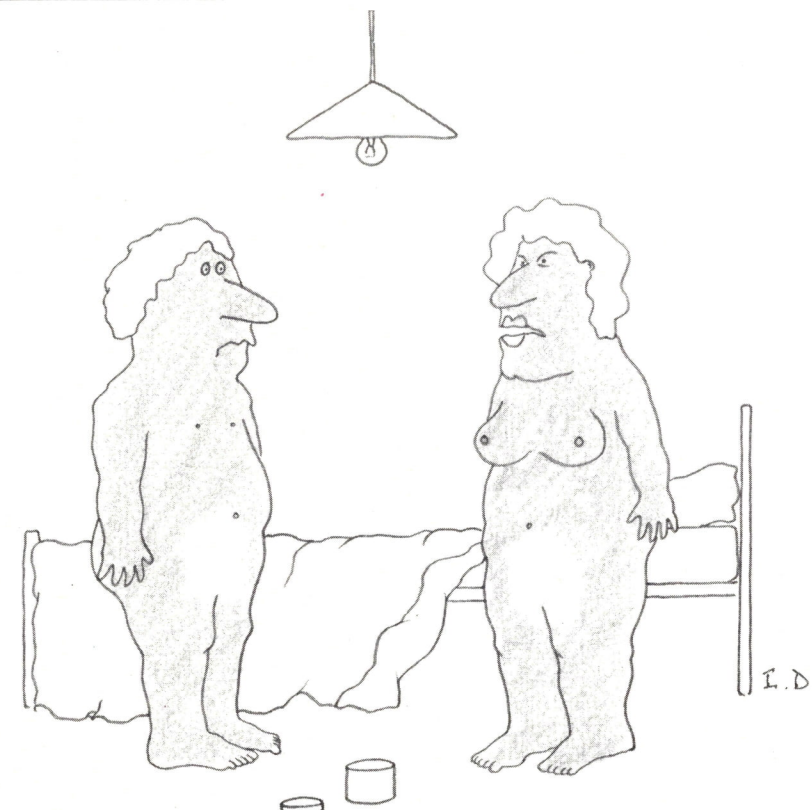
Ricky Groom and Larry Philips, convicted armed robbers who run Parramatta Jail's recidivist program, told *Australian Penthouse* up to six or seven youngsters are normally kept in the jail. Sydney solicitor Miss Barbara Holborow, one of the few women involved in the NSW Law Society's juvenile legal aid program,

also confirmed this. Miss Holborow told of Sally, a 16-year-old who appeared in Sydney's Minda Children's Court on a charge of being uncontrollable: "It began for poor Sally after she appeared in Minda. She was so fearful of the place she slashed her wrist four or five times. Youth and Community Services panicked, and immediately threw her into Silverwater Detention Centre's solitary confinement cell. I had to visit this jail for adult women and speak with this teenager, desperate for psychiatric help, through a thick wire grille. It was horrific. Sally was in nothing more than a cage."

"After her next appearance at Minda the authorities returned her to Silverwater, this time in the general remand section, a place apparently reserved for adults awaiting trial. Sally slapped a policewoman on the face and instantly she was punched and thrown to the ground. I was astounded. This was a 16-year-old needing psychiatric help, not some monster required to be housed in an adult's jail."

Juveniles from several institutions are being housed in the State's jails. The jails and sections mostly used are Parramatta's No 4 wing; Long Bay's No 8 wing and the Bay's hospital-dormitory wing; and Goulburn Jail's C wing.

With sublime irony, Mr Jackson has officially refused to allow anyone under 18 into Parramatta Jail's recidivist program,



"Married 35 years, and you still can't tell the difference between vanishing cream and Vaseline!"

a scheme designed to show those on the verge of a stint in the clink what jail life is all about. The program has been described by Mr Justice Lee, of the NSW Supreme Court, as "excellent youth education run by men who know what they're talking about". As Ricky Groom commented: "The Minister won't allow kids to enter the jail for the program, but sends delinquents into solitary confinement cells in several jails around the State."

There is much concern among social workers and welfare agency officials about the State's remand centres and training schools. A welfare group representing non-government caring agencies, the NSW Council for Social Services, told of problems with existing remand centres. Spokesperson Jan Aitken said one boy on a double murder charge was detained in Sydney's Albion Street shelter for more than 12 months while police prepared the prosecution case. "He may have killed someone, but surely no one should face 12 months of Albion Street, a century-old building giving more the appearance of a convict cell than a modern place to keep disturbed young children."

In his report, Judge Muir described some institutional practises as in keeping with a past age. The words "in need of urgent review" and "unacceptable" studied the survey. His harshest criticism was reserved for solitary confinement: "Despite the difficulties I realise may occur, I am of the opinion that these types of punishment are no longer acceptable by the community." Today in NSW, solitary confinement cells exist in every children's institution, with the exception of small parent homes and Tallimba training school.

Judge Muir described the Albion Street remand centre as totally unsuitable, while all others he said were destructive because of the large groups of kids lumped together, despite the different offences they were alleged to have committed. The most startling neglect by the State Government has been in the relatively recent remand shelter known as Minda, in the Sydney suburb of Lidcombe. Despite Judge Muir's criticism of the centre as "totally unsuited", the centre remains.

By far the worst and most severe institution operating in NSW is the Tamworth Boys Home, recently renamed Endeavour House. Judge Muir had no kind words for Tamworth: "The accommodation is totally inadequate and undesirable and I am quite unable to regard it as anything but a prison, with the exception, the conditions within are far less desirable than those in a prison."

It was after I asked to visit Tamworth that the Jackson ban descended. It was at Tamworth where Parramatta Jail inmate Larry Philips said he became embittered,

especially when forced to sleep beside the old hangman's gallows. "I slept in room 10, a small cell with concrete floors outside the hangman's trapdoor," Philips said. "If we missed marching or dropped out of line we'd be forced to kneel beside the trapdoor, on small, sharp squares of cast iron while the screws would laugh or stand around."

Another training school which continues to operate, despite criticisms from Judge Muir, is the Reiby home for girls at Campbelltown. Though a "magnificent structure", the judge said: "This type of accommodation fails to appreciate the real need of girls." Like Tamworth, Mt Penang and others, Reiby should be replaced.

These are the conditions which leads Sydney's Wayside Chapel crisis centre director, Bill Crews, to say confidently that "institution kids are doomed". It is the increasing nexus between institutions for

Like most Cross kids, they live in an old terrace, recently remodelled by a sugar-daddy.

delinquent kids and Kings Cross which most concerns Crews.

He took me late one night on a tour of the popular nightspots. The nightspots are not the ones photographed on post cards depicting Sydney's famous nightlife. These are situated in back alleys and up narrow rickety stairways, out of view, out of mind to your normal Cross visitor.

Hordes of young kids, some wearing cowboy hats disguising their youth, are floating around with no apparent purpose. Some white-haired men of not so tender years are also floating around, also with no apparent purpose.

We meet two young Cross regulars, a boy nicknamed Pat, and Jeff. Both tell of their institutional past, their friends, and invite me to their home. Like most Cross kids, they live in an old terrace, recently remodelled by a "sugar-daddy" who has left Sydney for a time.

Pat hit the Cross after his first visit to an institution when he was 12. On Pat's return he brought a 10-year-old from Sydney's inner suburb of Redfern. That was Jeff. Jeff wanted out because of a disturbed home.

Pat said he heard about the Cross while in Mittagong Boys Home. He learned that by "cracking it", there was enough money to exist away from home. It was the story as Bill Crews told it, the institutional connection, the behind-the-scenes rackets which pull emotionally-disturbed kids away from the norm, into crime and living off others — anything other than a return to institutional life.

When Jeff and Pat came to the Cross, they learned quickly how one had to live and neither found it entirely pleasing.

"I suppose it was implied force," said Pat, a short 17-year-old with bleached hair, looking more like a middle-aged surfer than a young kid. "Everyone knew precisely what had to be done to stay out of trouble, plus earn one's keep. We all knew the alternative — boys home."

Life revolves around a few popular clubs, mostly inhabited by camp guys with money. Pat and Jeff worked the clubs and streets before landing in homes. For Pat, it was the second of many times. Jeff found himself out again quickly, and was left to work alone. It was while working the clubs that Jeff said he found his sugar-daddy. A generous, tiny man in his forties offered to become the provider in an exclusive apartment at Sydney's Edgecliff. This lasted little more than three months and left Jeff bitter and angry.

Jeff and Pat signed a statutory declaration on the accuracy of their story. Jeff said the clubs he experienced almost ruined his will to live.

The teenagers said all the clubs were highly organised. Jeff said: "You enter a room looking much like a massage parlor, with spa pools, swimming pool and lounges scattered around the bottom floor. For kids, it's a \$1 deposit for your key, plus \$5 entry fee. It's up to you to get some brass out of the client. Some of them are pretty rough, and give you a few bucks. You can't complain too much, because they have you over a barrel."

Pat said he was forced to "crack it" again recently in one of the camp clubs because he needed the money for rent. "It's either this, doin' robberies or some other work — but I don't know any sort of work. I have never been offered a trade in any of the boys homes." Pat explained it was not just older youths involved in the Sydney camp club scene: "The youngest only recently I seen was eight — that's young. But no one has any troubles because the clubs rarely get busted."

Pat sat talking for more than an hour about his past, his time in Daruk and other homes, and his attitudes: "I used to worry about my future. Now I say, what future?" Both said they had tired of the Cross scene, but saw few alternatives.

A tour with Bill Crews confirmed this young Cross scene. We walked through several of the clubs and pinball parlors, seeing dozens of kids waiting for a late-night pick-up. Crews said: "The whole



"You've pestered me all year about a rise for Christmas, Miss Boobsley! Well...!"

situation is sick and desperate. Authorities in the area must know what is happening. These kids are almost wholly from institutions and their numbers are increasing. Many have nowhere to go, fall into crime, in and out of institutions. The ones with no future end up here."

The chances of reform appear slim. At Tallimba, Ken Buttram painted a dim view of the NSW Government's attitude to these kids: "There has been a general change in thinking since Tallimba. Departmental thinking is coming around from training the kids to providing treatment." But any such moves are stymied by the single biggest problem facing institutions across the country — cash.

"We're regarded as the lowest common denominator, the bottom rank in the State Government hierarchy. Look at the ministerial ranking in NSW — you'll find Rex Jackson at the bottom. Kids can't vote. It's a simple fact that inadequate resources are provided to kids in trouble."

Statistics released exclusively to *Penthouse* reveal serious financial problems facing the department, and illustrate Mr Jackson's priorities. The figures, compiled by the department after Mr Jackson's appearance on the ABC TV program *This Day Tonight*, are believed to have sent shock waves through senior government circles, culminating in an official inquiry by an officer of the Premier, into the financial structure of the department.

The figures were prepared after the head of the Association for Non-Government Caring Agencies, Mr Peter Quirk, charged Mr Jackson with squandering thousands of dollars on tiny homes for State wards while cutting back on institutions for delinquents. Mr Jackson denied the charge.

He is believed to have then ordered his own inquiry into the cost of conducting State institutions. The statistics show the cost of running the big Mt Penang averages at \$180 a week for each child, in contrast to \$900 a week for each child at the small Brougham House for wards. The cost at Albion Street remand shelter averaged at under \$300 a child.

The statistics, never released by Jackson's office, clearly demonstrate why camps like Daruk, Yawarra, Tamworth and Mt Penang are allowed to continue — they're cheap. The figures also provide a dramatic contrast with private institutions. While the cost of keeping a child in government homes averages at \$230 a week, private homes average at \$120 — which includes all administrative and fund raising costs, figures usually deducted from the government's costs.

Mr Jackson's department has planned "considerable" changes to the NSW Child Welfare Act. His department produced a Green Paper on the proposed changes, accenting structural changes to procedures of arrest and court ap-

pearances by juveniles, but sparse on reform of the day-to-day life most face in institutions.

Bill Crews' most recent experience of kids in jail came late one Friday night when returning from a function.

Outside the chapel he found two uniformed police, who approached him saying there was a distressed girl waiting inside. Bill found a 15-year-old named Carrie sitting nervously on the chapel's floor, biting her fingernails.

"Her fingernails were already worn away," he said, as he sat near the entrance of this centre where hundreds front up each year, needing urgent attention. "I talked with her for a while, then the two coppers came in and we had coffee together. Carrie calmed down and the police told her she would have to go back to court. As she walked out I gave her \$5 and told her to buy something she likes. Months passed before I got a letter, with

Most delinquent kids have had more done to them than they will ever do to anyone else. Their conduct is a reason, not an excuse.

the same \$5 note pinned to the top." The letter, now on display in the centre:

"Enclosed please find the five dollar donation you sent to this school for Carrie. Thank you for the assistance you were able to offer to Carrie, but at this time it is not required. C. G. Knight. Superintendent of Reiby School."

Crews said he was astounded by the reply, and the extraordinary response to a simple gesture. He said: "If that's what the head of this State home for girls thinks of help, then pity the kids."

The head of New York State's Division for Youth for more than a decade, Milton Lugar, is a person with a keen interest in the institutional life of Australian kids. He left the US two years ago to work for the Australian group, the James McGrath Foundation, an education and treatment service for drug addicts based in Sydney. Lugar is an expert in the field of treatment of kids in need of care or detention.

He saw the most vital need for any improvement as smaller institutions with emphasis on therapeutic programs, vocational education and a minimum of security: "We have 60 camps for older

boys set in rugged positions. They help locals fight fires and community work. With therapy in these small groups, the recidivist rates drop dramatically."

After speaking of the enormous advantages of smaller homes for troubled kids, I learned from sources within the NSW department about a home ideally suited for such children. Called Ningana, the home with 58 self-contained motel-style units is in the Sydney suburb of Annandale. Owned jointly by the Federal Government and the NSW Department of Youth and Community Services, it has been vacant for more than five years.

The scandalous waste of prime accommodation has been allowed to continue because of inter-governmental bickering and wrangling about responsibility.

Ningana was a migrant hostel before falling vacant late in '74. Under a joint government agreement, authorities approved Federal funding of the hostel on the condition that if it were sold, the Federal equity share would be returned.

Senior Sydney lawyers confirm the agreement and official property title. The Minister, Mr Jackson, has recently written to local residents who complained about the centre being idle, saying the property could not be used other than as a migrant hostel. According to lawyers, this is a dubious interpretation of the agreement.

Meanwhile, hundreds continue to be locked in institutions described almost five years ago by Judge Muir as inadequate and, in the case of Tamworth, worse than an adult jail.

As the crime rate among the young rises and jail authorities point to increasing numbers of recidivists in adult jails, the time seems ripe for governments to reconsider conditions in institutions.

Milton Lugar stressed the urgency of a reappraisal of society's treatment of its young: "Most delinquent kids have had more done to them than they'll ever do to anyone else. Their conduct is a reason, not an excuse. The public can't simply turn their backs and order their detention. That's the cheap way out. The public and government can't be let off the hook and forget about kids in trouble. Resources, care and love are all important."

Mark Stiles, of the Prisoners Action Group, told of similar circumstances existing for kids in other States. While some reform was apparent in South Australia and Victoria, he said Queensland and Western Australia were renowned for having similar conditions to those in NSW.

Armed robber Ricky Groom had the last word. Relaxing against his cold brick cell wall, he explained: "Governments are always talking, adult prisoners now have their say, but what about the kids? Doing nothing is rotten insurance, because they come back in here — that's if they don't drug or drown themselves up at the Cross first. Who said this was the Year of the Child, anyway?"

Pet of the Year



CHERYL

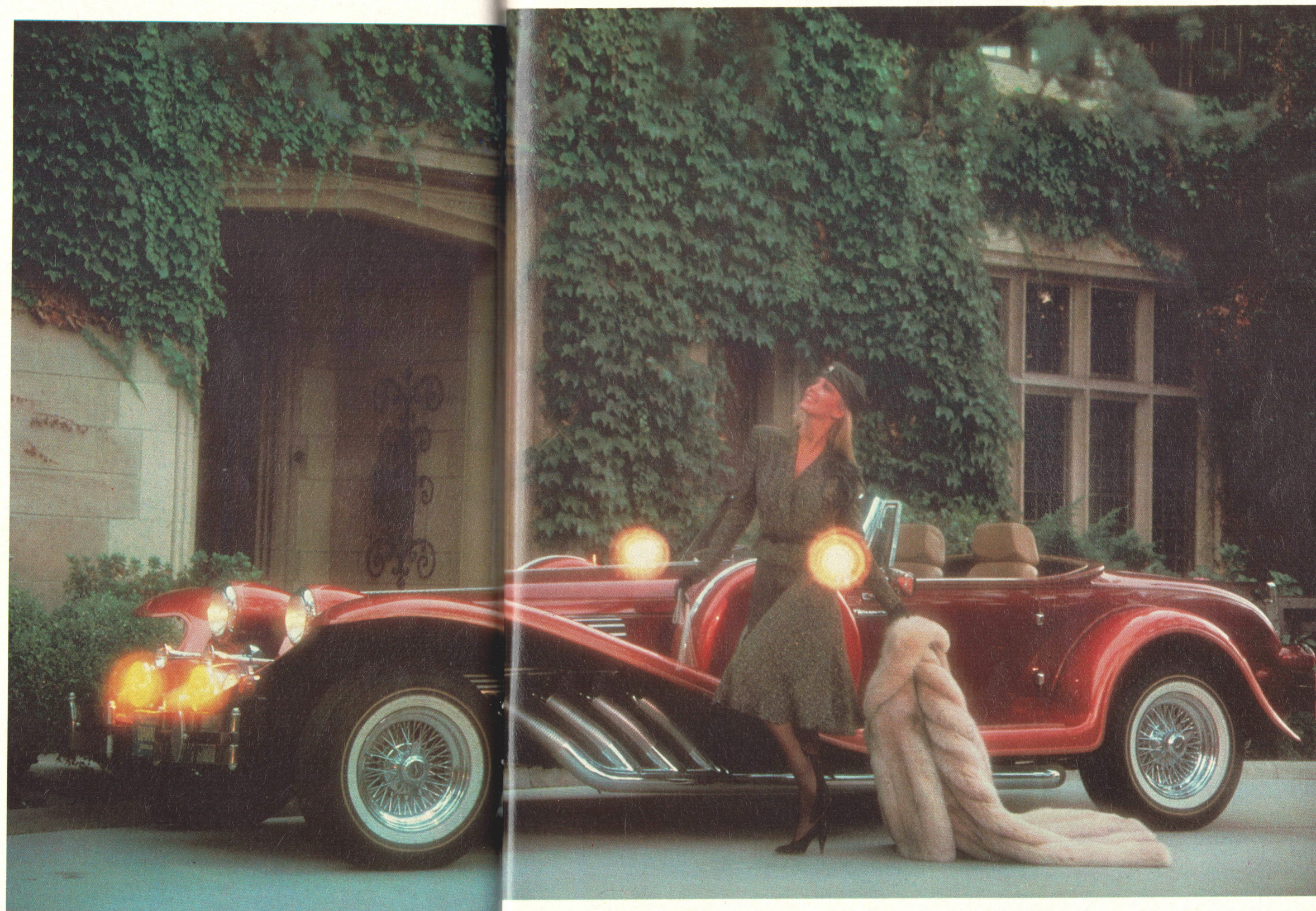
AUSTRALIA'S GLAMOR SUPERSTAR
WINS \$150,000 U.S. TITLE

Pet of the Year



Everything's coming up roses for Cheryl Rixon, our most enchanting export to the US who has been named US Pet of the Year. And it's easy to see why American readers voted for her. That terrifically turned 37-23-35 form and impish, flaxen-haired sexiness, bolstered by the energy of a small dynamo and the intoxicating good spirits of champagne, won Cheryl many hearts. "Being named Pet of the Year is absolutely the most flattering tribute ever paid to me," says Cheryl.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE





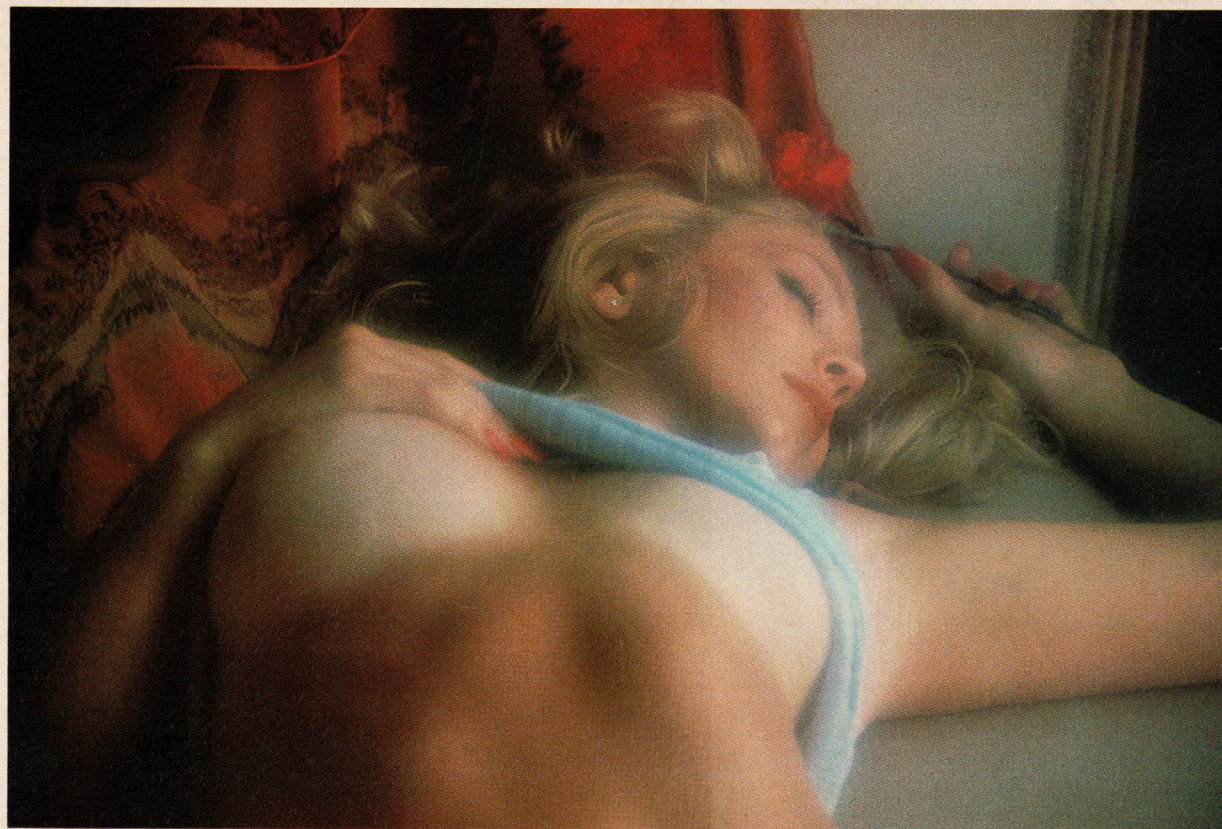
Cheryl was also excited by her \$150,000 in cash and prizes, including a \$75,000 Diamante car, hand-built by the Mathews Motor Coach Corporation, California, a golden frost-dyed Norwegian fox coat and pearls from the Cultured Pearl Association. Even with her busy schedule as Pet of the Year, Cheryl says she will make time to maintain her strict fitness program. "I was a physical-fitness buff long before it was popular. In Australia, I was known as the 'wholesome nude'".





"People in Australia are more sophisticated about sex and nudity than people in America," Cheryl says, "but I think *Penthouse* has been a wonderfully liberating influence on this culture." Cheryl recently filmed a television special for Australia on her life in New York, and she's also involved in launching a singing career and in producing a rock variety TV series. She has already appeared in such films as *Racquet* and *The Eyes of Laura Mars*, she has the starring role in Steve Kranz's film, *Swapmeet*, and she will grace the Dino De Laurentiis/*Penthouse* production of *Flash Gordon*, a \$30 million space epic to be released in late 1980. Cheryl hopes to win a role in *City of Women*, an upcoming Fellini film which will star Marcello Mastroianni.





Despite her many professional triumphs, Cheryl has her priorities in order. "Without a strong, devoted relationship to give me strength," she admits, "I wouldn't accomplish anything. I'm very soft emotionally, and I believe in monogamy and in the power of trust. I need the constant affection and attention of love," she says. "It's the fuel I run on." If so, Cheryl doesn't have a worry, despite the energy crisis. A girl like Cheryl will always be an inexhaustible natural resource.



Pet of the Year

MISS CHERYL RIXON



The zombification of the Torres Strait Islanders is the result of Queensland's outdated and mismanaged policy of integration.

GENOCIDE

THE ANNIHILATION OF AN AUSTRALIAN RACE

motionless in a white dinghy, three black men race out of control on an ebb tide. They pass the western tip of Thursday Island at the whim of the current and are last seen as an aimless speck on an azure sea. The tidal surge carrying them north to their home island is among the most powerful on earth. Beneath the surface millions of tonnes of water blast through the straits at up to 11 knots — an irresistible force not unlike the other great power controlling the lives, minds and destinies of the Torres Strait Islanders.

Equally silent but formidable to those who oppose it, the Queensland Government's administration of these islands has, as its final goal, the annihilation of a race's identity, the creation of a stateless people as aimless as a man adrift in a dinghy.

How long this will take to achieve is irrelevant. The process began a long time ago and has only recently been given a new name: integration.

This is a euphemism covering a multitude of sins not mentioned in the Bibles of missionaries who unwittingly set the process in motion last century, covering overt genocide, labor exploitation approaching condoned slavery, and the establishment of a welfare mentality to soften the brains of the victims.

I went to the Torres Strait chasing evidence of what was

described last year as a modern-day blackbirding trade from Papua New Guinea to Thursday Island and points south. It soon became clear that the labor racket from the north was only a single symptom of a disease which one islander calls the zombification of his people.

Taking that symptom first. The then Opposition deputy leader in PNG, Dr John Guise (now Sir John) told his Parliament 15 months ago that pearling luggers controlled by the Queensland Government were among those sneaking up the Fly River in search of cheap manpower for pearl shell diving in the Strait.

The Papuans were being lured to Australia, he said, on false promises of high wages — just as thousands of Pacific Islanders were conned, or kidnapped, into hard labor on Queensland sugar plantations last century.

No official investigation of Dr Guise's allegations took place, for reasons that quickly surface. Instead, Federal immigration authorities sent a task force to the Torres Strait to ferret out illegal Papuan immigrants and give them the boot.

In a tidy PR exercise, 182 visitors from the north returned voluntarily and five others who dug in their toes were deported. It was pure sham. Hundreds of Papuans without migration papers were allowed to remain on Thursday Island and on numerous outer islands. Immigration

Illustration by Tony Pyrakowski

BY FRANK ROBSON



Minister MacKellar's office refused to give details of the task force report, in which the Queensland Government had been repeatedly accused not only of condoning the cheap labor racket, but of being directly involved.

On Thursday Island, even officials of the Queensland Department of Aboriginal and Islanders Advancement don't deny that boats under the control of that department regularly visited PNG for labor — and still do.

Typically, Charles Porter, the Queensland Minister of Aboriginal and Island Affairs, told State Parliament on October 12 last year: "I say categorically and emphatically that my department does not employ, and has never employed, one illegal migrant. My department has not been involved in any way in assisting one illegal migrant into this country."

It has since been shown by records within Mr Porter's own department that a Papuan without Australian immigration clearance was on the payroll of the departmental vessel, Melbidir, in November 1978.

A Federal Government census in the Torres Strait islands in 1977 showed Papuans living illegally on 13 different islands, many of them working for DAIA-controlled island councils, bodies which need departmental approval to pass wind let alone hire workers.

All, no doubt, had at some stage been useful to the pearling or fishing industry on Thursday Island, working 15-hour days for as little as \$10 a week on a diet of rice, flour and fish if they could catch it.

The Papuan labor trade involves annually adjusted agreements between private enterprise and the DAIA on conditions of employment, wages and working conditions.

Sources on Thursday Island say the State Government actually initiated recruiting from PNG because the labor was dirt cheap and because, after the advent of social security, it has difficulty getting Torres Strait islanders to work for the same kind of pittance.

Not all of the recruiting vessels bothered to return the Papuans to their homes after each pearling season — thus many wound up earning a few dollars as house servants to the more leisure-oriented Europeans of Thursday Island.

Others found their way to the mainland, where they are now, like the so-called Kanakas of the Queensland plantations, doomed to a life of transient laboring.

And still the labor trade from PNG goes on. All nice and legal now, they tell you on Thursday Island, because the Papuans must have passports and Thursday Island's handful of pearling companies must apply to the Federal Department of Immigration before bringing the divers into Australian territory.

In reality, nothing has changed apart from the paperwork. The Papuans are still

paid through a mysterious contract system which usually means that after 10 months of gruelling labor they return to their families with between a few hundred and \$2000.

White divers doing the same work off the West Australian coast earn up to \$800 a week. They, however, don't risk diabetes and scurvy on a starch diet. They don't sleep like sardines on bare boards in the bowels of an ancient, roach-infested lugger. And they don't dice with death or permanent paralysis through nitrogen necrosis.

The Papuans, because they usually receive next to no training, play a kind of Russian roulette at 15 fathoms.

Fisherman and crayfish diver Greg McIntosh, 44, has worked in the area most of his life. He told me the Papuans are rarely taught the complexities of helmet diving before going down among the violent currents of the Strait. It is com-

Thursday Island, I examined a number of diving helmets and found several with the tell-tale dents mentioned by McIntosh.

Despite all this, no one — with the possible exception of the pearling companies and their Japanese financiers — would make more fuss than the Papuans if they were stopped from crewing the luggers. They have no source of income back home and no access to alcohol or social security.

Which leads to the question of why the islanders are not working the luggers as they once did. When I put this question to a senior official of the DAIA on Thursday Island, he ground his teeth. "Most islanders wouldn't work in an iron lung," he fumed. "They're like children. Happy in the sun with their TAB and their grog and their welfare payments."

And that, at first glance, is just how it appears. Conservative estimates put the number of islanders getting some kind of

then ask us to work the luggers under terrible conditions for next to nothing. When we refuse, they call us lazy bludgers. Let them upgrade the boats and pay Australian wages — then we will see."

Mills, ALP secretary on Thursday Island, knows there's not much chance of this happening.

The Australian Government has had a sweetheart arrangement with Japan over the pearling industry in the Strait since 1956. Luggers manned by Papuans provide the pearl shell for Japanese-financed pearl culture industries. A handful of Japanese experts implant the tiny bits of plastic in the living oysters, and after about two years the pearl is ready. The whole system, including the vital link of bargain basement Papuan labor, provides an annual turnover of around \$3.5 million for the Japanese companies.

It's that one piece of expertise involved in implanting the irritant in the oyster that

qualified in 11 years. Deckhand-laborers still earn only \$19 a week in what must be the longest apprenticeship going aboard a vessel operating as a commercial enterprise.

The same story applies to other trainees — nurses, teachers, tradesmen. With a few exceptions, they remain unqualified to do the job under Australian requirements, but Australia is where they are going, like it or not, under integration.

Confronted with this, the senior official I mentioned admitted that, yes, these people could have big problems with employment, even forgetting the intrinsic racism they will encounter among employers.

"But think of the future," he said. "Their children at least will grow up within our society with an equal chance to improve themselves..."

Others say what's happening is a type of mindless paternalism that began with

No one has forgotten what happened to Dale Cole, the harbormaster on the island until he was removed by a Cabinet decision after the Queensland State elections at the end of 1977.

Cole's wife, Pearl, part islander herself, whipped the slumbering ranks of the Thursday Island ALP branch into a fighting fury in the months preceding the election. It was her flurry of fund-raising and campaigning that tipped the electoral scales in favor of Bob Scott, the Cairns-based ALP candidate who stole the vast north Queensland seat of Cook from the National Party's Eric Deeral, an islander who toed the party line.

When Joh arrived throwing sweets and balloons to the island kids before the election, he was carried from a boat in the arms of sturdy, grinning islanders, and children marched down from the two island schools to cheer and wave as instructed.

But when Joh got to poking around a bit he saw ALP how-to-vote cards everywhere, and his smile grew tight around the edges.

After Scott was elected, a Cabinet direction transferring Dale Cole to Bundaberg was passed on by the Department of Harbors and Marine. Cole had been almost paranoid about not getting involved in politics himself, carefully avoiding even private political conversations in what his friend Gordon Barnier, a Church of England minister on Thursday Island, saw as over fastidious caution.

"I was wrong," Barnier told me. "Dale was quite justified — but he still got the chop."

After the Coles left town (at sundown on the late flight to Cairns), the ALP on Thursday Island quickly snored off again and is now constituted by roughly 15 people who sometimes attend meetings.

Said Barnier: "At the same election, the manager of the DAIA on this island was handing out National Party how-to-vote tickets."

Of course, all department people on the island are under the thumb of their political masters in Brisbane.

The masters are, in ascending order, Pat Killoran (DAIA director) and Charles Porter, that well-known debater against the people's right to walk through Brisbane in groups of more than three.

Barnier feels that, in a sense, the blackbirding of last century has never really stopped.

The Papuans are being exploited, he says, despite the argument that the pearling companies — like the Queensland sugar producers who paid murderous old sea dogs to "get" labor from the British Solomons — can't afford to pay regular Australian wages.

But Mr Barnier, like others the DAIA trumps would call bleeding heart dogooders, seems to have accepted the status quo as decreed by the Premier.



Papuan sleeping quarters on pearling lugger, Anniki.



Youth with nowhere to go.



Time is an abundant commodity.

mon for them to develop necrosis — nitrogen in the veins, which can lead to bone degeneration and paralysis.

"I know of two fatalities in the past few years," said McIntosh. "These people are plucked from their camps and sent diving. In any other part of the world there would be a huge outcry."

Three years ago, a Papuan diver got the bends and was flown to the mainland for treatment. Nothing was heard of him until a friend of McIntosh's — a pay clerk with the DAIA on Thursday Island — was checking the crew list of the lugger and noticed a neat line through the ill-fated diver's name.

"I checked and discovered that the Papuan had been sent home to PNG a permanent cripple," said McIntosh. "He received a payoff of \$250."

Papuans, reluctant for any reason to dive, are often rapped about the diving helmet with a long, club-like stick normally used for spearing turtles and dugong. "I've seen it happen. It would be like having your head in a kero tin while it was beaten," McIntosh shrugged. "You would have no choice but to submerge." On

welfare at more than 60 percent. Despite the fact that most goods are 50 percent dearer in the Strait, shops are always busy, and Thursday Island's four pubs serve a sea of grog that has given the island the highest per capita consumption of alcohol in the southern hemisphere.

Ask the Papuans why the islanders don't dive for pearl shell and they proudly tell you it is because they are scared of sharks and the bends. "We not scared," boasted a young Papuan working his way through a mountain of stubbies in a dustpit outside the Grand Hotel. "We tell the boss we not scared or we might not get the job."

No points for deducing the Papuans have been spun a line. The islanders have dived for hundreds of years and once went merrily to sea on the luggers with their battered equipment to earn less of a pittance than the Papuans get now. But their willingness to continue doing so decreased as their standards of education increased.

"We are not silly," is how Patrick Mills, an islander who spend 10 years in the RAN, explained it. "They educate us and

stands between the Torres Strait Islanders and a viable industry of their own — the kind of industry that would make nonsense of the Queensland Government's claim that the islanders have to be integrated to Australia for economic survival.

Probably there are other industries which could have been developed years ago with competent direction by Europeans. But that direction has never been made available; industries have floundered under the bureaucratic hand of the DAIA, and the training of islanders under the same department would be laughable if the results weren't so grim for the people involved.

Example: The Kuzi is a prawn trawler made available by the Federal Government 11 years ago as a training vessel for islanders. It is controlled by the DAIA, and "trainees" who work aboard are paid \$19 a week while they supposedly learn the fishing industry.

But despite grand speeches about how islanders would use the Kuzi to gain their skippers' tickets and become professional fishermen, not one islander has

the coming of the light, as the missionaries called it, and won't end until the Christian work ethic has been hammered home and the islanders are as materialistic as the rest of us.

Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen, straight-faced, describes the Commonwealth Government's half-hearted calls for the islanders to be assisted to remain in the Torres Strait as apartheid. His own administration has already transformed the native race into unthinking layabouts, the very people the official referred to as being happy in the sun, etc.

The motive? Ask a hundred people and you get that many conflicting replies. Many say there is oil, not just potentially but a definite supply, somewhere between the Strait and PNG. To have unchallenged access to this resource, they claim, Joh first had to negotiate the long-disputed border treaty with PNG (signed last December) and then ensure that the Torres Strait islanders would not prove an obstacle.

But most Europeans on Thursday Island are frightened to say what they really think, with good reason.

Photographs by David May

Barnier says that attempts to establish industries haven't been genuine, that a viable fishing industry controlled by islanders could have occurred years ago, that the Torres Strait VD rate of 60 percent is a type of genocide, that social security on demand instead of jobs has created a ghastly aimlessness among the islanders, that the only reason Papuans are taken on luggers is that they're cheaper than islanders, that islanders die younger than people elsewhere, and that the Queensland Government probably knows something about the hidden resources of the area which the rest of us don't. He says all this, but it's as if he were reciting a thesis, not discussing the dismal future of an entire race.

Still, ideals have a habit of crumbling quickly in the tropics . . . and Barnier has been there four years.

That's two years less than Peter Holt, medical superintendent at the Thursday Island Hospital, the young English doctor described to me by a DAIA man as being "a bit obsessive about VD."

No doubt about it. Holt has penned dozens of reports to Pat Killoran pleading for mobile health teams to visit outer islands and take on the VD rate of 60 percent. Obsessive?

Presumably, like the DAIA officials, Holt was expected to relax on his verandah or go play in his boat while his patients were driven mad and finally dead by raging clap.

He didn't. But in his efforts to get something done and to have health matters in the islands made the responsibility of the Federal Health Department, Holt must have overstepped the mark. Last year, one of his reports wound up with the ALP in Brisbane and then in the Sunday papers. A Labor backbencher referred to the VD rate as condoned genocide. The shit hit the fan.

Nowadays Holt won't be interviewed. I tried twice to talk with him and both appointments ended with him holding his head in his hands and asking what the hell was the use . . . He was clearly overworked and thoroughly fed up. His staff say he is dedicated. If he is obsessive, then so are five other doctors involved with Aboriginal health on Cape York and the gulf area.

With Holt, they signed a petition presented in August to the Federal Director-General of Health recommending that health matters be transferred from the DAIA to the Director-General's own department.

As far back as 1969, the VD rate in the Strait and on parts of Cape York was just as high. Dr Garth May, Queensland medical director of school health services until he retired two years ago, told me the former medical superintendent of Thursday Island Hospital had pleaded with him when he was in the area in 1969 and 1971 to try to get something done.

"On both occasions I passed on what he told me," said Dr May. "Nothing happened. The whole place is depressing. Any self-respecting health authority would immediately organise a thorough campaign to bring down the VD level. The morbidity rate is disgustingly beyond all accepted levels, and is clearly associated with a degree of genocide. But the DAIA seems to have closed its eyes to the problem."

Petitions calling for education in the Torres Strait to be handled by the appropriate department and not the DAIA have also been met with stony indifference from Charles Porter, Pat Killoran and Premier Joh. Why?

With understandable caution, Mr Barnier suggests: "It could be because they (the DAIA) want to keep direct control of education. It could be, if you were going to take a cynical view, that they don't really want the islanders to achieve the same

Holt was expected to play in his boat while his patients were driven mad and finally dead by raging clap.

standard of education as the rest of Australia. Or it could simply be that they are conservatives and don't want to change.

The DAIA controls all schools on the outer islands and a boarding school at Bamaga reserve on the tip of Cape York, where many island parents are unwilling to send their children because of near-riots.

"The kids there are allowed to run wild," says Barnier. "The standard of teaching at the DAIA schools is woeful — some schools are under the control of islanders who, through no fault of their own, are trained to a level below that of their students."

"But the State Government simply refuses to let the Education Department run these schools directly."

Number one public servant on Thursday Island is Bill Harris, manager of the DAIA, a position that automatically makes him chairman of the Hospital Board, the Island Industries Board, and top man on the Torres Shire executive committee. He is also in charge of the various island councils and their islander chairmen.

In a word, he controls everything, including education and health. Harris is answerable to Pat Killoran and cannot give interviews — but he is known to believe that the islanders, en masse, haven't the faintest idea what they want from life. To ask them, Harris believes, is akin to asking a child.

Harris has been on Thursday Island as manager for three years and is Killoran's golden-haired boy, held in high esteem for getting the Aborigines of Lockhart River reserve to work during his last posting. Apparently, earlier managers at Lockhart had never achieved this and Harris was "given" Thursday Island as a reward.

He is a solidly-built man, a carpenter by trade, but this doesn't stop him laughing off suggestions that the DAIA hasn't the expertise to administer health and education. "We're a specialist department," he insists.

The Island Industries Board employs about 70 percent islanders on low wages and operates 23 general stores on Thursday Island and the outer islands, where prices are considerably dearer. Despite the name, the IIB is rigidly controlled by the DAIA. So are most other indigenous businesses, under complex trusteeship arrangements in which the DAIA acts as de facto employer of labor and remains legally responsible.

Among the many trusts administered by the DAIA is one said to contain \$150,000. According to a very well placed source, this represents contributions by islanders to an insurance scheme which began before the last war!

I was told the money is held in a Commonwealth Savings Bank account in Cairns, and I later spoke to a legal aid lawyer who admitted he had been trying for two years to discover the completion or payout dates for this and other trusts.

The solicitor said that, to his knowledge, no islanders had any idea what trusts existed, how much they contained, or what their personal entitlements were. There is no legal aid available on Thursday Island, and islanders facing lower court charges have only a few minutes each to discuss their cases with a visiting Cairns legal aid lawyer before appearing in front of the magistrate.

With the exception of one man who belongs to the AWU, there are no union members in the Torres Strait Islands.

Behind all of this is an iniquitous document — the Torres Strait Islanders Act 1971. In its original form, as The Aborigines' and Torres Strait Islanders' Affairs Acts 1965 to 1967, the Act was clearly a blueprint for the emasculation of a race, and so great numbers of islanders gave up on the spot, and the drift to the Australian mainland began.

According to Gordon Barnier, there are already more islanders on the north-east coast of Queensland than there are in the

Torres Strait — the islander population remaining is estimated at 2500.

Under the revised Act, decisions made by various island councils have no force or effect until approved by Charles Porter, no islander can reside on a reserve (all outer islands and parts of Thursday Island) without permission from the island council and the DAIA director, the DAIA manager on Thursday Island, if managing the property of an islander at his request, can "take possession of, retain, invest, sell or otherwise dispose of any such property".

There is much more, horribly similar and without argument tantamount to a moral, physical and spiritual takeover of the 75 islands in the Torres Strait.

Until recently, when a Torres Strait independence movement petitioned the United Nations for sovereign rights and statehood, there has been no opposition from the islanders.

But few people seem to know, or care, about the activities of radical islander Carlema Wacando, chairman of the Torres United Party, who, with party secretary James Akee, conducts his campaign of impassioned letter-writing from Buchanan's pub in Townsville.

When Charles Porter was asked about the independence movement earlier this year he claimed to be unaware of its existence, adding: "One can sympathise with the aspirations. What is in doubt is the economic capacity for a new State based in that area. Their industries, unhappily, are not substantial."

Undaunted, Wacando has drawn up a constitution which would return all land to original owners and prevent its future acquisition by any outside interest.

He has consulted with UN legal advisors and tells his people in a circularised letter " . . . the current mood of the United Nations is simply that 'Black is Beautiful' especially when the great majority of members in the UN are black representatives. In other words, once the home work is done by the famous UN Special Committee of 24 regarding searches and investigations of our claim for Freedom and Nationhood . . . they then make a recommendation to the full body of the UN, which is, of course, governed by the majority of Black Nations . . ."

But the amateur zeal of Carlema Wacando may have surfaced too late. Half of his people are already gone from the islands and most of those who remain are hopelessly addicted, it seems, to the material trappings of European society.

Ted Loban, 56, an islander born on Thursday Island, refers to the "zombification" of the native race — their gradual acceptance of chronic drunkenness as a norm and their delegation of virtually all responsibility to big brother DAIA.

But even Loban battles on. Independent candidate in the last State election and area chairman for the National

Aboriginal Conference, he has petitioned the Federal Government with 350 signatures to prevent the establishment of further reserves on Thursday Island and to work for the abolishment or amendment of the Torres Strait Island Act.

Loban is convinced the DAIA intends eventually to turn all but the small commercial sector of Thursday Island into reserves by snapping up freehold land without advertising it for sale in the normal way.

The big islander fought with the Second AIF in North Africa in the last war; most of his left arm was blown away by machine-gun fire.

"That's why I'm pushing democracy," he says, holding up the stump. "I did not fight in the war to go under the Gestapo policies of Joh Bjelke-Petersen!"

Like just about everyone else outside the DAIA, Loban is convinced viable industries could have been operating on Thursday Island a long time ago. He cites fishing and the pearl industry. Any investigation of the latter leads inevitably to slight, wiry Vern Wells — a man who has placed himself in some danger by breaking the international pearling cartel.

Wells is the only non-Japanese on Thursday Island who knows the technique of pearl culture and is in the process of

starting his own small pearl culture farm on Roko Island.

Formerly manager of one of Thursday Island's larger pearling companies, Wells says the reaction to his venture from the two major companies with roots in Japan has been studied indifference and undisguised hatred.

The implications are clear: if Wells can successfully produce pearls, so could the Torres Strait islanders, given that piece of expertise which Wells describes as two percent knowledge and 98 percent experience. There is talk on Thursday Island that attempts were made on Wells' life during visits he made to Japan some years ago — he declines to discuss the rumors. But he admits that he is in a dangerous position. "I learned pearl culture from the Japs back in '56 when they were less hesitant about giving away secrets," he says. "Now the people who make the most out of pearling individually on Thursday Island are the Japanese pearl culture technicians sent here for a limited season."

They earn up to \$25,000 a season — not bad by comparison with that other vital link, the \$10-a-week Papuan.

Other than equipment and labor, overheads for the pearling companies are amazingly low. They pay the State



Government an annual \$350 rental for the minimum pearling farm lease of 120ha and a similar amount for land leases.

They pay no export tax on the pearls, which go almost exclusively to Japan at the rate of 3000 or more a year. Combined with West Australian pearling operations, the industry produced \$12 million worth of pearls in the 1978-79 financial year. In WA, however, two wholly-owned Australian companies are now competing successfully with the Japanese.

Wells says the so-called Australia-Japan joint pearling venture in the Torres Strait began in 1956 as part of trade diplomacy from which Australia expected to get a better deal on exports of wool and wheat. It now allows the arrangement to continue because of minor fringe benefits in iron ore exports.

The shell vital to pearl culture is still abundant in the Strait — so are the eager Papuans who smilingly risk their lives gathering the shell amid treacherous rips, sharks and deadly sea snakes. And the

whole area is ecologically ideal for pearl farming.

About the only piece of this successful commercial jigsaw that doesn't fit are the islanders themselves, loafing about Thursday Island with a skin full of piss, a wallet full of welfare, and nothing to do...

While the outer islands remain ecologically unspoiled, Thursday Island is a grimy little cesspit where Europeans last about three years — less without a sense of humor — before troppo sets in.

For the islanders, though, it makes little difference what part of the Strait they inhabit. They can get booze to drown the boredom from wet canteens on some outer islands or they can buy it from profiteers who cruise about in boats selling flagon wine for \$25 or a carton of stubbies for \$20.

Thursday Island was colonised in 1877, and when a water supply had been established, islanders were recruited from surrounding cays as a source of labor. Even then, some were brought from

the Solomons and New Guinea by Queensland blackbirding schooners.

Somerset Maugham went there, lounging on verandahs with literary buddies and the pink gin set, discreetly admiring lithesome native boys at play in the startlingly blue sea a few metres from the Grand Hotel.

Now there are four pubs, where every night the consumption pace is enough to make strong men weep, and often does. Most white visitors are trawlermen in for a few days to pick up supplies and, if they are unlucky, venereal disease.

Women outnumber men about five to one on Thursday Island, and travellers' tales of seduction by dusky ladies the moment they step ashore are exaggerated but soundly based. On our second day there, an island girl of about 18 grasped me matter-of-factly by the groin in the main street — a "Thursday Island Handshake" I later discovered.

Curiosity being what it is, many younger Europeans seek out black bedmates. You see them at night dashing gaily about on motorbikes with islanders on the pillion seats — school teachers, clerks, nurses — high on overpriced booze and the adventure of it all...

But the white sexuality explorers don't stay long, soon replaced by a fresh bunch who may gain some inkling of what is happening before they also return to the mainland and forget the place.

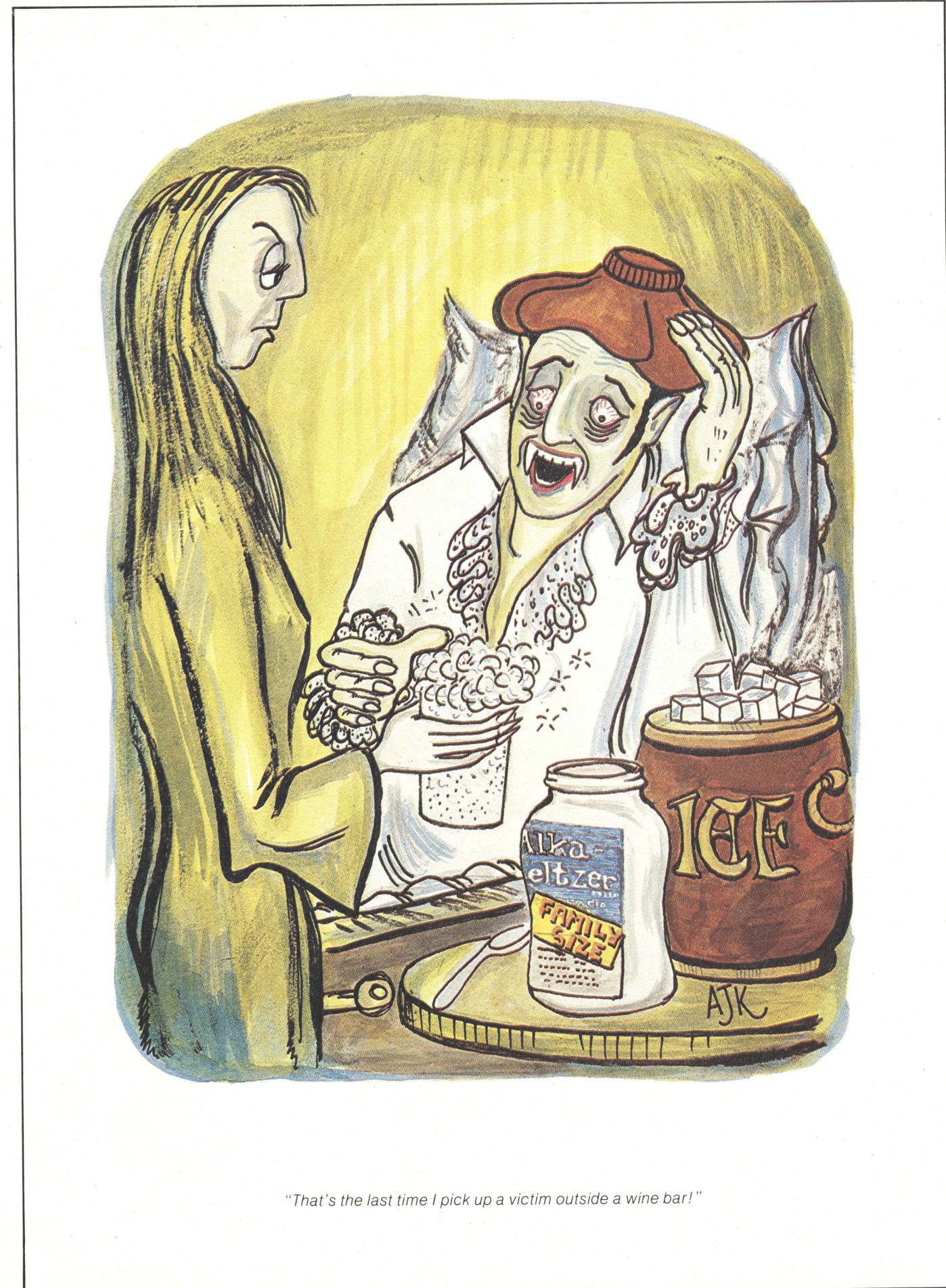
For Ted Loban's zombified people there is little left to forget. Traditional life, even on the outer islands, has gone. Only a few old men, toothless and arthritic, remember how to dance, and if they get drunk enough to try, it is sad to watch and the young people by the jukebox feel embarrassed.

By nine each morning scores of islanders begin a sitting vigil outside the stores and snack bars where retailers have rigged makeshift speakers. Pop music and news broadcasts blast out into the hot streets, and the sitters listen all day as if for some vital, private message. An old woman with delusions of grandeur, the final stage of syphilis before death, prowls the pavements snarling filth and shaking her fist at the clouds.

In a public bar, an islander with the body of a heavyweight wrestler and the chubby unlined face of a child asked me, in his cups, if I knew who he was.

"I have dreams and in them... I hope you don't smile... I don't know who I am..." He is a clerk with the DAIA, privy for years to information showing the manipulation of his people. I asked how it felt working with Europeans who play even a minor role in this.

A shrug. "I look at the white man in the department," he said, "and I know he is wondering how much I know and what I am thinking. I know this because I am wondering myself what *he* is thinking. Then we smile at each other..."



"That's the last time I pick up a victim outside a wine bar!"



The power of Australian corporations has been smashed. Now, by their own excesses, the unions are headed toward equal destruction.

UNIONS VS FREEDOM

BY MAXWELL NEWTON

The freedom of unions to act without any regard for civil law has reached a point where gangsterism and political terror strikes are freely used; where a very tiny clique of men can cripple entire industries with impunity; where the leaders of key unions can mobilise very large sums of money for propaganda and agitation aimed at the overthrow of the present economic and political system of Australia.

This is a time of violence in labor relations — part of the lawlessness of this decade. It is lawlessness reflected in the refusal of the well-off to pay their taxes, and in the widespread and condoned cheating on welfare payments of all kinds. In turn this lawlessness is a product of the Age of Inflation.

There are only two routes to be followed: The first a return to lower taxes and a general shedding of the apparatus of the supposedly benign welfare state. The second is a continuance of the trend toward more and more bureaucracy, more and more repressive legislation, more and more government controls, less and less individual freedom.

At this time Australia is set fair on the second course. Among others, the unions themselves will be the losers.

Repressive legislation, the result of community support for unions turning to exasperation, has already been introduced by the Federal and the Queensland Governments. These laws significantly limit union power and remove union privileges. Eventually, the abuse of union privileges under the law must bring about a still stronger reaction — probably to a situation where unions funds may be sequestered under civil law suits for damages. This will only be fair: unions today enjoy fantastic immunity under the law, a product of the long process of liberalisation which began with the repeal in England of the old Combination Acts of the 19th Century, and continued in the United States towards the recognition of the legal place of unions in society in the 1920s and 1930s.

Today a few air pilots can cripple the entire aviation industry (and do); a tiny number of air traffic controllers can do the same; less than a dozen men manning coal loading equipment can and do bring the entire State of Victoria to a stop; a very few telephone mechanics bring the entire communications system of the East Coast of Australia to its knees; whole mining export industries in North-Western Australia are throttled for weeks by a tiny number of striking workers; the export industries of the nation are crippled at incalculable cost to accommodate an obscure inter-union dispute in Fremantle (of all places); in Melbourne the building industry must suffer the payment of tribute to a union boss Norm Gallagher, before projects costing hundreds of millions of dollars may proceed; the Commonwealth Public Service is white-anted by disgruntled do-nothing clerks who demand full pay while they refuse their normal duties; the Victoria Police demand political and policy

Illustration by Jay Anabalian

changes or threaten to strike; the jails have to be closed because warders want to implement policy changes rejected by the lawfully elected (Labor) Government of NSW.

The raw figures point up the terrible toll of loss of production: The annual average number of working days lost through industrial disputes in the five years to 1963 was 610,000, while in the same period to 1968 it had risen to 850,000. Then came the explosion in the five years to 1973 when 2,400,000 working days were lost, and even more to 1978 when the total was 3,480,000.

We have reached this frightening stage because the opportunity for the exploitation of worker grievances exists, and because the means for the exploitation of those grievances was available to be used with impunity.

THE WORKERS' GRIEVANCES

At the bottom, the living standards of the wage and salary earning classes have failed to grow.

Since 1972 the whole country has fallen into a phase of very slow growth of output, and this has necessarily been reflected in a failure of wage and salary living standards to grow as vigorously as in the past. The huge and escalating cost of welfare has meant more and more taxes have had to be paid, to finance the insatiable demands of Governments. In turn, this has meant that the after-tax real living standards of wage and salary earners have suffered.

Since 1972, the growth of "real" average earnings before tax has slowed very markedly down from 24 percent in the five years to 1972-73 to 10 percent in the five years after 1972-73. This is a reflection of the stagnation of the growth of output as a whole since the destruction of the Whitlam Years.

In the years since Whitlam came to power, the annual growth of national output has been little more than one-half that before Whitlam.

Since 1972, income tax has taken a bigger bite of the average wage and salary earner's income. This reflects the exorbitant financial demands of the welfare state. The result has been that the average wage and salary earner has enjoyed virtually no increase in his "real" take-home pay (increase down from 22 percent in the five years before 1972-73 to a negligible two percent in the five years after 1972-73). The proponents of the welfare state would no doubt argue that the worker should realise that nowadays he gets a bigger proportion of his "real" income from the Government, in the form of health, education and welfare handouts. This is certainly not the way the average worker sees it. He looks at his take-home pay.

And in this area, he has been getting a

very dud deal. First, it is evident that the problem of combining a reduction in the rate of inflation with a reduction in the level of unemployment and a revival in vigorous growth of national output has our policy makers and governments baffled.

We are in the middle of the most catastrophic inflation in our history. It took 41 years for the level of retail prices to double after 1901; prices doubled again by 1952, in 10 years, including the full effects of the disastrous Second World War and post-war economic crisis; then a period of 21 years passed before prices doubled again. Now, prices have doubled in the past six years. And the prospect is for double-digit inflation for some time to come. This is a very grave prospect, which must seriously complicate the problem of maintaining social order, because inflation is a fundamental cause of the unrest and violence among the wage and salary earning classes. More

“
Inflation is a
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”

violence has to be expected during the coming time of continuing inflation at recent rates.

It remains to be seen whether our social and political institutions will emerge unscathed and in the case of the unions, it has to be doubted whether the "right to strike" will emerge unfettered as it now is.

Secondly, there is little prospect of the demands of Governments for more and more taxation revenue being drastically reduced. By now, the canker of the welfare state has eaten deep into our national habits and attitudes.

The disintegration of the family, as we knew it, has thrown enormous new burdens on the State.

This is evident in the explosive growth of the number of working married women, the explosion of the rate of divorce, and the equally explosive growth in the numbers of pensioners who are unable to cope without substantial State support in this Age of Inflation.

Over the 10 years to November 1977, total male employment has risen by only 13 percent, but the total employment of

married women has almost doubled to 1.4 million, accounting for all the increase in female employment.

While the rapid growth of employment of married women may have something to do with the supposed "liberation" of women, it certainly has a very great deal to do with the acceleration of expectations of the family group as a whole. The subtraction of the mother from the home must, however, have incalculable consequences, including the placing of great additional pressure on the State for the care of children and dependent aged family members.

Until 1972, the number of age and invalid pensioners in Australia was doubling each 20 years. In the past six years, the number has risen by 61 percent to 1,568,000.

Hundreds of thousands of old and sick people are going on to the pension because the Age of Inflation has destroyed their savings and because the collapse of the family unit has meant that less and less children want to, and are able to, look after their old parents.

Certainly, there was to be expected a boom in formalisation of divorces once the 1975 Family Law Act came into force, but the boom is continuing.

The Family Law Courts are overwhelmed by the huge demand for the dissolution of marriages.

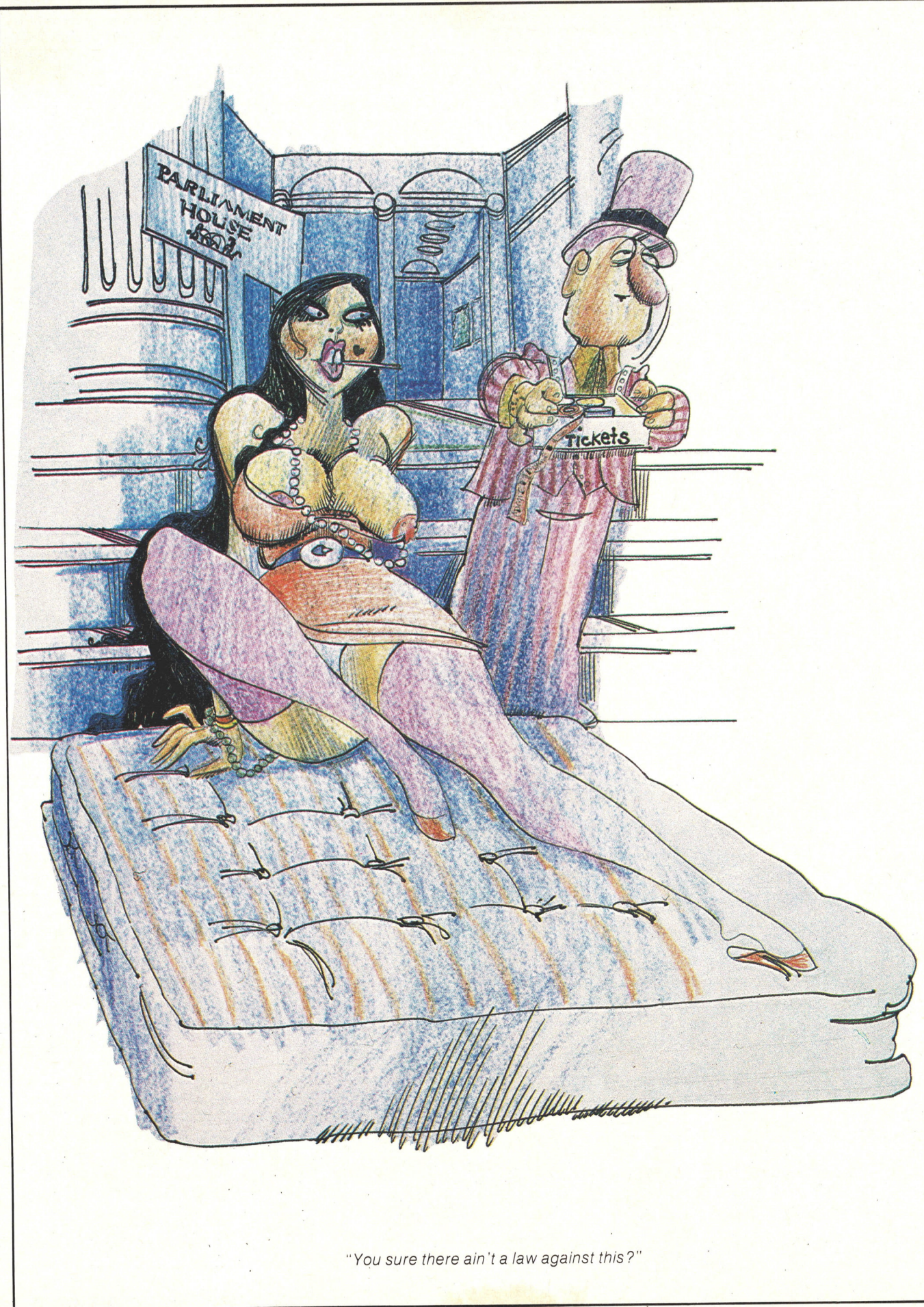
More and more of the family burdens thus shed are put on to the all-providing welfare state (and hence on to the mugs who pay their taxes).

As the demand by Governments for money continues unsated, it is the ordinary wage and salary earner who is paying more and more of the bill. He is the one who, for the most part, cannot get out of paying his taxes. He is the one who pays. By contrast, less and less proportionate income taxes are being paid by the person who is not earning wages and salaries from which PAYE deductions are made. Tax evasion has become thoroughly respectable, indeed laudable, and there is little Governments can do about this. They can change the laws and huff and puff, but the days when the wealthy and the self-employed in Australia would pay their fair share of income taxes are long past.

They will never return until a broad-based medium rate proportional income tax is brought in.

There has been some talk suggesting that income taxes should increasingly be replaced by indirect taxes, as these cannot be evaded with such ease. While there is some basis for such an argument, the wholesale introduction of higher rates of indirect taxation in Australia would probably mean that the ordinary wage and salary earner would possibly pay even more tax.

The wealthy and self-employed would, in any case, pay a far less proportion



"You sure there ain't a law against this?"

of their income in such taxes and would be able to write off much of this tax against "business expenses", further reducing their already-depleted income tax payments.

One summary of the situation of the PAYE sector and the non-wage sector was given recently by Dr Peter Sheeham of Melbourne University; who pointed out that since 1971-72 the real increase in income per head in the PAYE sector had been 1.3 percent a year and 4.6 percent a year in the non-wage sector.

The point is clear: the wage and salary earner paying full PAYE deductions (corresponding with the unionised sector) must expect a very very slow, if not negligible, growth in his real after-tax income, because the demands of the welfare state are still insatiable and because he is the one who has to find the lion's share of the money to pay these fantastic bills.

No wonder he feels restless and resentful. No wonder he does not have to be dragged kicking and screaming to strike.

THE OPPORTUNISTS MOVE IN

The beginning of the Age of Inflation came shortly after the events of 1969, which saw big changes in the leadership

and the legal powers of the trade union movement. At the 1969 ACTU Congress, the Communists threw in their lot with R.J. Hawke, then 40, to defeat the other candidate, Harold Souter, for the job of President of the ACTU, following the long reign of Albert Monk in the job.

The vote at that Congress was very, very close. Hawke beat Souter 395 to 350, and would have had no chance of winning had he not had the support of the huge Communist bloc vote.

Another very important event occurred in 1969 when Clarrie O'Shea of the Melbourne Tramways Union was freed from jail. The O'Shea case outcome, a defeat for the Commonwealth Government, meant it could be assumed that the Commonwealth would not be in a position to use penal powers in industrial legislation. The ultimate sanction for wrongdoing — jail — which applies in all other legislation, was lost to the application of the law in the industrial arena.

Since that time it has been accepted that no Government can realistically include provisions in industrial legislation which would require union leaders to go to jail. So union leaders have been able to act with impunity, knowing that they will not be penalised for their actions.

Union leaders also know that their

funds will not be seriously threatened by fines or actions for damages in the civil courts. This puts the trade union leader in an exceptionally privileged situation. He knows that no matter what damage his actions cause, no matter how many millions of dollars of damage he does to businesses and individuals, his union's funds are virtually safe from any legal redress on the part of those who suffer from his actions.

Not surprisingly there was a huge rise in the level of industrial disputes following the accession of Hawke to the job of President of the ACTU in 1969, and the O'Shea case. The Hawke decade, since 1969, can now be seen to have been the most violent, the most disruptive, the most destructive, in the history of Australian industrial relations.

Roughly, in Hawke's years, the level of days lost through industrial disputes *quadrupled*.

The Communists deployed their power freely in the trade union movement and without fear of any significant restraint from the law have today become stronger than ever.

Communist officials have the controlling sway in the whole range of the metal trades, the railways, the waterfront, the mines, the ships of Australia.

Communist unions, notably the wealthy and arrogant Amalgamated Metal Workers and Shipwrights Union, operating from its multi-million dollar headquarters and printing factory in Melbourne's Victoria Parade, are able to penetrate into key areas of industry, transport and mining, right around Australia.

They are free from any significant threat that the law can be used to trammel their totally destructive and violent plans and actions.

Hawke has proved to be a great asset for these the true activists in Australian trade unionism today because, with his butterfly "crisis solver" approach, he has given a measure of respectability to the violence which has been so pervading during his term at the ACTU.

The Communist bloc today controls some 230 of the 850-odd votes at the ACTU Congress and is able to block any moves by so-called moderates in the ACTU to temper its power. Hence, the underlying failure of our society to deal with the issues of inflation, taxation and the financing of the welfare state have provided the necessary conditions for union violence; the existence of well-organised Communist power, and the immunity of unions from the law have provided the sufficient conditions.

THE FAILURE OF CORPORATIONS

Power in today's huge corporations has gradually moved into the hands of the financial executives, the accountants.

The financial director has achieved a position of overwhelming power in modern corporations.

Operational, marketing and production executives have generally been, and are continuing to be, relegated to lesser power positions.

Industrial disputes mean one thing for the financial executive — loss of throughput for capital facilities which have become enormously expensive. The highly-capitalised modern corporation, with a substantial debt structure and costly facilities, is acutely vulnerable to disruption. In many cases, the cost of loss of production can add up to the death of the corporation itself.

The modern airline, with its vastly expensive aircraft eating their heads off in interest while grounded, is typical of this situation. Airlines are acutely vulnerable to strikes. Their whole financial structure is dependent on maximum use of highly expensive equipment.

That is an extreme case, but it represents the problem facing executives in most modern corporations.

For that reason, they are willing to go to great lengths to avoid disruption due to strikes — to make big concessions to key operatives in order to maintain production. The remoteness of the controlling financial executives from the working conditions at floor level only increases the corporation's vulnerability to militant strike action.

The corporation is usually one of two or three such corporations controlling the output of the whole industry in which it is engaged, so cost rises due to successful wages claims can easily be translated into higher prices with little fear of a competitive backlash.

In the building trades, delay means huge increases in costs, particularly in these times of the Age of Inflation, and in the shipping industry, costs pile up at a frightening rate when ships are idle.

For these reasons, modern corporations simply do not have the strength or the will to stand up to union pressure. They have too much at stake and they have too much freedom to pass on cost increases in higher prices.

Faced with labor problems, the modern manager reaches for his cheque book and orders more and more labor-saving equipment.

The union does not like this, but fears that the mass introduction of labor-saving machinery will lead to deep-seated and permanent unemployment must be rated groundless. It is surprising that such Luddite fears have achieved such respectability of late among usually sensible commentators in Australia.

We can soon perceive the effects of modernising Australian industry by the introduction of labor-saving machinery — we simply have to look to the United States. The US is at least 20 years ahead

of Australia in the application of labor-saving machinery. The introduction of that machinery in the US has not been accompanied by a massive depression, unusually high permanent levels of unemployment and the rest. There has simply been a transfer of labor between industries, to the accompaniment of a further substantial upgrading in the US level of production per employed worker.

Even so, Australian corporations are still very scared of union resistance to the introduction of labor-saving machinery. In this, they are saved by the generally protected and cocooned environment in which Australian industry operates.

Australian corporations have another very important escape route from the consequences of higher wages — they are protected from import competition by scandalously high levels of tariff and import quota protection.

In the struggle against union power, Australian corporations are weak reeds indeed. Many areas of industry in Australia are actually owned by governments, and this further increases the vulnerability of these enterprises to union attack because these government enterprises are often monopolies with little or no need to perform profitably.

Enterprises — if they might be dignified

by the name — such as Australia Post, Telecom, the State trams, buses and trains, are sitting ducks. The same goes for the State electricity authorities.

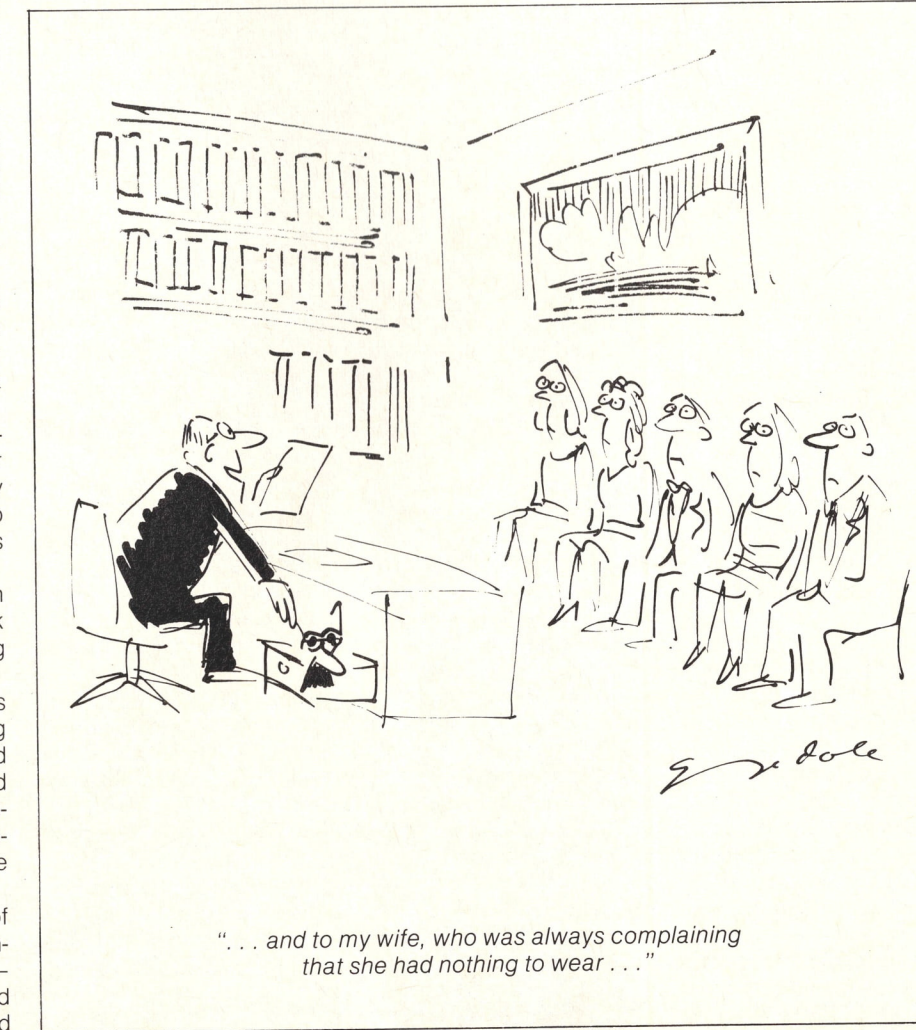
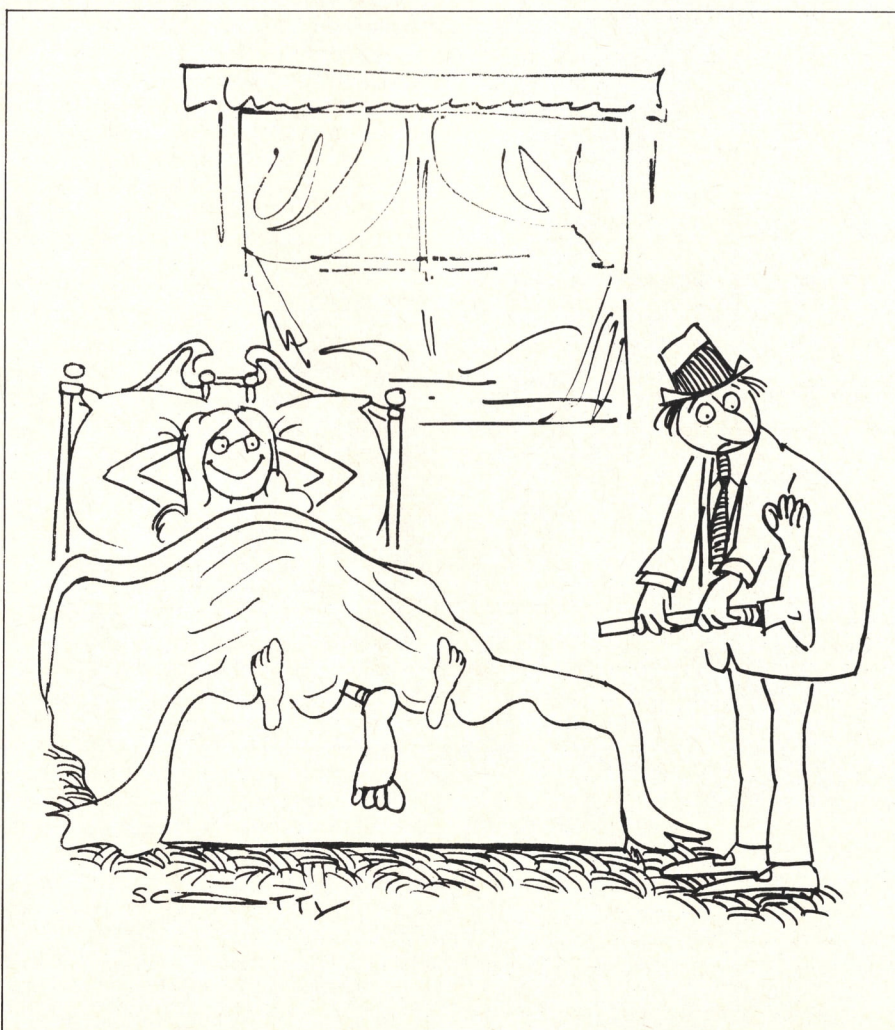
So the burden of big confrontations with unions in Australia has now gone right to the Federal Government. There is no other power capable of dealing with untrammelled union power.

THE ULTIMATE THREAT TO UNION POWER

There is no quick and easy solution to the growth of union violence. The mass of the wage and salary earning classes will not become less restive until the frightful disruption caused by unprecedented inflation is halted. The inflation is so terrible, so unprecedented, so explosive in its effects, that it is quite unreasonable to look for industrial calm when each and every worker is continually being upset by the constantly changing financial problems, absolute and relative, facing him.

The defeat of inflation must come first, if we are to achieve a reduction in industrial violence in what remains of our "free society".

In other societies, for example South America, the combination of inflation and industrial violence has laid the



"... and to my wife, who was always complaining that she had nothing to wear ..."

foundations for the loss of individual freedom and the establishment of tyrannies of one kind or another, as the masses simply lose confidence in the ability of free institutions to solve the problems caused by prolonged, crippling inflation.

In communist societies, inflation is hidden and appears in the form of queues, rationing and sub-standard availability and quality of consumer goods. The possibility of general social unrest as a result of this hidden inflation has been circumvented by the simple expedient of establishing a totally repressive regime.

Every day that passes in Australia with inflation unchecked means that the confidence of the mass of the people in our traditional "free" institutions is reduced another peg. Every new day of such inflation means that more and more of the weak, the old and the young are thrown into the arms of the welfare state; every day means less and less chance of reduction of taxes, of moderation in the growth of government spending. Every day brings closer the prospect of further restrictions on our already truncated individual freedom.

Already there is community support for measures to restrict unfettered union freedom. Both the Commonwealth Government, through its proclamation of laws restricting the freedom of Commonwealth public servants to strike, and the Queensland and WA State Governments, have shown that they feel confident to begin moves against unions which would not have been acceptable in earlier years.

In this, a most important new element has been the extent and the force of laws which have been enacted against corporations.

In a financial environment where profits have been lacking, the corporation is today fighting for its survival against a tide of government regulation.

It is no longer credible for union leaders to invoke the slogans of the 19th Century against corporations.

Corporations must answer for their actions to a wide range of government regulatory bodies — their prices are subject to inspection and justification; their products are subject to health, environmental, quality controls; they must answer to consumer affairs inspectors; they must not combine to control too much of the output of the industry in which they operate; they must justify any decision to sell out to a foreigner; they must pay double taxation on their profits; their directors may be imprisoned (and increasingly are being imprisoned); their executives are poorly paid by world standards (who would really want to take on the seven-day-a-week job of a top executive in a large Australian corporation for the typical lousy salary of \$40,000 a year — to take home something like a derisory \$500 a week?).

The corporation has had its teeth pulled. It is so feeble that the very dynamism of growth in our living standards must be seen as threatened as a result.

By contrast, the typical union is free to range and roam over the whole of the nation's wealth, attacking at will, violating agreements, destroying production, crippling investment, throttling export trade, victimising individuals who will not bend to the brutal jungle laws of conformity invoked by union leaders in the name of a vicious and irrelevant "solidarity".

The union leadership gains power by very dubious means in rigged ballots, where minority rule is the norm. The union leadership does not have to provide financial reports to members; there is no auditor required; there is no Corporate Affairs Commission to keep the union bookkeepers honest. Taxation does not come into it.

Just as the excesses of corporations led to their emasculation so will the excesses of unions bring about their regulation.

This is the sort of free-for-all environment where standover and crime must flourish. It is an environment which will be brought under social control.

Just as the excesses of the corporation led to its emasculation, so will the excesses of the unions bring about their regulation, but it will not be a speedy process.

Between the crash of the 1890s and the Banking Act of 1945 was more than half a century. So there is still plenty of time for the unions to break and smash with impunity. Meantime, something can be done.

There are some 400,000 registered unemployed in Australia. These people, overwhelmingly young people looking for their first or second job, do not represent a threat to union leadership. They have enjoyed a relatively high level of unemployment benefits, and this dole is sufficient to allow most young people to live quite comfortably within a home environment. Add to the benefits of home life the actuality of a couple of days a week casual "cash only" work, and there is little serious pressure on these young ones to fight for

regular work. Rates of pay for young workers have been pitched so high that there is a great incentive for employers not to take them on. They are simply too expensive to employ as full-time workers.

Hence, policy action will be directed towards reducing the value of the dole — principally by holding the money value constant, allowing the real value to be eroded by inflation.

That will put increasing pressure on tens of thousands of young people to get out and get themselves a job.

Policy action will also be directed towards allowing inflation to widen the relative differential favoring junior wages.

Then the great back-up power of the unemployed will truly become more effective. The existence of the pool of unemployed as a threat to union power has not yet been effective because of the factors cited above.

The promotion of a steady and vigorous policy of immigration, including substantial Asian immigration, is being pursued, and will have the effect of adding to the pressure against unions. And there is already evident community support for legislation against union action which threatens "essential industries". The Victorian Government has such a law available to it; the Queensland Government will introduce such a law; the Commonwealth Government has taken action to invoke laws virtually prohibiting Public Service strikes in certain circumstances. These are all modest reforms. They have community support. They will be introduced and they will form part of a program of steady erosion of union power.

In the background to all this, there is one dark lurking possibility — a really big world economic crisis and/or war. There is no doubt that the world financial system is very precariously balanced.

The US, the centre of world financial power, has, for a long long time now, been over-spending. US banks owe fantastic debts to nations and central banks who have lent money to allow the US to live beyond its means.

This ramshackle world financial system could be pushed over. There could be a terrible crisis, indicated by the collapse of major US banks. Additionally, or separately, there could be a major political and military eruption in the Middle East, as the Americans and the Russians finally fight over the oil wealth owned and controlled by militarily weak and decadent desert regimes. Such crises could provide the culmination to the seething unrest, inflation and teetering instability of the Violent 1970s.

Such a crisis would enormously accelerate the process in Australia — and in all other so-called "free" nations — of the mobilisation of social support against the sort of union hanky-panky which is tolerated in the still easy-going world of 1979. ☐



SUPERSTAR

“Sometimes my friends become my lovers.”





GEMINI CARMEN

Like all Geminis, Carmen J. McCall, our Pet of the Month, is two very different people in one lovely body. One Carmen is a romantic stay-at-home and the other is a dedicated career girl with her sights set on the stars. We found both of them at Noosa Heads on a hunt for the sun. "It's a wonderful place," she says. "There's a feeling of freedom when you're surrounded by people with no inhibitions. They didn't care who or what I was — they just accepted me as me. The salt spray, the sun and the wildflowers gave me pleasure — and a chance to enjoy natural, environmental beauty."

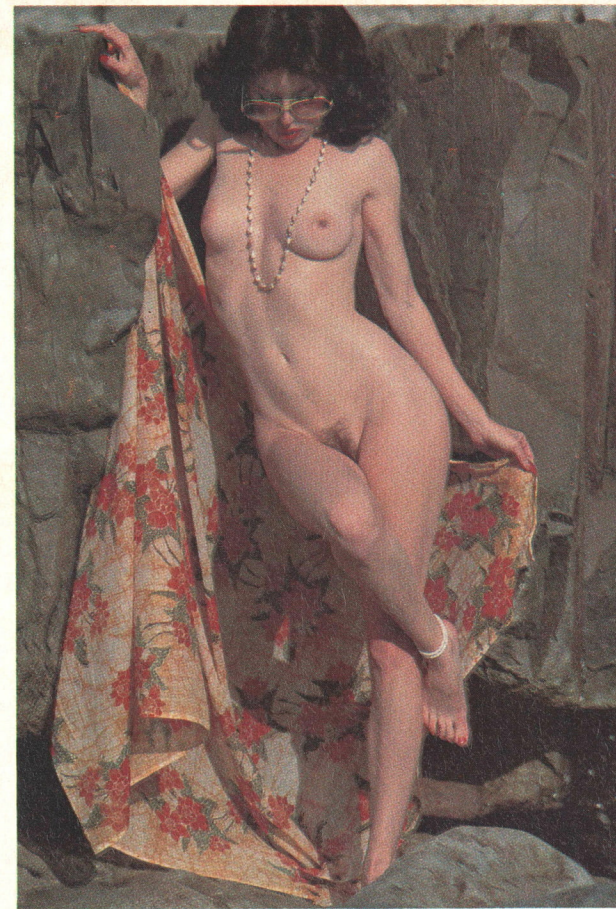
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ABEL





“There’s a
feeling of
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by people
with no
inhibitions.”



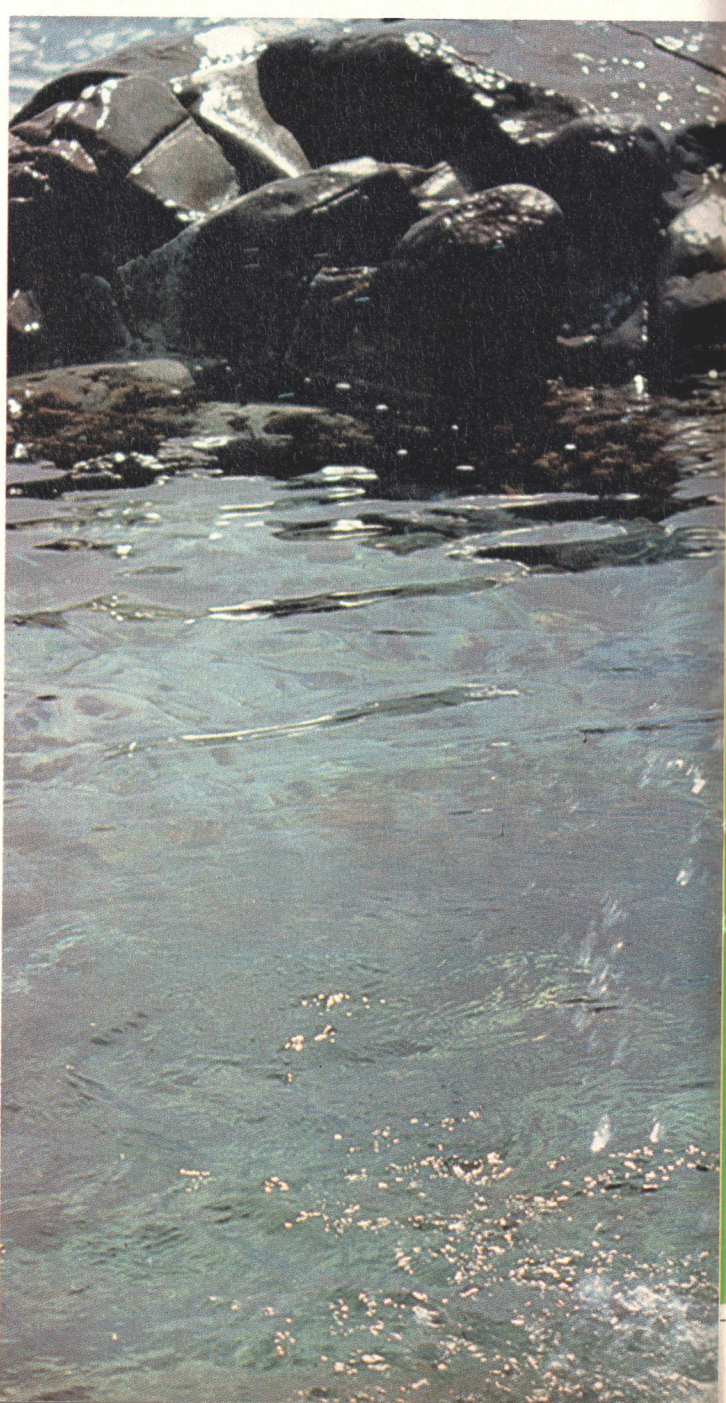


“ Sometimes I’ll
put on high heels, a
suspender belt
and black stockings
for a special man. ”





Carmen gave up her academic studies to become a successful model in South Australia, but now, after some amateur theatre work, she is moving into the film industry. "I always thought that I'd like to work for a while as an actress," she says, "and later go into the technical side of films. You really can't work behind the cameras until you can understand the pressures of being in front of them." And now her wish has come true. Carmen has won a feature role in the film *Final Cut*, a thriller being produced on the Gold Coast by Martin Williams. Between takes on the set, Carmen is re-reading *King Lear* — her favorite play. "It's the tragedy of all time," she says. "I abhor violence . . . I'm really a super pacifist. But *King Lear* shows a violence which is very much related to our times."





The other Carmen fills her home with vases of long-stemmed roses and tropical plants and sleeps between satin sheets. "I'm very relaxed at home," she says. "I rarely wear underwear around the house, but sometimes I'll put on high heels, a suspender belt and black stockings for a special man. I have no ideal man, but most of my friends are male. Often they become my lovers, but that doesn't interfere with our friendship. Desire without friendship just isn't worth it. I've also learned that happiness and money are not related. Money is just something nice to have, but if you haven't got love, you haven't got anything." We think you've got it all, Carmen. ○✚





MISS CARMEN J. McCALL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Mexico. Land of the legendary Black Russian, Brown



While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead.

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another supernatural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of the East.

Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Cow and Bandit.



The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.



The Bandit

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican Indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Bandidos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

But if legend suggests that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

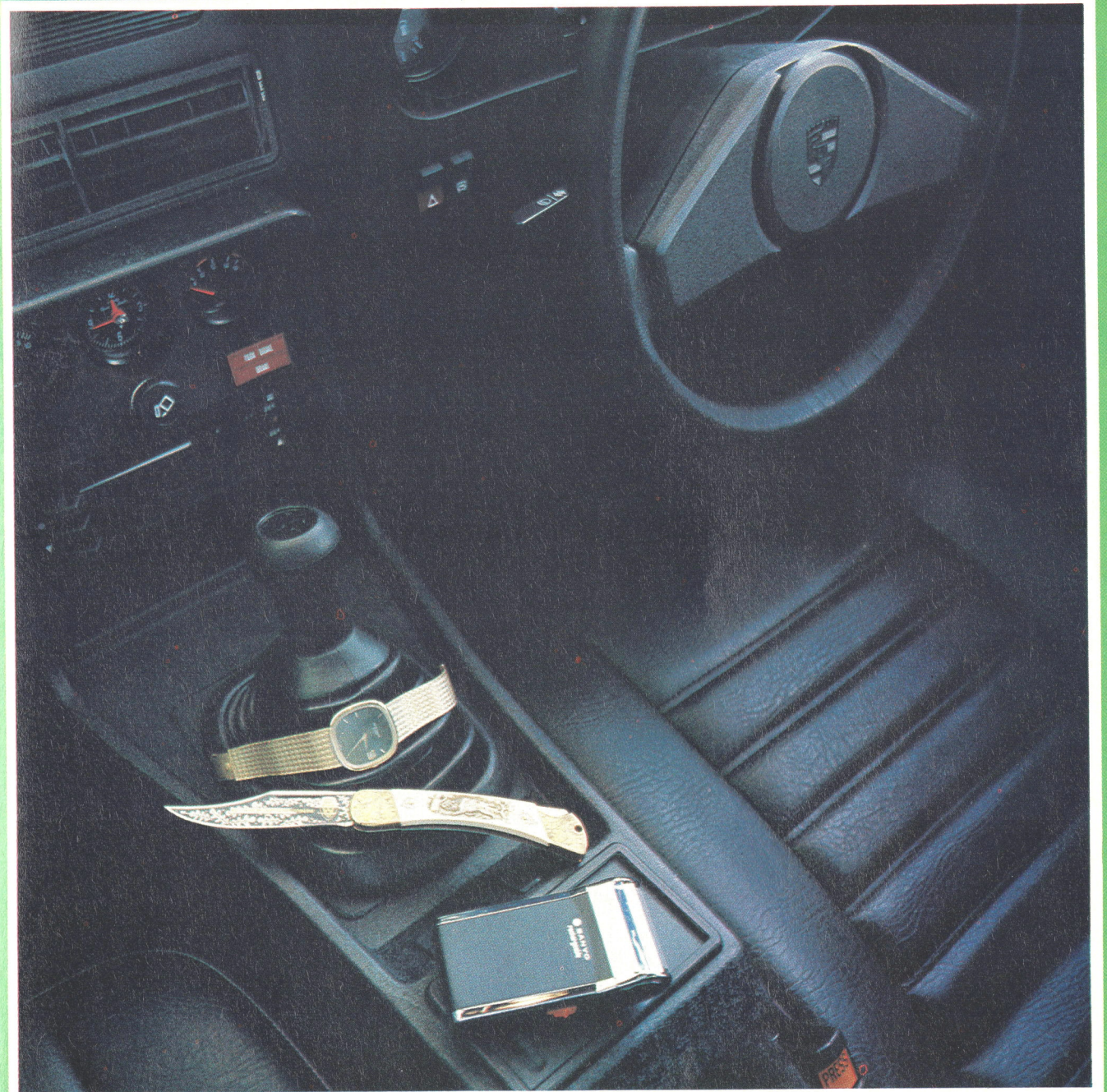
Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.



Photographs by Gary Isaacs

CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

What do you want for Christmas? To help you drop a subtle hint to your girlfriend/wife/mistress, we have selected a range of gifts to break the socks-and-hankies habit. Simply circle what you want and leave the magazine open at that page for her to see. Leading our guide are two world firsts: the Pentax A110 camera and the Fidelity Voice Chess Challenger. The Pentax is a single-lens reflex job, the first in the 110 format with interchangeable lenses. Included in the full kit are the pocket-sized camera, wide-angle, normal and telephoto lenses, flash unit, a motor wind, close-up lenses and filters. Price is about \$500. The Voice Chess Challenger is a very powerful 10-level chess game computer with a voice synthesiser which speaks to you as all moves are made. Recommended price \$495.



If money is not a problem, you can try to wheedle a 4.5-litre V8 Porsche 928 out of your local dealer. With a full range of optional extras, it can be parked under your (outdoor) Christmas tree for around \$60,000 — a 230km/h gift that will leave Santa and Rudolph flat-footed at the pole and your neighbors red-nosed with envy. On the 928's console is an 18 carat, cobalt treated gold watch by Patek Philippe for \$9650. This famous company makes a wide range of watches, including diamond-studded ones which sell for up to \$1 million. The pen knife, by Puma, has an intricately-etched blade and a solid gold and carved ivory handle. More a show-piece than a utility knife, it's yours for \$1000. To keep you looking good no matter where you are is a cordless electric razor from the Sanyo range, for \$50.



Furniture is not always the most exciting gift in the world, but there are pieces around which you can build a room. One such item is a table made from tree roots. An unusual gift for \$1500. On the table is a collection of erotic art books ranging in price from \$5 to \$50. To complement a fine watch or up-grade your blue jeans is a watch band for \$560 and a belt buckle for \$180. Made in silver set with turquoise by the Navahos. And then there's a belly button brush (for the person who has everything) for a mere \$10. The watch pen, with stop-watch, time and date functions is \$60, and from the House of Dunhill is a solid gold cigarette lighter for \$3000. For pipe smokers, there's the finest briar pipes for \$600 (short) or \$208 (long), and for the office is a bar and paper set for \$250.



The leather-bound double bed is really an unfolded Anfibia sofa-bed. It is available for about \$3650, and there's a cloth-covered model for about \$1560. Between the bed and body is a fox fur bedspread for \$2500. If you're into total luxury, try the chinchilla spread for around \$20,000. The mirrored, gold-plated brass ashtray is \$172, and the cigar, for big celebrations, is \$12. On the side table is a collection of books dealing with male-female relationships. They range in price from \$12 to \$20. The picture frame has a built-in digital clock with alarm, all for \$60. Next to the frame is the "Thinnest Lighter in the World" for \$15, and a collection of snuffs for about \$10. The crystal, single-stem vase is \$152, and at this time of the year you can't go wrong with Chivas Regal, at \$28.25 a bottle, to share when friends drop in.



If you have to spend most of your working hours on the telephone, you might as well do it in style. From the back: the Gondola, at \$125, with a push-button dial. In front of it is the Elsie, at \$1295, which takes messages and automatically beeps you and replays the message through the use of a tape recorder on the beeper. And there's a 30-number memory bank for \$235. The 24 carat gold-plated loud speaker phone is \$480, and in front of that is a 40-number memory bank which will dial numbers at a pre-programmed time. It's available for \$325. Or there's a cordless phone, for \$300, which operates within a 500-metre radius of its transmitting box. In the foreground is a loud speaker phone for \$149, a hand-held loud speaker phone for \$168, and the retractable cord phone, at right, is \$125.



These days there is no need to rough it when you want to spend a weekend in the country — most of the comforts of home are now portable. Start with an easy-to-construct tent by North Face. Made from tough synthetic fabric, the dome-shaped tent is \$400. Add a twin sleeping bag filled with soft down for \$460, and a Pillow Talk musical pillow which plugs into radio, cassette deck or TV, for \$20. Play out your Robin Hood fantasy with the \$326 Hunter bow, or head for the nearest tennis court with one of the large range of Bancroft tennis racquets. This extra light model is \$250. Zoom off on a motorised skateboard for \$450, and if you can't bear to be out of contact with the world, take along a cordless telephone, for \$500. All prices are approximate. See page 136 for where-to-buy information.



WHITE COLLAR CRIME II

DUMB BANDITS

Office computers can be helpful little machines — especially to criminals who rip-off at least \$12 million a year.

BY TIMOTHY HALL

The first electronic computer was unveiled in 1946, little more than 30 years ago, at the University of Pennsylvania. It weighed 30 tonnes and contained 19,000 valves. It was used for plotting artillery trajectories for the US Army and people wondered what on earth it would ever do that was more useful.

In the years since then, we have begun to find out. That machine could carry out 5000 additions or subtractions a second; modern computers, occupying a small fraction of the space and costing a fraction of the amount, can handle more than 400,000 calculations a second. And within a few years even this will be considered slow.

Even the argument that you cannot get more out of a computer than you put into it is no longer valid. The concept of the UIM, the ultra-intelligent machine, capable of performing every intellectual function at least as well as a human being and theoretically with no upper limit to its intelligence, is almost a reality. And one of the first tasks the UIM will be given is to find ways of making itself even more intelligent.

The criminal can operate at a much less rarified level and still have at his disposal the finest aid to crime that the human mind has devised: a tool that allows a crime to be committed in comfort, for almost unlimited reward, with little chance of detection and often with the ability to obliterate all the evidence that it was even committed in the first place. It is no wonder that computer security experts are bewildered by community apathy.

Although the tasks that it can perform grow more complex and the speed at which it carries them out more rapid, the computer is essentially a simple tool. The average computer contains millions of storage devices yet it is comparatively easy prey for a criminal with even just a basic knowledge of how it works. To gain access to a computer it is necessary to attack it at one of the five key stages in its operation, all of which are vulnerable: input, programming, central processing unit, output and communication.

The input stage is where the data or information is translated into a language that the computer can understand. It is at this stage that most of the sensational mistakes are made, as well as the deliberate errors and alterations that are needed to

Illustration by Ken Reinhardt

perpetrate a fraud. If the computer is to be manipulated so that it issues cheques for non-existent services, for example, the false data must be fed in at this stage.

The program controls the whole operation of the computer, which will do exactly what it is told in the program, including the errors and frauds, because it cannot normally discriminate. Patching is one method extremely difficult to detect. In a patch the computer ignores a part of the program, ensuring, for example, that the programmer's bank account never appears on the overdrawn list.

The third stage is in a sense the most vulnerable part of the entire computer system, although it is more likely to be the target of saboteurs than white-collar fraudsmen. The central processing unit (CPU) is the computer's central nervous system. It contains the control units which guide the whole system, retrieving data when it is required and ordering the computer to perform. The CPU also contains the memory bank, so its destruction is a crippling blow to any computer user.

Even assassination takes on a new dimension with the computer. Many machines that are used in hospitals today, particularly in the intensive care field, are controlled by computers and the destruction of the CPU or the program could bring about the death of a political patient with no way of establishing how the accident occurred.

Finally there is the communication stage of the whole process when the translated data is passed backwards and forwards between the computer and outlying terminals. It makes the system very vulnerable to being intercepted and although codes can be incorporated they can equally be stolen or sold to competitors or criminals.

It is not only to human attack that the computer is vulnerable for it can be attacked as easily by another computer or some other piece of electronic equipment. One of the most common is the wiretap, violently resisted by civil libertarians but widely and easily carried out by a variety of people in Australia. A safer way of penetrating the system with an illegal terminal is by 'between-the-lines entry' which involves the unauthorised connection of a terminal to an existing private line. Electronic pick-up is yet another method of interception which is particularly dangerous for computer users because the devices do not even need to be connected directly to the system. Instead they intercept the radiation generated by the computer, the central processor and the telephone or teleprinter lines and convert this into a form that can be read off.

As the computer takes over more and more roles in our lives the need for security becomes paramount, yet paradoxically it lags further and further behind. Modern computers are largely self-

monitoring and incorporate extremely complex self-checking devices. But these only make it more difficult for an outsider or an uninitiated insider to manipulate the computer. Where it is as vulnerable as ever, and where the makers and security experts are almost powerless to intervene, is in the theft and alteration of software and in illegal access and manipulation by someone who already has the right to get into it legally.

Software is the method of telling the computer machinery (the hardware) what to do. It is usually spooled, electronic tape on which the instructions for individual programs have been recorded. Like any other magnetic tape, it can be copied or erased, and it can be altered to make it perform an illegal action and then to remove any record that this illegal action was performed.

The first test case has recently been started in American courts against a com-

The most conservative figure put on the cost of computer-related crimes in Australia is \$12 million.

puter manufacturer on the grounds that it sold a system which it was impossible to make secure — rather like a safe that you find has no lock. Security experts are horrified when they see how obstinate and downright stupid most Australian computer owners and users are about refusing to take even the most basic security precautions, such as running a positive security check on employees or restricting access to the computer room. The potential for industrial and strategic espionage, and for blackmail, extortion and sabotage, is frightening. It is no exaggeration to say computer technology has opened the doors to political terrorists to hold cities and even nations to ransom.

Computer manufacturers Honeywell, in a confidential document, estimate that disabling just 100 key computers in the US would paralyse American business; and a British computer expert also calculates that "given 20 people in key positions in Britain's computers, anyone could hold the country to ransom". In Australia the figure is probably 12.

The greatest danger with computers is that you probably have no idea that you

are even being robbed. You don't walk into the office one morning and find the safe open. Perhaps weeks or even months later, the auditors will come on a cold trail; more often management will simply be aware that they ought to have more money than they do have, although they will have no idea where it has gone.

The largest computer crime of all time, involving the Equity Funding Insurance Company in the US netted its principals \$2400 million over 11 or 12 years by listing phoney insurance policies as assets. Many security experts are certain it must be only a question of time before another enormous fraud comes to light. And Australia, as much as any country in the world, is ripe for being singled out as the victim. The potential rewards, the ham-fisted security measures that are taken, the ignorance of management and the inexperience of the police all add up to the makings of a crime that could literally shake the nation's economy.

The greatest danger with computer offences is that once someone has succeeded in gaining access to the system, they can commit such enormous crimes. Conventional robbery depends on the amount of money in the safe or the pay office at the time of the crime; but when a computer is used, the limit may literally be the limit of the company's credit-worthiness at its bank.

The American experience is that the average loss to a corporation which is the victim of a computer crime is \$US552,680; and that the total cost to American companies of computer fraud — that is, excluding any other form of white collar crime — is well in excess of \$500 million a year.

It is, of course, only a small part of the corporate crime arena. Even in Australia, with its much smaller population, known white collar crimes account for more than \$100 million and security experts generally agree that the true total is much higher. The most conservative figure put on the cost of computer-related crimes in Australia to the companies which suffer them is \$12 million.

Inevitably, any estimate of the exact amount can be little more than a shot in the dark. Even the handful of computer crimes which are detected are hushed up by management and not reported to the police. Says NSW Attorney-General Frank Walker: "Most people haven't the faintest idea of the number of companies being robbed by these latter-day bandits." Kevin Fitzgerald, head of the Computer Abuse Research Bureau at the Caulfield Institute of Technology in Melbourne, who is conducting the only serious research and investigation into the problem of computer crime in Australia, shares with IBM executive Dr Max White the belief that \$12 million is a conservative starting point for the extent of this kind of crime in

GOOD KING WENCESLAS REVISITED



ARTHUR REID

Australia; but in its first year of operating, the Bureau heard of less than 20 computer offences.

A case being investigated in Queensland in early 1979 involved a loss of \$1.1 million in a building society, and a similar though smaller deficiency, also caused by the manipulation of a computer, was simultaneously being investigated in a NSW building society. "But there are far more cases than we know anything about," observes Walker.

In Britain, the head of Scotland Yard's Computer Offences Division, Detective Chief Inspector Roy Penrose, who is also a consultant on computer security to the British Government, puts the chance of catching a computer criminal as "something worse than 180 to 1".

The extent of the danger to Australia's national security from interference with Foreign Affairs or Defence Department computers or from unauthorised tapping is not clear, because the extent to which it goes on is unknown. The Defence Department protests that its computerised information is secure, but nobody in the industry takes this seriously.

To test the strength of the US Defence Department's computer security, "Tiger Teams" consisting of computer specialists attacked both the hardware and software security measures and found that in far more cases than not, they could gain access. When the same teams went to work against commercial security systems, they penetrated them "with the greatest ease" — and these were computer systems that were already believed to be secure.

The police have always played down the theory that white collar criminals are in some way a breed apart from the rest of the criminal work-force. At heart, they insist, they are no different and are motivated by the things that motivate other criminals — usually greed or need. But there clearly is a difference.

Many are exactly the kind of people that banks, credit companies and insurance companies, their eventual victims, like to employ — above average in intelligence, dedicated to their work and ambitious. Unfortunately for their employers they may also have little or no respect for the establishment and in many cases no special loyalty towards the companies which entrust them with their cash, property and secrets.

The computer criminal's great advantage over most other criminals is that he works in a highly technical environment which very few other people understand. He is often unsupervised and he can disguise his duplicity by converting it into invisible electronic impulses. The computer thief can engineer the crime while sitting talking to his managing director or to a policeman. The computer has become literally the extension of his mind.

The most dangerous man potentially in

the whole computer operation is the software programmer. He understands how the whole thing works, he has access to codes and keys and he compiles the program that tells the computer what to do. If he wants to use the computer fraudulently, he is in the ideal position to do so — and then to instruct it to erase any record that the fraud was committed. Disgruntled programmers have stolen entire programs and sold them to competitors or held their own employers to ransom: others in a fit of pique have sabotaged an entire system.

One other employee who was overlooked for a long time as a potential threat is the data librarian who knows exactly where the master tapes are located and who, like the operator, can be an invaluable accomplice. To win over the librarian has been the first objective in a number of huge computer-dependent crimes.

The skills needed to become a part of

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”

the computer operation are not so great that most people of average intelligence cannot acquire them. Indeed, many prisons have thoughtfully laid on classes in computer-technology to help their inmates find a worthwhile way of earning their living when they are released.

Computer crime covers the whole spectrum of offences from the most sophisticated company swindle to sabotage and crude vandalism. One of the interesting aspects of computers' involvement in crime is that they can be either the tool or the target of the criminal. The company man can use them to assist him in a million-dollar swindle, and terrorists to manipulate the arsenals of an entire army; they aid the spy and encourage the saboteur. In the past three years, 22 computers have been blown up in Italy alone and at least five have been shot at with guns.

The majority of crimes in which the computer is a mute accessory fall into one of four categories: financial, property, or data offences, or service thefts. Most widespread are thefts where money

is simply milked off by means of dummy payrolls or by such schemes as arranging for phoney social security payments to be posted to fictitious payees at accommodation addresses.

The unique facility of the computer, from the criminal's point of view, is that it can create something that was not there before, syphon off money to pay for this fiction, and then erase any trace that it existed in the first place. Building societies, credit unions and banks are the prime targets, but statistics show that schools, universities and government departments are running a close second.

A relatively simple exercise, for example, involves a bank officer "borrowing" a large sum from a customer's current account, usually from a company with a high cash turnover, and often on the last day of the month. The money is immediately deposited with a building society which calculates its interest on the last working day of the month. And it is back in its proper account within 48 hours. If the customer even queries the transaction, which is unlikely, it will be put down to a computer error which the system immediately corrected. The bank official, meanwhile, pockets the interest.

Property crimes usually involve the theft of stock or merchandise from companies or government, by manipulating the computer which controls their movement. In one ingenious theft which netted the ringleaders more than \$2 million, false requisition forms were created and fed into the computer at a military base. The contractors named on the requisitions were legitimate, approved contractors who would raise no suspicion.

The stores would be shipped out of the base to the contractors. Soon after the thieves would arrive, apologising that the material had been sent by mistake. They would then have it picked up and the contractors were only too happy to see the stuff being taken off their hands; to make doubly sure the computer audits never disclosed what they were doing, the thieves erased all record of the transactions from the computer. They were eventually exposed, as often happens, by chance during another investigation.

Data crimes, which involve stealing information from a computer, can take two forms and both present special problems. Stealing information, unless it endangers national security, is not something that most people in the community take very seriously and the laws reflect this. It has not been established whether stealing information from a computer is an offence in itself, (although blackmailing the owner of that information to get it back is).

Data thieving involves either the theft of output data, such as copying mailing lists (a very marketable commodity), program or other print-outs; or theft by interception, which is stealing information while it is being transmitted. The first

category, by its nature, is more likely to be detected. Lazy security allowed a computer operator in the Australian Tax Office to sell confidential information about tax deduction claims.

It is the ease with which computer-related crimes are committed that makes them so alarming. It is widely claimed — though usually only by users trying to reassure the public — that information which is held on computers is confidential and carefully guarded. As every amateur private investigator knows, however, this is absolute nonsense and almost anybody who is prepared to take the time to cultivate the friendship of someone with legitimate access to a computer can find out what they want.

In 1978 two New Zealanders, Douglas and Isabel Wilson, described by police as "middle-line distributors of hard drugs", told Federal narcotics agents in Brisbane that an inside man working with the Narcotics Bureau was providing a drug-smuggling ring with information from the Bureau's computer. They claimed that he was paid a retainer of \$25,000 and \$1000 for each demand for information made on him and \$4000 if he removed actual papers. In May 1979, the Wilsons were found buried in a sandy grave at a lonely Victorian beach, almost certainly murdered for disclosing this information.

A former regional commander of the Narcotics Bureau, Bernie Delaney, confirms that information is available to "most members of the bureau who have been there more than a week".

Theft of service time is very difficult to pinpoint. The theft of \$22,000 worth of time was being investigated by one Sydney company in 1979, though with little hope of placing the blame.

In June 1977 two computer programming managers were found to be using their firm's computer for running a music-arranging business. They had developed a program which turned out excellent musical arrangements. Indeed their business flourished to such an extent that they needed to make additional use of the computer to maintain a proper record of their transactions. Even when they were caught, it was found that there was nothing with which they could be charged.

There is another type of financial crime which is possibly the most dangerous computer crime of all to a nation's financial well-being. By creating false assets, a company's directors can mislead creditors and stockholders almost indefinitely into thinking that a company is doing well when the reverse is true. It was this technique which made possible the largest known swindle — the \$2.4 million fraud perpetrated by officials of Equity Funding Insurance Company in the US.

The software of computer technology — the tapes and discs — are a tempting prize. In 1977 Rodney Cox, a computer manager at ICI's Rozenburg computer

centre in Holland, loaded into his car 500kg of computer tapes containing the company's entire future planning program. Then he drove into Rotterdam and at ICI's offices picked up the copies of the tapes, kept in reserve in case the originals should be destroyed or stolen. Finally he sent a ransom note to ICI for \$400,000 for the safe return of the tapes.

It was a shrewd move, because he knew well that the tapes were worth millions to ICI's major competitors. As it happened, Cox was no match for the police and he fell neatly into a trap which they laid for him. But it could just as easily have been a gang of professional thieves.

FRAUDULENT LAWYERS

The temptation to get their hands on their trust accounts seems to be one that some lawyers find irresistible. As the funds in a trust account, even in a small

“
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on dishonest lawyers
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”

suburban practice, can regularly run to hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is perhaps predictable that a solicitor who finds himself in need of urgent money through incompetent dealings elsewhere, is likely to turn to them to get himself out of trouble. Initially he may think of it as a stopgap measure, but it is only a matter of time before he finds he has to dig deeper into the funds to find money that is called in by his clients.

Unlike many white collar crimes, trust account misappropriations are usually quite easy to identify once they have been suspected. The Law Society employs its own auditors and investigators who make regular spot checks of trust accounts; and solicitors found guilty of manipulation are almost invariably prosecuted and can expect to be suspended or struck off.

Solicitors have also been accused of other frauds involving money entrusted to them. Melbourne backbencher Marshall Baillieu claimed in 1978 that many of the State's solicitors were cheating clients by refusing to return money that they held. The solicitors simply ignore requests to repay deposits when a contract is can-

celled and take advantage of their legal knowledge and the natural reluctance of most people to get involved in expensive litigation. Suing lawyers is not widely thought of in Australia as a profitable occupation. The amount involved is usually relatively small, often less than a thousands dollars, and clients prefer to write it off as a bad experience. But in total, the sums involved are substantial.

The opportunities for fraud apply to country as well as to city lawyers. In 1978, for example, Stanley David Wall of Canowindra in New South Wales, a solicitor for sixteen years, was struck off after a deficiency of \$309,000 was found in his trust account. The Law Society maintained that the final amount was expected to be much larger.

The sentences imposed on dishonest lawyers by the courts can be wildly inconsistent and sometimes, as in many cases of medical fraud, can seem pitifully inadequate compared with the sentences handed down on members of the public who steal similar amounts. When James Frederick pleaded guilty in the Supreme Court in Melbourne in 1978 to five counts of misusing trust money involving almost \$50,000, he was only placed on a \$50 good behavior bond. Inspector Ken Browne, head of the Victorian Fraud Squad, said disgustedly that he was staggered and astounded by the sentence.

On the other hand, the courts can on occasions be ruthless, and few have paid so dearly for their crime as Sydney solicitor Richard Geoffrey Glanville.

Glanville was a partner in the firm of Harvey, Glanville and Axtens. By the time he was 40 he also owned a Brisbane bus company which had been left to him by his father and a cattle property at Dubbo, and he was associated with nine property development companies. He was a jetsetting, flamboyant man who dressed in moleskins and riding boots and on paper was worth more than \$1 million.

Two years later, when the property market crumbled, his financial empire lay in ruins and the police began asking embarrassing questions about a \$700,000 deficiency in his trust account. With his mistress Peta Gurdon to see him off at the airport and with \$30 in cash and \$3000 in travellers' cheques in his pocket, he fled the country to Brazil leaving Fraud Squad and Corporate Affairs Commission investigators to unravel the mess.

The Law Society received a flood of claims from the people whom Glanville had defrauded, including the Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School of which he was honorary treasurer and which he almost drove into bankruptcy. A total of 118 claims involving almost \$1.5 million were made on the society's Solicitors Fidelity Fund.

Glanville was arrested in Brazil and put in an over-crowded, filthy cell. The only toilet was a hole in the corner and the

place was infested with vermin and huge centipedes that crawled out of the lavatory hole.

Glanville was kept in prison in Rio for 14 months while the Australian and Brazilian Governments argued over his status. In the end, the Brazilians agreed to extradite him back to Australia in September 1975 and justified their action by requesting that the time he had spent in jail there be deducted from his sentence.

By the time he was brought back in handcuffs, he had been adjudged bankrupt, his home had been sold and the day before his wife had been granted a divorce on the grounds of his adultery with Peta Gurdon.

He had been married since 1959 and had three children.

If he thought that his ordeal in Brazil would help him when he appeared in the District Court, he was mistaken. Judge Cameron-Smith, who lambasted him as an impostor and hypocrite, said Glanville had behaved in a "brazen despicable and disgraceful manner".

He sentenced him to 14 years in jail and stipulated a six year non-parole period.

The Glanville case was indeed a salutary warning to other white collar criminals who might think that a one-way ticket to South America is the answer to all their problems. When Glanville was sentenced the court was almost deserted. Not one member of his family was there and he was accompanied only by his legal counsel.

LAUNDERING MONEY

Money is dirty when it is acquired from crime or in some other illegal way. The white collar criminal usually gets his dirty money from embezzlement or some other fraudulent misappropriation, or from various company offences such as stock manipulation and insider trading. Disposing of a large sum of dirty money is often more difficult than might be imagined. It is not easy to get rid of a large quantity of cash in paper money without inviting suspicion or incurring the curiosity of the taxation department.

Laundering or washing money is the process of getting this money back into circulation in such a way that it will not arouse suspicion. At its simplest, laundering can be carried out by buying something with the dirty money such as precious stones, property or a legitimate business.

For many people, though, who have a substantial amount of ill-gotten money to account for, laundering is a more complex business and often involves the need to send the dirty money out of the country to be laundered.

There is no law which prevents an Australian from actually opening a Swiss or any other foreign account and many Australians do have one. The restrictions come into force when the account is used

for any purpose, including depositing even two dollars to open it. For this, Reserve Bank permission is required — though obviously not always sought — and it is normally given if a valid reason is put forward, such as the need to have a facility for receiving foreign payments. Treasury estimates vary as to the number of Australians who use foreign accounts legally or otherwise, but the official comment is that it must be "substantial".

Bank secrecy is one of the most prized possessions of the Swiss and they deal sternly with offenders who betray banking secrets. The penalty is a fine and a maximum jail sentence of six months which looks comparatively light until it is remembered that it is six months jail for every offence.

The striking difference between Switzerland and most of the other countries which also have strict laws against disclosure is that the Swiss banking laws pro-

Many people open two Swiss bank accounts. The first one is declared on the tax return while the other is kept secret.

vide these criminal penalties for anyone who discloses unauthorised details about a customer's account — including whether he has an account at all.

Perhaps the most famous feature of the Swiss banks is the numbered account which has been copied by many tax havens and which is a boon to the criminal. The numbered account does not guarantee the depositor complete anonymity, but there is an important difference in the number of people in the bank who can connect the name of the depositor with the account.

The Swiss are very unsympathetic to visiting snooping tax investigators, but it is not invariably true that they will never reveal information about an account. If it can be proved that the money in an account was obtained by a crime that would also be a crime under Swiss law, then they will not protect it. In particular they have agreed to release information about accounts which can be shown to have been operated by a "systematically organised criminal group".

Income tax evasion is looked on in Switzerland as being an administrative

rather than a criminal matter and so they will give no information about it; but a tax fraud which has netted money that is held in an account is a different matter. That is also a crime in Switzerland. The Australian income tax return asks tax payers if they had "any income from sources outside Australia not disclosed on this return" and "any property (including money) . . . outside Australia". To answer "yes" betrays the existence of the account, but to answer "no", if it is not true, is a crime and therefore technically allows the Swiss to break their promise of secrecy. The lie constitutes a tax crime.

To get round this problem, many people open two Swiss bank accounts. The first one is declared on the tax return while the other is kept secret and is used for untaxed income and laundering.

Not all banks in Switzerland are respectable or safe. Almost all the tax havens have acquired a number of very suspect international confidence men whose sole aim is to take advantage of the high reputation of anything associated with banking, and particularly Swiss banking, to fleece foreign depositors.

Tax havens are for the most part small and recently independent nations which have very little in the way of natural resources or wealth. Typical of the tax havens are the Dutch Antilles off the coast of Venezuela which include Curacao; Liechtenstein, the tiny European principality adjoining Switzerland which has no army, postal or telegraph service, but 22,000 people and 18,000 corporations; Panama, Bermuda and the Bahamas; the Channel Islands off the coast of Britain; Nauru which is also unique among the tax havens in being mineral-rich with its phosphate deposits; and the New Hebrides which is a bureaucratic curiosity in that it is run as a condominium, but which in many ways is the ideal tax haven for Australia. It has the Australian dollar as its currency.

Laundering money internationally involves three operations: the dirty money must first be smuggled to a secret bank account; there its nature or origin must be lost; and finally it must be retrieved, so that it can be invested or enjoyed.

The usual way of getting the money out of the country to the foreign bank is to carry it wrapped round the body in specially constructed belts.

It is illegal to take Australian cash out of the country and the penalties are severe — on top of the risk of having the money confiscated. A reliable courier will charge anything between five and 50 percent of the value of the money he is taking, depending on the risk that he runs. If the money is marked and comes from a recent robbery, it would be quite normal to take 50 percent.

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Round One to the fuzz: the first test of how your radar detector shapes up against the new police weapon likely to plunder motorists' wallets.

RADAR ROULETTE

There was a time when being booked for speeding meant being trailed by a police car, being issued with a ticket, then perhaps a summons, hours wasted in court, and so on. If today's traffic police ever laugh, they might think of how things used to be and



BY MARTIN RIORDAN

chuckle as they lean forward in their car seat to tap a button on their radar unit, clocking up another instant \$60 or more with every zapped driver — probably irrespective of whether the zappee is carrying a radar detector.

That's because the new radar planned for use by police in NSW and other States, the KR 11, poses special problems for users of radar detectors, problems which are unlikely to be overcome very quickly. In this test, *Australian Penthouse* publishes the first regulated examination of the new police radar and how it affects motorists.

The most obvious effect is money: in 1977 speeding fines from radar traps earned the NSW Treasury more than \$10 million. Higher penalties and the KR 11 should treble that amount easily, making the system a very interesting prospect for States not yet using radar traps, or with only a small number of units.

Head of the NSW radar empire is Sergeant Karl Hofer, an affable man in his early thirties. He expects at least 100 KR 11 units to be fitted to the State's Highway Patrol cars before next June. His radar squad expects another 50 after that. He told of the pious aims of police radar, and how he was



RADAR DETECTORS				
UNITS	BEND/HILL TEST		BEND INTO LEVEL STRAIGHT STRETCH	
	X	K	X	K
Super Snooper (\$269)	***	**	***	**
Fuzzbuster (\$220)	**	*	**	o
XK Stalker (\$145.95)	**	*	**	o
Hanimex Safety Eye (\$99.50)	**	*	**	o
Micronta XK (\$149.95)	**	*	**	o
Micronta Long Range (\$259.95)	**	*	**	o
Smokey Patrol II (\$199)	**	*	*	o
XK Hunter (99.50)	**	*	*	o
Eagle Eye (\$64.95)	*	—	o	—
Dick Tracer (\$49.50)	*	—	o	—

KEY:

— adequate warning to approaching radar

**

— fair

*

— poor

o

— failed to detect before radar's line of sight

Photographs by James Ashburn



determined as head of the special squad to help slash the State's road toll. Hofer also spoke of the "beneficial" effects of the concomitant increase in revenue. "But the revenue," he insisted, "is not the aim of the new KR 11. It's to beat the everyday carnage on the road."

For several years police in Australia, Britain and the US have used radar operating on what is known as X band. Set almost exclusively on a frequency of 10.525 gigahertz, it sent out long, constant beams of microwaves. The position in Australia became complicated with some States resorting to checking speed with across-the-road strips (Victoria), while South Australia is believed to have altered the radar frequency, fooling almost everyone.

Those motorists with a heavy foot have been lucky because most X band detectors produced hours of happy, ticket-free driving with few mishaps. But police interest in the KR 11 seems to have changed all that.

First, we have to understand (in simple terms) how a detector works. Both X and K band police units operate, as does all microwave transmission, on line-of-sight. This means simply that there must be an unobstructed straight line between the police unit and the car being checked for the police to obtain a reading.

Since you want to be warned about the radar trap before you are in line-of-sight — at which time you can be zapped — you need a detector sensitive enough either to pick up beams reflected around curves by trees, houses and so on, or at a straight-line range greater than the operational range of the police unit.

The motorist had two things going for him with the older X band equipment: the police unit was emitting constantly while in use; and the lower frequency required greater power to push the signal out, which meant more and stronger signals to bounce off things into your detector.

Conversely, the KR 11 K band emitter does not need to put out a constant signal, but can operate on "hold" with a speed-check signal emitted only when an officer pushes a button. Not only this, even if you are in the neighborhood when someone else is getting zapped you are less likely to be warned because of the much-reduced reflection of the higher-frequency, lower-powered signal. One forlorn hope when the KR 11 is in mobile use is that you will pick up the signal emitted every so often as the unit checks the speed of the police vehicle from which it is being used.

Built by an American firm called Kustom Signals, the \$3200 KR 11 operates on a super high frequency of 24.150 gigahertz, commonly known as K band. It seems certain to replace X band radar since the model used in NSW, the Digidar, is no longer produced and spare parts are in short supply.

Our test uncovered dramatic differ-

ences between radar detection devices, and revealed the deadly nature of the KR 11 unit. For motorists, K band is a whole new game, with the police having the ball well and truly in their court.

The tests were carried out along two stretches of road used often by Sydney Highway Patrol squads. Ten popular radar detectors were tested, using both bands except for the two not equipped for K band detection. The X band unit was supplied by the Snooper Company, a firm distributing the Super Snooper model. This was an MR9 radar also made by Kustom Signals. The KR 11 unit was specially supplied to *Penthouse*. Both were checked with the regulation tuning fork, guaranteed by Kustom Signals to ensure frequency accuracy.

Helping throughout was an electronics consultant, Gil MacPherson, 34, a former frequency inspector with the Department of Civil Aviation who has more than 15

K band is a whole new game, with the police having the ball well and truly in their court.

years experience in testing prototype electronic products and frequency levels.

Our tests were performed on a bright sunny day with little wind, ensuring favorable atmospheric conditions. The first spot was a popular around-the-corner and down-the-hill radar trap. The motorist goes into a sweeping right-hander before striking the radar beam pointed up the hill from the lowest point of the dip 200m away.

Then came the long straight test along a stretch of almost 700m with a sweeping bend at either end. The radar emitters were placed at one end of the stretch with the line-of-sight, or pick-up point, 650m away.

The X and K band radar were used separately, and each radar detector tested several times.

Even with the right detector, you'll still have to be lucky. The KR 11, as the police claim, is a killer. The unit is especially deadly used on hold. In less than 1.1 seconds a car's speed can be checked, turning your \$200-plus radar detector into an accessory about as useful as a bobble fringe around the back window. The

motorist's only hope is if the stationary KR 11 is used with the beam permanently on, as with the present X band units. It was under these conditions the K band tests were conducted.

In the first test, with the radar placed 200m before coming into view, all units detected the X band satisfactorily. Two units, the Dick Tracer and the Eagle Eye, were close, however, registering just 25m before coming into view. The remainder registered about 45m before the radar line of sight, the best being the Super Snooper (55m) and the Fuzzbuster and XK Stalker (50m).

The K band test proved more interesting. With the exception of the Super Snooper (50m) all — except the X band-only Dick Tracer and Eagle Eye — provided at best a 20m warning. The tight margin on the bend/hill test demanded hair-raising braking to avoid being nailed.

Most intriguing was the straight stretch test. The *Australian Penthouse* test car travelled more than a kilometre before reaching the point on the curve 650m from the radar emitter. Yet only one detector signalled before coming into view of the KR 11 — the Super Snooper, with only 45m warning. This long-range test proved most detectors not sensitive enough to pick up the new police unit in time. Unlike the short-distance bend/hill test, the straight stretch verified police claims — that in most conditions, many detectors are useless against the KR 11.

Like the first test, the 650m test proved that most units provided adequate warning to an old X band radar. The two exceptions were the Dick Tracer and the Eagle Eye, both of which made noises only after passing the radar's line of sight.

One warning: the sensitive Super Snooper detector is capable of driving motorists mad in city use. False alarms are endless, despite its sensitivity control (gain) being turned to low.

Police are convinced that with the KR 11, they will have the last laugh. Sergeant Hofer said the new radar will be used almost exclusively on a mobile basis in country areas — which means the hold button (pictured) will be used, rendering detectors almost useless. Radar will continue to be used by the roadside in urban areas. The KR 11 can zap cars travelling in the same or opposite direction as the moving police vehicle.

With a mobile range of 900m and 1800m when stationary, the motorist has little chance of escaping — 50-50, says Sergeant Hofer. Super Snooper manager Gavan Carr agrees, admitting that the KR 11 is deadly: "Only in ideal conditions could our unit pick it up. When used mobile, any detector is history."

The alternative? Perhaps to take Sergeant Hofer's last piece of advice: "Try a speedminder, a \$40 unit to warn drivers if they're speeding. But finally it's up to you, isn't it?"



ANGIE

It was so romantic and sensual when it rained almost every night.

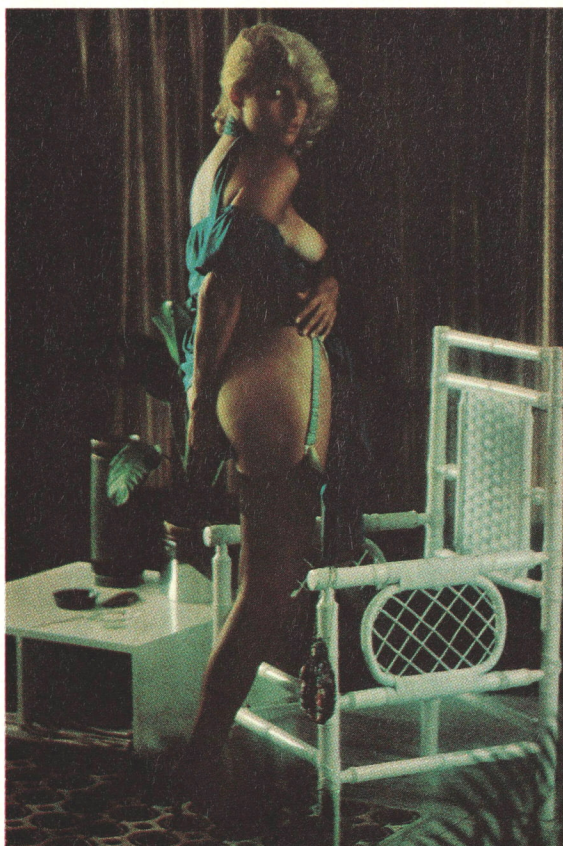




GOLDEN GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F.W. ECK

Woman is generally considered to be a creature of the moon, but Angie is a sun child — glowing, golden, changeable, radiating her own special light, a soul mate of that brilliant orb which rules the day. And you'll find Angie wherever there's lots of sunshine. "I really don't have a home," she says, "but you'll usually find me somewhere in the tropics — especially on the smaller, tourist-free islands. I like to immerse myself in the bustling bazaar of life, in the exotic, in the lives of people who live very differently from me." Angie, who is fluent in French and Spanish, enjoys travelling to islands where she can chat with the natives and make her own way unobstructed by a language barrier. Anthropology and linguistics are interests she avidly pursues.





Angie meets fascinating people on her travels, and one family touring the Pacific on their yacht invited her to their home in Hawaii. "Their house was magnificent," she says, "but the thing I liked best was the hot, steamy weather. It was so romantic and sensual when it rained almost every night."





When her roving days are over, Angie wants to settle down in one place — tropics or not. "I have several men friends whom I see right now," she says, "but I'm looking for that one special man, a life partner. I know that's not very 'in' these days, but I guess I'm some kind of closet monogamist." Angie believes in many of the tenets of the women's movement, but she doesn't agree with the libbers' hostility to men. "We all need each other," says this 35-24-36 blonde. "I like to be independent, to make my own decisions, and I believe I can do this *and* belong to a man." Angie keeps a clear perspective and is charmingly modest. "People tell me I'm beautiful," she says, "but I never quite believe them. Good looks are just a matter of luck. The rest is up to you." ☯





Cheyne

The best waves are yet to come
for the brash young kid who
has turned the international
surfing world upside down.

The Gold Coast sunshine is at its blazing best, the ocean deep azure and sparkling. The waves off Burleigh Heads file into the beach un- ridden. The fourth heat is about to start. It is March, 1978 and Burleigh Heads is host to the first big meet of the Australian professional surfing season, the Stubbies Classic. Ordinarily the beach would be crowded with surfers, scavenging, hassling each other for the best waves. But today is different. There will still be hassles but the locals have been exiled. Today the beach is reserved for the pros — those

BY HELEN DALLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CRAWFORD





sun-drenched, handsome and often baby-faced young men from Hawaii, California, South Africa, Britain, Japan, Brazil and, of course, Australia.

The tide is low, and that means good, fast waves. A voice comes over the PA: "Cheyne Horan, Peter Drouyn, your heat in five minutes." Horan's body buzzes with excitement. He is 17 years old, just a kid, and this is only his second year of pro surfing. Last year in this same contest he rode through the elimination round only to come last in the contest. Today he is against the best and his aim is simply to improve his performance. Horan sits in his car in the parking lot listening intently to a Bob Seger tape. He doesn't move a muscle. Inside, his body is filling with energy from the music, and inside is where he wants to keep it until he leaps into the water for the heat. Then, and only then, the energy will explode... paddling towards the break, the surf is his.

The fast, one-metre waves suit Horan's flamboyant, busy style and he is doing well. Out of the five waves each surfer must catch he has had three and there are 18 minutes to go. Then the trouble begins. Peter Drouyn, a veteran pro and possibly the fiercest competitor in the sport, is clearly losing the heat to the young and inexperienced Horan. The situation calls for the last card in the pro surfer's pack — the

art of screwing the other guy. Horan strokes to the inside section of the break, giving him first pick of the waves. Drouyn jockeys for the same inside position, with the end result that both surfers are almost on bare rock. Twelve minutes to go and a set appears. Drouyn is first to realise that both surfers are hopelessly out of position for it. In desperation he paddles over the top of the youngest surfer in the contest.

"Piss off, Drouyn. What are you doing?"

"Oh, poor little Cheyne," is Drouyn's retort.

Inexperienced Horan takes the bait. He grabs the nose of his adversary's board and pushes it under the water. Drouyn goes under with it and resurfaces looking like an idiot. Okay, so now it's war in front of several thousand people who have come to watch some surfing. Drouyn goes after Horan. "I'll get you, you little bastard," he screams, chasing him out to sea. Both surfers still need two more waves to qualify. "You're kidding Drouyn, I'm only a kid," Horan shouts back. "Yeah," says Drouyn, "And I'm gonna punch you in the head when I get to you."

Peter Townend, the controversial pro surfer who manages to stir up a hornet's nest wherever he goes, is out in the water as Horan's caddy — the guy who carries an extra surfboard in case the contestant

loses or breaks one. "Hey Drouyn, if you can't beat the kid at surfing you shouldn't be out here," he calls. Drouyn swings around and, almost frothing at the mouth with rage now, paddles after Townend. With three minutes to go Horan finds a good wave and rides it to the beach while Drouyn and Townend continue their fracas. He hurriedly paddles back out but Drouyn now has the inside position.

Amped up and smelling victory, Horan throws his hands into the air and fires off a volley of abuse at Drouyn. "I've beaten you Drouyn, you old bastard. You're out of it. You're too old, you can't surf any more. I'm killing you." Drouyn's anger has gone beyond words. A wave comes through and he takes it, manoeuvring half-heartedly to the beach. Horan takes the next and the heat is over.

Two bodyguards guide the diminutive Horan back to his car and on to his nearby apartment. The dirty play has paid off for Horan but not for Drouyn, once the master of it. The new dog has quickly learnt the old tricks.

Cheyne Horan, now 19, is one of surfing's superstars. Rated number two in the world at the end of 1978, his rise to the top of his sport has been nothing less than meteoric. After only three years in the pro ranks he has a string of contest victories, prize money and honors behind him. He



has also gained a reputation for overpowering ambition, a will to win that often exceeds the desire to be popular, and a single-mindedness which has already won him lasting friends and lasting enemies.

"Cheyne is the hottest of a new breed of surfers," says Sydney sporting journalist Mike Hurst, a friend and one-time manager of Horan. "He could easily become one of the all-time greats in surfing. He's quite an amazing character,

knows exactly what he wants both in surfing and his private life, and he's shrewd enough to get it, too. Cheyne has the potential to become the ultimate pro surfer because he has the looks, the confidence, the learning capacity, the enthusiasm and, most importantly, the natural ability."

Paul Holmes, editor of the surfing monthly *Tracks*, and director of surfing's richest event, the 2SM/Coca Cola Surfabout, supports this view: "Horan will be

at the top of this sport for the next five years at least. His surfing is improving all the time, he's still on the way up." In fact, when it comes to Horan's ability in the water it is hard to find a detractor.

Out of the water his reputation is somewhat different. Early in 1979 he broke a three-year contract with the Bronzed Aussies surfing promotion team after only eight months. Pro surfers Peter Townend and Ian Cairns, senior partners in the team, had sponsored Horan's travels around the world to compete in the major events. With their investment in the young surfer about to pay off, Townend and Cairns were stunned when he announced his departure, apparently after a dispute over his billing in the team. A battle over the legality of the contract is ensuing.

The scene for our first meeting — Cheyne's mother's tiny flat at Sydney's Bondi Beach — was a little incongruous with the surf star's jet set image. I admit I was slightly apprehensive about interviewing a young and horny surfer, knowing of their reputation for being rather direct when it comes to amorous advances, but when he opened the door to



Far left: Tension in the competitors' tent. Left: Cheyne's victory salute after winning Surfabout '79.



mum's flat my qualms disappeared. Cheyne is casually dressed with a certain flair, his thongs the only concession to his not-so-distant beach bum past. His smile is open and big, exposing a set of shining white teeth, and his expression is friendly, calm and rather sexy. The eyes are immediately bedazzling — crystal aqua blues framed in sun-bleached lashes and brows. He is the angel-faced champion and it's hard not to be taken aback.

For one so young Cheyne has some complex thoughts and theories on the priorities in his life as well as his surfing. A fairly typical surfer on the outside, underneath there is a sensitivity and understanding which indicates a maturity beyond his years. Throughout our interview Cheyne never became nervous or bored. He frequently picked himself up on bad grammar or mispronunciation and when the tape stopped rolling he discussed with his father the need for him to renew elocution classes. Short on formal schooling, Cheyne is ever-conscious of the need to keep on learning.

Born at North Ryde in Sydney, Horan first met the water when he was four. He was taught to swim at a pool in Petersham and before he reached double figures he was swimming competitively in summer and ice-skating in winter. Horan Sr was a competition skater who instilled in his son

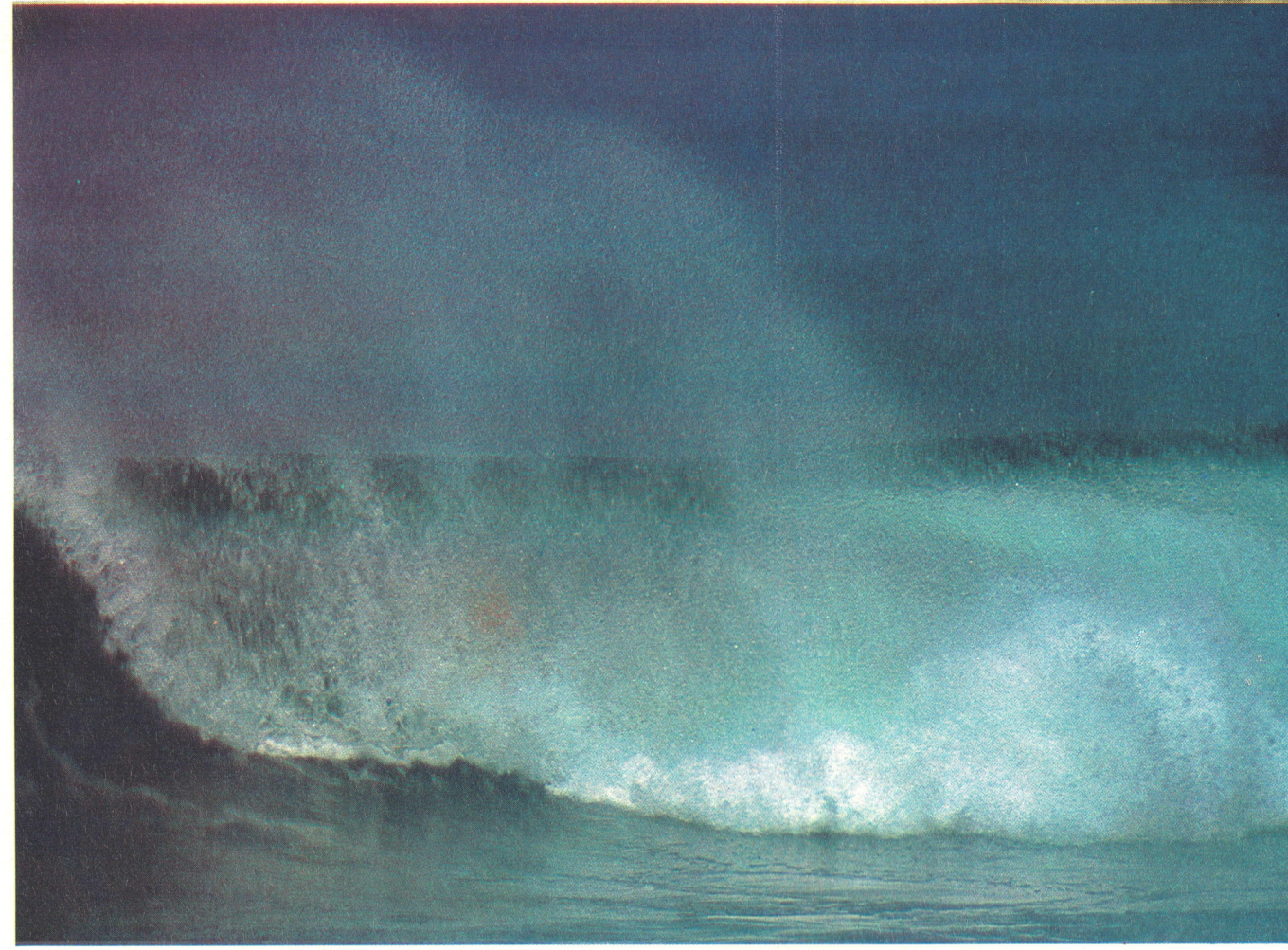
the competitive spirit. When Cheyne was 11 the family moved to Bondi Beach and surfing took over. Says Cheyne: "Dad found it pretty hard to get used to at first. He was always pushing me into skating but he eventually had to accept that I was going to become a surfer." So swimming and ice-skating lost out, but the early competitive experience stayed with him. Anything he played, he played to win. When he lost there'd be this sudden thumping inside him, this nagging voice saying: "I wanted to win, why didn't I?"

In surfing Horan has become a fearsome competitor. He psyches himself up constantly, making himself believe he is invincible. Some people have said overconfidence is his greatest drawback. When he was 15 he told Mike Hurst that he had the ability to become the Muhammad Ali of surfing, and that spirit has stayed with him. Each year in pro surfing he has aimed to do better than the previous year. In 1978 he came 11th in the Bells Beach Classic, ninth in the Stubbies, fifth in the Surfabout, fifth in the Gunston 500, second in the South African Hang Ten and he won the Waimea 5000 in Brazil on his 18th birthday in front of 35,000 people. Each place was a better result than the year before. In 1979 he has so far placed seventh at Bells, second in the Stubbies and triumphantly won the Surfabout after

the finalists had been airlifted to Bells Beach to catch the biggest swell of the season. His only failure this year was the Hang Ten International in July, which he badly wanted to win. Instead, he blew it. Horan claims the pressure on him was too great. Others have pointed to an alleged weakness in larger waves.

The Ali complex emerged again in August when he left for the all-important US East Coast contests, boasting that he would win the 1979 world title and hold it for three years. With Newcastle surfer Mark Richards firmly entrenched in the number one slot and only a few contests remaining on the circuit, it was easy to dismiss Horan's comment as mere arrogance, but the facts were that he was within striking distance of the title. It would have taken a superhuman effort to snatch it away from Richards, and Horan's message was obviously that those efforts were not beyond him. Gamesmanship?

In three years Horan has learned all there is to know about gamesmanship. Says Mike Hurst: "In that incident with Drouyn, Cheyne was no angel. He knows how to hassle the biggest hasslers of all." Horan: "Sure I'm a good hassler. I go out at Bondi on a crowded day and really aggravate people. You have to play dirty sometimes just to stay in the race." When he's at home Cheyne occasionally plays



snooker with a bunch of war veterans at a local club. They are sharp players who have taught him tricks which he astutely applies to surfing. "The old guys won't give you a shot," he says. "They set everything up to hold you back. It's the same in surfing when your opponent sits on that inside position all day. You've just got to use rat cunning to out-manoeuvre him."

The gamesmanship continues on shore. With interviewers there are times when Horan evades the truth to protect

his image. He was well aware of what he wanted to project when we met — the innocent face and big blue eyes belied the facts. When asked about surf groupies he smoothly slipped around the subject, anxious to avoid offending either the groupies ("I need them") or the sponsors of his sport ("I can't be irresponsible").

The pros are all extremely image-conscious. As top surfer Ian Cairns puts it: "You can't make big money just by surfing. You make the money by proving

yourself in the surf and then selling your image for product endorsements." Horan's image is still in the formative stage but he knows where he's going and he understands the changes and disciplines required. Friends say his taste in girls has changed remarkably in the last year. He now prefers smart, creative girls to the pretty but dumb beach bunnies he used to squire around town. As one friend says: "Cheyne now wants someone unusual who will expand his physical and intellectual awareness. He believes that bursts of creativity will rub off on his surfing style."

One of his current girlfriends is a young newspaper reporter, one of Sydney's "Salami Sisters" who provide a humorous lifestyle column for a Sunday paper. "I admire her because she's young and she's doing what she wants to do," says Cheyne. "Cathy (he doesn't even want to know her last name) wanted to be a writer when she was 16 and I wanted to be a pro surfer. We've both succeeded, so we've a lot in common." During his first two years as a globetrotting pro, Horan had a steady girlfriend in Sydney. She sat at home and pined while he was away, and he finished up just feeling sorry for her. Now he is

Backgammon game with arch rival Larry Blair while flying home after Surfabout.



careful not to form any lasting attachments, but he also claims to shun the advances of most of the groupies he meets on the road. "A chick might come to me as a groupie and leave as a friend," he says. "If I sleep with her under those circumstances I don't consider that she's been used because we've found a mutual affection. I'm not too stoked in one-night stands but, on the other hand, I'm really scared of falling in love. If a relationship starts to hang me up I get rid of it. I suffer frequent bouts of puppy love and I just have to tell myself, look, I'm a pro surfer, right? I'm not allowed to fall in love."

Even so, as Cheyne moves out of his teens the affairs of heart become more challenging. There is someone special in South Africa, where he spends three months of the year, another lady in Victoria he thinks of often and, of course, the slightly bent, creative gang he hangs out with in Sydney's Eastern Suburbs. Like most surfers, when he's not competing Horan likes to rage, "get blind", go dancing. Frequently seen at Sydney's infamous Bondi Lifesaver rock club in the early hours, Horan likes the feeling of being on his home turf. He likes to be recognised and if he's not yet a star outside the closeknit world of surfing, his presence on a crowded dance floor doesn't betray it. He projects an air of cool confidence and it's difficult to imagine that loneliness often plagues him. "I

haven't got many friends in pro surfing," he says. "It's hard to maintain close friendships in such a competitive environment. Everyone is a threat, or a potential threat. You never know who you're going to meet in the water next."

It is a fact of life in pro surfing that every dollar counts. The surfers who travel the world circuit spend nine months a year in hotel rooms and on planes. Their bills are astronomical and if they don't take out a good portion of the prize money they have to rely on sponsorship deals to see them through. Hence there is fierce competition to secure deals with surfboard and clothing manufacturers and undercutting is rife. Horan detests the practice. "If I have to settle for less or lose the sponsorship it's bad for everybody," he says. His current sponsors, McCoy Surfboards and Rip Curl Wetsuits are worth an estimated \$20,000 a year to him in airfares, equipment and cash. It's a good deal, but Horan has to supplement it with his instinctive eye for a quick profit. Faced with taxation problems after he won \$4000 in Brazil he invested in diamonds. When he has spare time he buys old cars, restores them and rarely fails to make a profit.

Unfortunately for young stars like Horan, the prize money offered on the international surfing circuit appears to have stagnated. The economic climate has forced several large sponsors out of the sport and, with the exception of

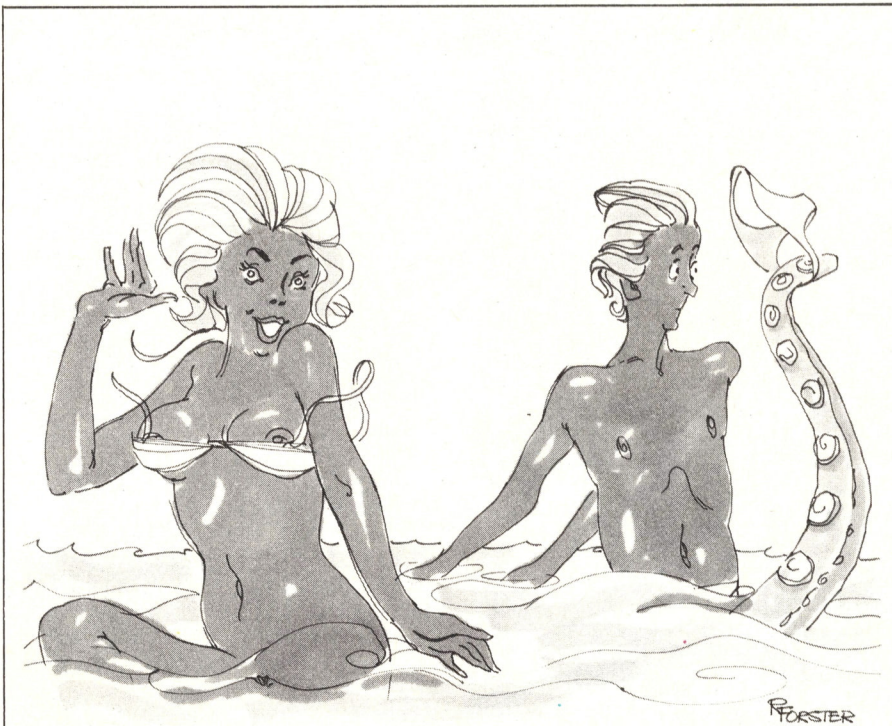
Australia and Japan, contest purses this year remained the same or shrank.

Early in his career Cheyne was frequently criticised for his "jack-in-the-box" style of surfing, an exuberant approach which was often more energetic than graceful. Age and experience have smoothed out the rough edges and his repertoire is varied. He is hesitant about discussing influences, but he will admit to careful study of the technique of Michael Peterson, a surfer from Queensland's Gold Coast who set the pace in the early '70s. "I went to see one surfing movie eight times," says Cheyne, "just to watch one wave of Peterson's. I couldn't believe the speed he got out of a turn." Now he is performing manoeuvres Peterson never could. His current favorite? "A quick re-entry inside the tube. You flick the board around as you're going up the face of the wave, right under the lip. The timing has to be perfect."

Needless to say, the ultimate thrill is the tube — the wave that folds over and forms a hollow cylinder. "... a tube I can sit inside and feel total satisfaction when I come out." Horan seems entranced as he explains. "It's you and the ocean together in there. You're tucked up in what seems like a tiny room. If the tube closes up there's nothing you can do, and if you make it out the end there's an incredible feeling of elation. Like the ocean let you squeeze through. The bigger the wave the greater the danger factor, and when you're dropping down the face of a monster with all that water on top of you, you feel like a Christian sticking his head into the lion's jaws and saying, c'mon, eat me up."

At 19, Horan feels his best years in surfing are still in front of him, but already he's planning a future beyond surfing. He is concerned about the development of the sport and the opportunities within it for former competitors. He would like to see increased media coverage and sees himself as a surfing commentator of the future. He emphasises his point by dramatically mimicking a commentary. "Surfing doesn't get enough coverage," he says. "Aussie surfers are the best in the world right now and yet contest results don't even make the papers."

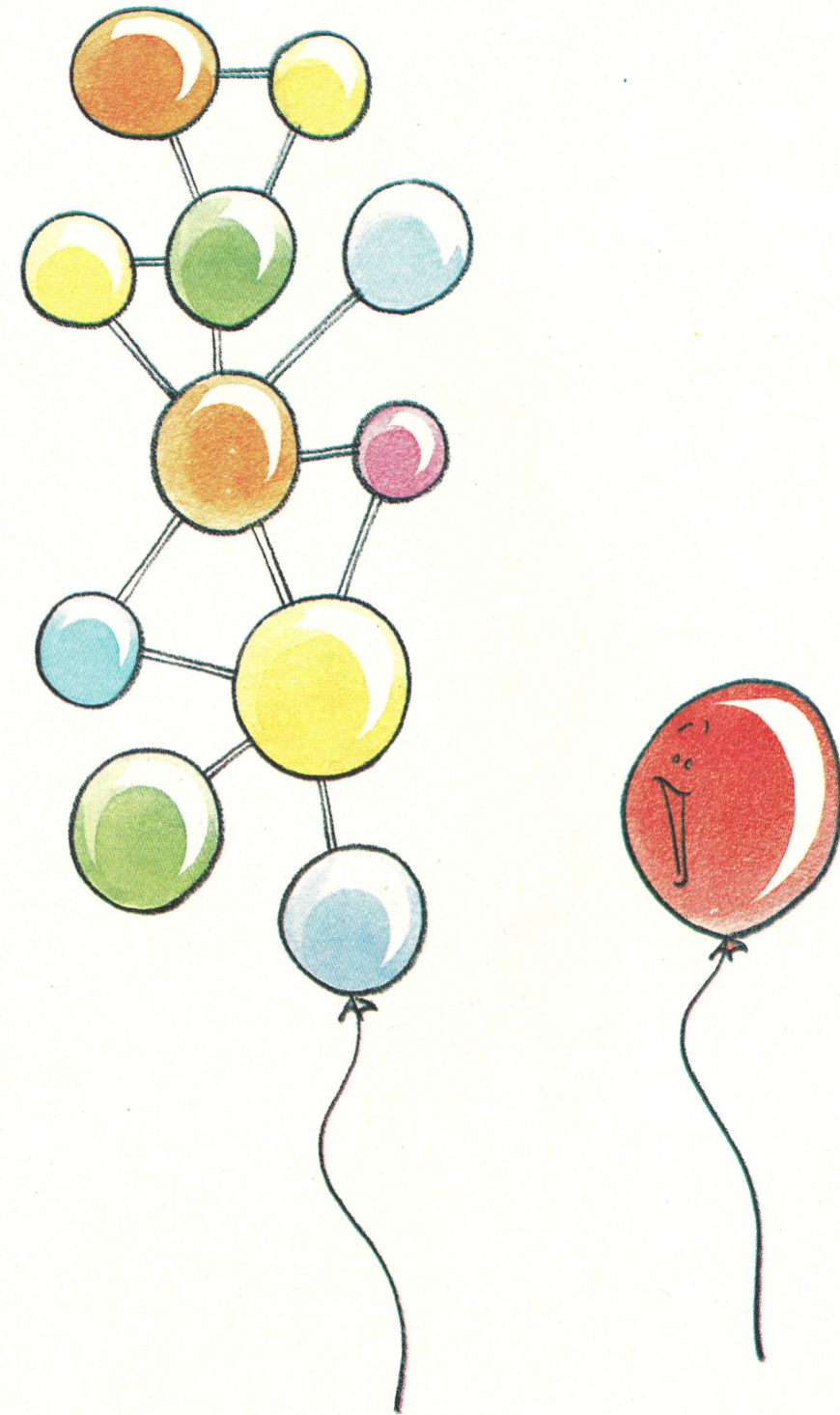
The brash young kid who has turned the surfing world upside down with all the subtlety of a 10m close-out set swamping Waimea Bay pulls no punches when asked to explain his philosophy. "I feel I've been put on earth for a purpose," he humbly confides. "That may sound weird, but I have these visions. I feel that there's this duty I have to perform and once I've done it I'll be taken ... killed somehow. Just what that duty is I'm not sure. Right now I'm striving to be the number one surfer in the world and once I've achieved that maybe I'll spin right off the edge. Or if I can handle it, maybe I'll go on to greater things." ☐



"Harry! Control yourself!"

Ballonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Hey — Charley, baby, what's happening in the brave, new world of molecular biology."



FRACTURED FLICKS

Taxpayers who foot the bills for most Australian movies stay away in droves from the spotty and adolescent offerings. Now, some suggestions on how to make our film industry work.

BY PETER MANNING

It's like a scene straight from Hollywood. Searchlights scribe across the sky. TV cameramen with backpacks. Glamor people. Black ties. You sit and watch. Alone. You're deep in contemplation. The crowds are thick, wafting past you. Outside broadcast vans park at the kerb, partly hidden by the stands, the bunting, posters, billboards, flashy men and slinky women overdressed, the hum of crowd conversation fairly throbbing, clapping, shouting, ladeez and gentlemen, razzamatazz, clapping, best this, best that, *My Brilliant Career*, *Mad Max*, again and again. The crowd is shuffling out, animated, high gear, camaraderie and mutual affection and back-slapping. Bye. Bye. Back to my place. Follow me. Cosmopolitan at Double Bay. Good Luck. Quiet. The fast walkers, fast talkers, last porters of TV paraphernalia have all gone. You're still thinking.

When the shouting stops over who won the Australian Film Institute ozcars for 1979... best film, best achievement in directing, best actor, best actress, best cinematography, best music, and so on... someone's going to have to keep thinking. If you listen carefully, the tone of near-hysterical adulation for *My Brilliant Career* and *Mad Max* is desperation.

The Australian Film Commission is still reeling from the effects of the massive failure of its big budget gamble, the \$1.3 million Fred Schepisi production *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*. Whatever the virtues of *Mad Max*, there will be no returns to the taxpayer

because there is not a cent of government money in it, State or Federal.

The NSW Film Corporation has just watched the Patrick White screenplay, *The Night the Prowler*, rush down the box office gurgelhole within one week, returning a miniscule \$18,000 to Premier Wran's coffers.

The South Australian Film Corporation is so frantic following the successive disasters of *Weekend of Shadows*, *Blue Fin*, *Dawn* and *Money Movers* that it's investing in the soft porn of John Lamond's latest sex romp, *Felicity*, followed by *Pacific Banana* in similar vein.

And the financial tears don't stop with taxpayers either. Hoyts have now invested in a series of mighty flops — *The Chant*, *Dawn*, *The Long Weekend* (sic) and *Eliza Fraser* — and while the US parent Twentieth Century Fox are hardly likely to feel the pinch, the accountants' curves can't keep diving.

Worse, the Australian predicament is receiving international attention just at the time when the New Wave of Australian movies (from *Caddie* and *Picnic at Hanging Rock* onwards) had sunk in to European and American brains.

In July, Derek Malcolm from the prestigious English *Guardian* newspaper wrote: "The Australian film industry, subsidised to the tune of at least 20 million by Government funds over the last decade, is in crisis. . . . Box office disasters include . . . Australians, it seems, do not particularly want to see films by their own directors."

In August, Patrick Gibbs in the London *Daily Telegraph*, reported that while the 1978 Australian contribution to the Cannes Film Festival was deep in quality, this year only *My Brilliant Career* was up to the same standard. "Why, you may ask, does this (New Wave) movement, so strong in 1978, collapse in the following year? . . . Uncertainty seems to abound at the moment in Australia about the filming future . . ."

In short, the Australian public has cut a swathe a mile wide through the reputations and egos of a flock of Australian filmmakers in the past 18 months.

The box-office failures list: *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*, *Dawn*, *In Search of Anna*, *Cathy's Child*, *Patrick*, *Night the Prowler*, *Dimboola*, *The Long Weekend*, *Tim*, *Snapshot*, *Eliza Fraser*, *Money Movers*, *Weekend of Shadows*, *Blue Fin*. And if the howls and cries of the critics are to be believed, two more of the NSW Film Corporation's investments — *The Journalist* and *Thirst* — are due for a short shrift too. Faced with a bad press, a ceiling on public investment and rising production budgets, David Roe, production and marketing consultant to the Corporation, is feeling the pinch: "If we're going to be forced to take decisions in a hothouse atmosphere then we'll never get an industry off the ground."

All of which gives the hullabaloo around *Mad Max* and *My Brilliant Career* a whistling-in-the-dark feel about it.

There are, clearly, a lot of qualifications to be made about the recent failures. First, theatre ticket sales don't measure the quality of excellent films like *Cathy's Child* and *In Search of Anna*.

They don't measure the wisdom of distributors in dumping 10 Australian films on the public in the space of two months when, according to director Phil Noyce, no two Australian films have succeeded at the same time.

And they don't necessarily pay respect to the previous success of the producers, directors and writers of films like *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, *Caddie*, *Alvin Purple* and *Newsfront*. And take note of one of the quiet successes this year: Tom Jeffrey's *Odd Angry Shot*, breaking even with \$377,000 collected up to July.

More importantly, the failures ignore

Conflicts of interest are rampant throughout the industry. Several directors of the Victorian Film Corp have received funding from their own body.

the recouped investment that springs from success in that great green pasture across the waters — overseas. The NSW Film Corp's *Brilliant Career* and *Mad Max* have both been sold for handsome sums o.s.; *Getting of Wisdom* has just finished a long run in London; *Newsfront* wowed them everywhere it went (Cannes, London, New York) the tele-series *Prisoner*, by the Sydney-based Grundy Organisation, premiered on a Los Angeles TV station and promptly out-rated its US opponents in prime time; the tele-series *Against the Wind* has similarly bumped up the ratings of five major US stations in September and *Picnic* director Peter Weir has been offered directorship of the Warner Bros movie, *The Thorn Birds*.

So things can't be all bad, can they? Too bloody right they can. The aim of the Gorton-Whitlam film renaissance was not to make films that put bums on seats in Berlin. As the 1977-78 annual report of the Australian Film Commission puts it: "A film that does well in Australia is more likely to be purchased internationally than one which has had limited success."

So what's gone wrong? There are

several useful ways of looking at that eye-glazer, the Australian film industry: as a cavalcade of stars, a multinational dumping operation, a series of concentric incestuous circles involving filmmakers, critics and moneyed bureaucrats, an outpouring of visual creativity unrelated to feature film, a night out at the flicks, a huge tax dodge (since March) for on-the-ball investors or a quick way to get your back stabbed. More seriously, there is no one "industry", but there are some recurrent, commonly perceived problems.

THE BUREAUCRACY: Why did NSW Film Corporation member Michael Thornhill get funding for his film, *The Journalist*, from the NSW Film Corporation despite the fact that several members of the Corporation had stated in late 1977 that no members of the three-person board could be associated with films that received funds from the Corporation?

How did the Corporation make the decision to fund the project when the script and the film have been unmercifully panned and the ability of it to get theatrical release is now being questioned? If it fails financially, how rigorous were the procedures adopted within the Corporation to test its viability? Thornhill is no newcomer to the industry. With films like *Between Wars* and *FJ Holden* under his belt, a tightly-scripted and professional job could have been expected in the normal run of events.

Conflicts of interest are rampant throughout the industry. Several directors of the Victorian Film Corporation have received funding from their own body. But there are two special factors in the Thornhill case. Section 17(2) of the NSW Film Corporation Act requires any member of the Corporation who has a pecuniary interest in any proposed contract to disclose his or her interest, take no part in discussion of it (usually: leave the room), not vote on it and to sign a register declaring one's interest. Thornhill acted in accordance with the Act when his application for a substantial grant arose in August last year.

The first factor is: was there a policy against directors and others getting grants? Paul Riomfalvy, chairman of the Corporation, says there is no "official policy". Second factor: the assessment procedures. The Corporation, unlike other public film funding bodies, limits the role of its assessors to simply reading the script. The commercial judgments are made at board level. Hence it was up to people who knew Thornhill well — his fellow Corporation officers and directors — to judge his project for him.

Corporation general manager, Jenny Woods, says: "I have no doubt that the professionalism of our people would enable them to distance themselves from whose project it was."

Is this good enough? Comments Scott Murray from *Cinema Papers*: "It's a bad



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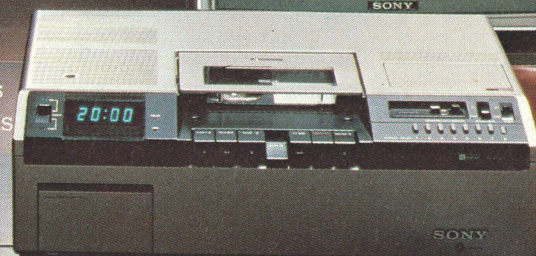
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situation overall. If one member of, say, the Victorian Film Corporation discusses another member's film, the second walks out. When the applicant comes back in they've got to live with him, work with him, for a year, maybe believing his project was shithouse." There is clearly a psychological impost on fellow directors whatever their "professionalism".

Then there are the receptions to the judgments made by the NSWFC board itself. In the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Elizabeth Riddell's attitude to the book of the film was: "A silly, rather dated story, cliché-ridden and using words in an eccentric manner". *Filmnews*: "It is not one of Michael's better efforts... it seems a pity... that he didn't... make sure that as producer he had good material while at the same time as director/co-writer giving his producer better material." *Australian Penthouse*'s Alex Anthony: "All that the tedious script, written by Thornhill with Edna Wilson, delivers is clichés... one following quickly on the heels of the preceding one." *Cinema Papers* reviewer Meaghan Morris: "*The Journalist* is thoroughly small-scale and limp, and everything in it leads to deflation. Even the theme song, which is excellent, embarrasses through its inappropriateness to the film's paltry hero... *The Journalist* is neither good entertainment nor a failure worth discussing; and if it may well be part of the development of a national cinema to acquire a stock of poor films, then it is also the case that the interest these can provoke rapidly becomes minimal." The NSWFC disagreed.

Assessment procedures generally are under attack — not surprisingly given the track record of the past 18 months. The Australian Film Commission has taken on "face-to-face" interviews with assessors to take the edge of unreality off the application-judgment process.

Filmmakers are mighty wary of each other — one was so consumed by bitchiness that he changed his vote in midstream some years ago to stop *Picnic at Hanging Rock* winning an award — and even warier when the fellow filmmaker doubles as a bureaucrat.

Says Scott Murray: "All of the corporations should look at the percentage of their budgets given to administration, and the AFC's is too high. Their offices are too luxurious." Others within the AFC say it is top-heavy with people who aren't servicing filmmakers.

The AFC is having a rough time of it, and there's no let-up in sight. They failed to send anyone to the top-ranking Berlin Film Festival (most European film money is in Germany) and repeated the performance by not appearing at the Moscow Film Festival last month. The AFC is in hot water as a result of a challenge to its validity by businessman Leon Fink. And finally, a little-known decision of the AFC has allowed the chairman discretion to

award \$75,000 to keep a chosen film on the road. The decision puts substantially more power in the hands of AFC chairman Ken Watts.

In an industry where keeping your chin up and your head high are just about union requirements, the failure of nerve that's hit the industry is kicking back on to the funding bureaucracies.

With a possible public outcry about lost monies looming, bureaucrats are likely to find politicians pre-empting the backlash.

SCRIPTS: Anyone who's anyone in the film industry says the major problem with film in Australia is the quality of scripts. Writer Ken Quinnell (*Cathy's Child*) says it; reviewer Elwyn Morris says it; David Stevens, author of *The Sullivans*, says it; writer Dorothy Hewett says it; Derek Malcolm of the English *Guardian* says it; so does Storry Walton from the Film and TV School; Paddy McGuinness from the *National Times* and Geraldine Pascall from *The Australian*.

As Alan Seymour, writer in residence at the Film and TV School, says: "Everyone agrees — until it's time to pay writers decently, give them time to mull over their 10th draft until it's right, take them seriously on location."

The problem of scripts is a problem of literacy and, beyond that, one of feeling and imagination. It's compounded by several factors that are uniquely

Australian and some that are world-wide.

The Australian ones. We're a weird bunch. There's a laconic side to our conversation that is reborn every generation. It amounts to saying as little as you can to express what you want. It discourages articulation and encourages non-verbal understanding. You either know what is meant or you don't. You shouldn't have to ask. In men it betrays an unwillingness, and inability by habit of suppression, to discuss "personal things".

But apart from this cultural baggage, there's the quite real impact on script-writers and filmmakers of the turbulent politics of the period in which the rebirth of the industry was arranged. Before film came the theatre renaissance: the Ellis', the Buzo's, the Williamsons'. On the back of that renaissance came a powerful burst of nationalistic feeling to complement the playwrights' rediscovery of Australian dialogue. The height of the early film wave was the slapstick ocker farce of *Alvin Purple* and *Bazza McKenzie*.

With the collapse of the Gorton-Whitlam era, the New Wave of serious Australian film began. It still bears the mark of being born in a slough of despond. Producer-director Esben Storm talks about the effects of the fall of Whitlam: "There was a lot of 'we as a generation' sitting inside and checking things out. The Whitlam thing had happened. It seemed



to me there was a lot of negativity around. I couldn't cope with that. I wasn't producing anything, I wasn't making any films. I wanted to say that I felt that we as a generation, in what should be our strong years, in terms of physical strength and creative powers, as the biggest demographic slab, should take the attitude that if we've got an idea of what we want to do, we can do it. . . . Yes, the film (*In Search of Anna*) is saying that there are things in the past which you should understand, but the past is only there to be understood; it's not there to be lived in."

A host of other filmmakers suffered the same paralysis. Scripts became narcissistic — concentrating either on the beauty of the Australian countryside, on nostalgia, on the problems of women (a la male directors) or of blacks (a la educated whites) — in a truly mesmerising fashion.

Between the market-oriented hysterics of *Alvin* and the narcissism of the New Wave, a whole Australia — white, middle-class, suburban — passed by. Esben Storm, in *In Search of Anna*, was at least tackling middle Australia.

Combined with these thoroughly Australian themes came a worldwide decline in literacy via the idiot box. Says Alan Seymour (in Australia after script editing at the BBC): "I've read scripts from people who have never read a book in their lives! And in Australia the problem is compounded by the fact that TV drama is so bad. Writers writing formula material — it's the curse of this country. You don't spread your wings. There's little relation between TV and film here. If you're writing stereotyped characters for 10 years and you're asked to write a feature film of a superb novel, you can't cope because you boil everything down to clichés."

So, inability to talk about personal relationships means Australian scripts shy off personal conflicts — let alone concentration on them as does Bergman in *Autumn Sonata*. Depression about possibilities for change and the commonsense of middle Australia has driven the New Wave off into easier territory. And underpinning the lot is a waning literacy.

But Seymour makes a further point here. "Film is not just a visual medium. Scripts are its basis. We've been too factual. You've got to have a clear idea of atmosphere, not just facts." Which is where *Mad Max* comes in: a film that has little overt violence but enormous inbuilt psychological violence.

Lachie Shaw, head of the Creative Development Fund of the AFC, says the current run of young scriptwriters helped by the fund are the best crop for years, but admits that there's a concentration on blacks and women as themes. "But we seem to be getting away from the angry years; there are feminist people who are witty and entertaining in their films — like *Size 10*, on how women see their bodies — while still making their point."

The latest AFC report acknowledges that very little development of comedy is taking place. These aren't very funny times, and when humor succeeds on film, as with Woody Allen, its self-deprecating, knowing, cool.

Australian films have yet to grow up. The one film in the offing to tackle personal relationships in a contemporary urban setting in Australia is Pat Lovell and Ken Cameron's *Monkey Grip*. Its synopsis (while it's in pre-production): "Smack habit, love habit — what's the difference? They both can kill you. Nora's addiction is romantic love; Javo's is hard drugs. They are trapped in a desperate relationship. The harder they pull away, the tighter the monkey grip."

Says Cameron: "Marriage is beginning to look less and less tenable as a lifelong experience to more and more people. Nobody wants to deny themselves the experience of other relationships, so they

When *In Search of Anna* loses its exhibition slot to an overseas film and suffers an axing later in the year, you're talking about a multinational rip-off.

have to find ways to deal with that — and the guilt." Ken Ingmar Cameron?

HOW THE MONEY FLOWS: Once upon a time there was a hardy group of film radicals in this country. They were nippy little buggers and grew to maturity. On the way they met a big wolf, the distributor, and his brother, the exhibitor. But the two wolves were so big and powerful that the radicals teamed up with them rather than beat them off, as in most fairy tales.

These days, you don't hear much of the old cries to break up the distributor-exhibitor nexus in Australia (it's not even allowed to be that close in the US). But the rationale behind the reforms of the Tariff Board Report of 1973 applies with equal force now. And not just in an academic sense either. Filmmakers and movie consumers suffer weekly by the extent of the control over distribution and exhibition outlets in Australia by US production interests. When *In Search of Anna* loses its exhibition slot to an overseas film and suffers an axing later in the year (along with its fellow-Australian films dumped together in a mid-winter market), you're talking about multinational rip-off. And

when George Miller of *Mad Max* says he would have to be crazy to put *Mad Max* up against the Christmas releases of overseas films, he's being unnecessarily accommodating. With proper marketing that film should have equal prime-season opportunity to test its box office potential. That's why the Americans are buying it themselves, for god's sake.

"Virtually all the major companies distributing theatrical films in Australia are subsidiaries or associates of major overseas film companies . . . in most cases the Australian film has encountered difficulties in securing satisfactory handling in terms, publicity and exhibition locations." So said the Tariff Board in '73, adding that the motive for restrictive action was to "largely preserve the Australian market for their own products".

The board recommended restructuring of the exhibition sector of the industry so that the freeway of profit and access between US film producer, Australian subsidiary and related exhibition outlet was broken up. Nothing came of the board's proposal.

Hoyts is, of course, 100 percent owned by Twentieth Century Fox. The Greater Union Organisation is owned 50 percent by the British Rank corporation and a variety of Australian interests take up the other half. Village-Roadshow are one-third owned by Greater Union and the rest by a bewildering band of Australian families, individuals and companies. The eight foreign-owned distributors who service these three dominant exhibitors repatriate something in the order of 30 percent of box office receipts back to their foreign parents — an outflow of \$40-\$50 million from Australia each year. There are no accurate figures on repatriated profits but within-industry sources estimate the figures in the above order.

Australia is the third biggest recipient of US film in the world and thereby a major repository of US product. Since 1973, following the Tariff Board's excoriating report, Hoyts, GUO and Village Roadshow have pre-empted government action by agreeing to put up "front money" on selected Australian films, a practice that had been long standard in, for example, Britain.

But that's icing on the cake of an important investment to "protect" the marketing of their product. There's a three-way movement developing around the Australian cinema consumer.

First, the average moviegoer is between 14 and 34 and getting younger. And over a 30 year period, cinema audiences have contracted from 145 million in 1949/50 to a low of 47 million in 1968/9 and picked up to 68 million in the mid-Seventies.

Second, cinema complexes are reducing the numbers of cinemas and congregating them: statistics show Australia

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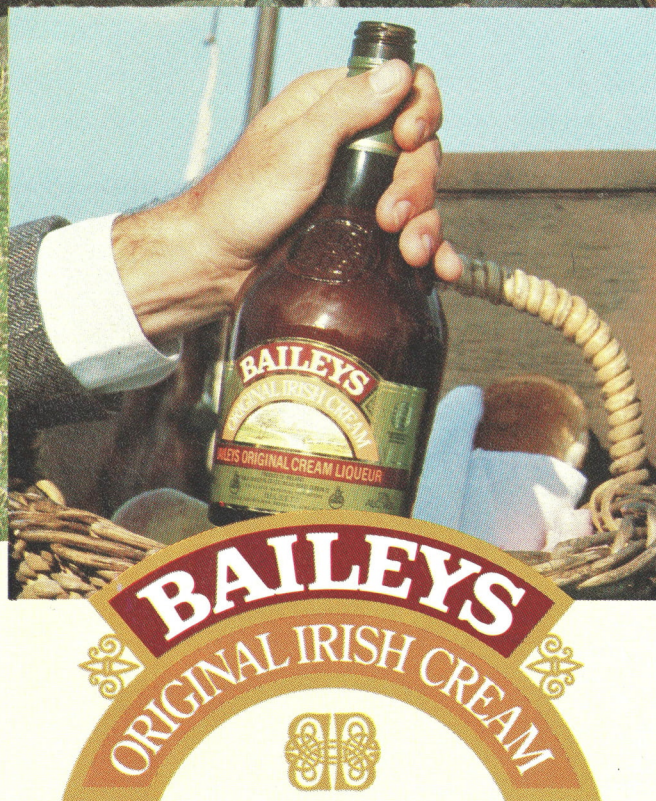
With the sort of support a real man needs. You'll want to wear them every day.



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Baileys Original Irish Cream is a perfect drink for any occasion. A subtle blend of fine old whiskey and all the gentle goodness of the emerald isle. One sip will tell you it's Irish. As Irish as falling in love.

as possessing 1939 cinemas in 1956 and losing 1096, mainly suburban ones, by 1973. This makes choice of cinema for a film's first release more crucial for revenue-raising.

Third, US production companies are gradually reducing their film output, thereby raising prices and earning higher profits. In 1974, only 125 US films were released — the lowest number for 25 years. We're into the era of blockbuster profit-maker films, controlled right down the line.

Contraction and definition of audience, contraction of cinemas, contraction of product to a wholesale-retail chain you "own". That's the story into which the New Wave Australian film fits. So this country chances to have its flowering just when the film multinationals are moving in the opposite direction. Australian film remains at the mercy of the benevolence and co-operativeness of foreign-owned companies.

POPULAR OR GOOD? The tailspin the industry finds itself in has thrown up two separate dogbones. The "arthouse" versus "people's" film bone and the national versus international industry bone. The first is a false dichotomy for any filmmaker worth his or her filmstock, and the second is economic and political rather than aesthetic.

It's always the sign of a rattled producer to grab one of the horns of popularity versus authenticity. The ABC is smitten with the disease and comes out in the worst rashes when morale and creativity are lowest.

There is no indication at all that Australian audiences will not flock to quality films. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Newsfront*, *Caddie*, *The China Syndrome* and *Coming Home* have all had good runs in Australia.

What this artificial split does do is to torpedo films like the *Unknown Industrial Prisoner* (because a politician picks up the vibes that it's all getting too serious) and to propel men like John Lamond on to the creative centre-stage. *Prisoner* was scripted by Alan Seymour from the novel by David Ireland about the kinds of pressures on workers at the bottom of the pack in a modern industrial society. It focussed on the Australian oil industry and was the subject of a special order by the Minister for Home Affairs, Mr R. J. Ellicott, in April last year, vetoing any AFC investment. On the other hand John Lamond has a different philosophy: "Half the population of Australia is under 25 and," Lamond says, "though the people who make arty films would hate me saying so, a good proportion of that under-25 group has a hamburger mentality." And Lamond again, at a Roadshow seminar in 1973: "While feature pictures should express social concern they are primarily an escapist entertainment form. Cinema audiences themselves obviously agree on

this point." Is this the level to which the aspirations of the Gorton-Whitlam days have sunk?

Being popular does *not* mean converting to a hamburger mentality. It means creative energy in struggling to shape a script idea into a form that communicates best to a wide audience. The popular-quality split is the refuge of the lazy and the bane of an ailing industry.

It is for precisely this reason that putting the kybosh on any public funding of *Unknown Industrial Prisoner* was a tragedy of major proportions. It promised to be a film that combined energy and perspective with popularity.

Enough. Acknowledging the artistry of Ms Armstrong, Fink and Witcombe as the pinnacle of film achievement in Australia, let's get on with the job and start thinking. The AFC awards will further bolster the box office takings of the oscar-winners, as they've done in past years for *Newsfront*, *Don's Party* and *Storm Boy*. But after the month of boosted box office, which then?

Here's 14 consumer suggestions from a white, middle class Australian:

- The AFC should get off its bum and start promoting some of the quality low budget and experimental 16mm films in appropriate foreign markets. There's far more small budget filmmaking going on than all the shenanigans about building-a-

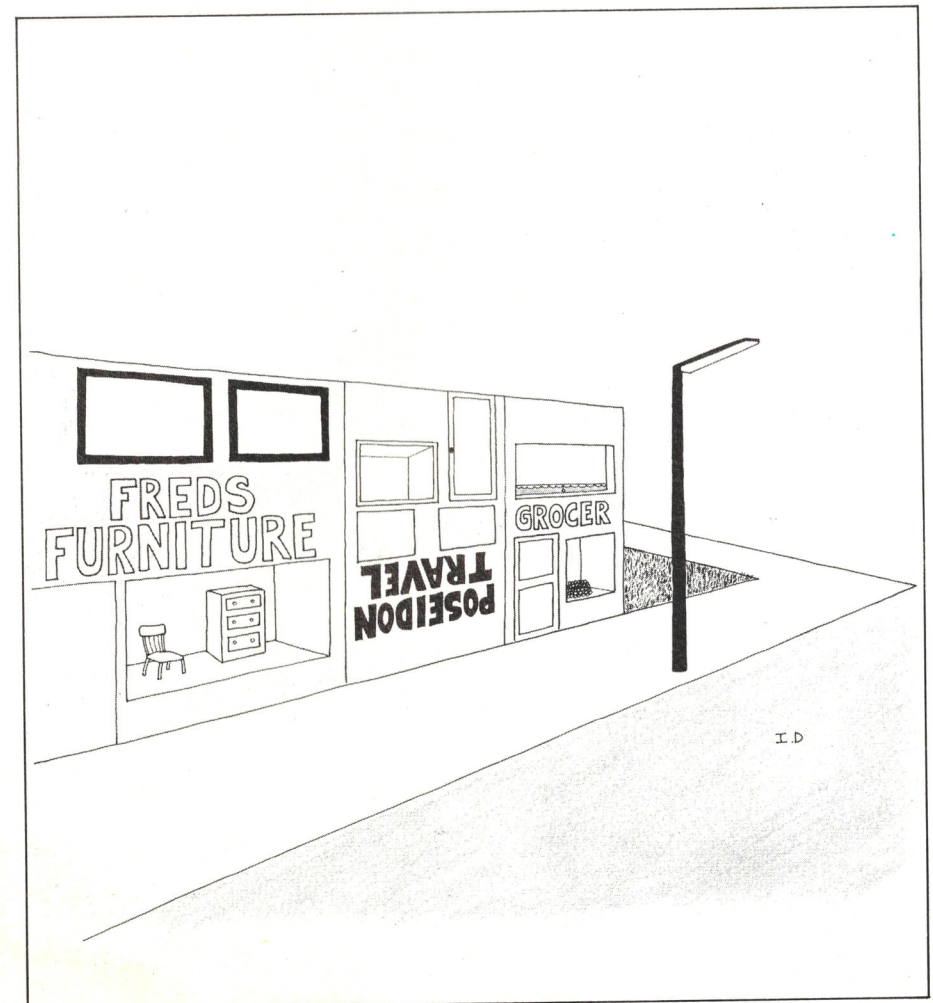
feature-film-industry would indicate. If the feature sector died stone dead tomorrow, we'd still have a well-rooted film culture here. Let's sell more of that, too.

- In 1973, the Tariff Board rejected exhibition quotas in favor of restructuring the industry. Let's not wait now. Britain has had them for years. Instead of the chains relying on travelogues and dated documentaries, give the people a chance to see half of the 900 films sitting on the shelves of the Sydney Filmmakers Co-operative after one screening in their celluloid lifetime.

- Filmmakers should start watching films again. It helps. Jenny Woods of the NSWFC, Lachie Shaw of the AFC and Martha Ansara of the Filmmakers Co-op attest to the fact that filmmakers apply for grants and, in many cases, haven't seen one of a list of films trotted out before them.

- If you want the AFC to end up like the ABC, just wait until early next year when Malcolm Fraser appoints his own people to the board for a five-year term — and say and do nothing. If you don't want that get out and lobby. When the current Labor-appointed commissioners retire, maybe they could help Mike Thornhill at NSWFC by joining an expanded board?

- Literacy starts at school. State education departments should start a



PENTHOUSE Gift Guide

Where to buy the gifts on pages 92-97.

PENTAX A110 CAMERA: Leading camera stores.

CHESS CHALLENGER: All Myer stores; some Grace Bros stores, Sydney; Harris Scarfe Ltd, 81 Rundle Mall, Adelaide.

PORSCHE 928: John Newell Porsche, 83 Flinders Street, Darlinghurst, Sydney; Hamiltons, 681 Chapel Street, South Yarra, Melbourne; Albion Car Centre, 81 Sandgate Road, Brisbane; Chateau Moteur, 27 Gilbert Street, Adelaide; Performance Autos, 269 Davey Street, Hobart.

PATEK PHILLIPE WATCH: J. Farren-Price stores.

PUMA KNIFE: Smith's Gun Shop, 773 George Street, Sydney; Mitchell's Army & Navy Store, 134 Russell Street, Melbourne; Robinson's, 300 Queen Street, Brisbane; W.A. Hambly-Clark, 178 Rundle Street, Adelaide; Wellington Surplus Store, 321 Wellington Street, Perth.

SANYO ELECTRIC RAZOR: All leading department stores.

ALL BOOKS: Angus & Robertson stores.

NAVAHO WATCH BAND, BELT BUCKLE: David Jones, Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

BELLY BUTTON BRUSH: Let's Play Games stores in all States.

DUNHILL LIGHTER: Dunhill House, 23 O'Connell Street, Sydney; Willis & Sons in Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide.

BED, BAR AND PAPER SET: Artes Studios, 359 Sussex Street, Sydney.

TABLE: Sea Otter, Centrepont, Sydney.

BEDSPREAD: Cornelius Furs, Castlereagh Street, Sydney; Seymour Furs, 260 Collins Street, Melbourne; Jackson Furs, 166 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.

ASHTRAY, CRYSTAL VASE: Il Piccio, Village Shopping Centre, Double Bay, Sydney.

CIGAR, SNUFF, THIN LIGHTER: All leading tobacconists.

PICTURE FRAME WITH CLOCK, WATCH PEN, ALL TELEPHONES: Ultraphone, Centrepont, Sydney; Easy Dial, Village Walk, Toorak, Melbourne; Audio Distributors, Glyde Street, Mosman Park, Perth; Amcomm of Australia, 814 Stanley Street, Woolongabba, Brisbane.

CHIVAS REGAL: Hotels and liquor stores.

TENT, SLEEPING BAG: Paddy Pallins, 69 Liverpool Street, Sydney and 55 Hardware Street, Melbourne; Outdoor Equipment, Murray Street, Hobart; Climbing Equipment, 99 Fullarton Road, Norwood, Adelaide; Mountain Designs, Barry Street, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane.

MUSIC PILLOW: Department stores and hi-fi shops.

BOW: Archery Centre, 59 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

TENNIS RACQUET: All Myer stores.

SKATE BOARD: Mick Simmons, 720 George Street, Sydney.

course in practical visualities. How to use a camera and sound, film structure and criticism, scriptwriting for fact and fiction.

- Australian writers of TV dramas get no further payments when their material is resold from Australian TV overseas. These "residual" rights are standard overseas but not in existence here.

- Special grants should be made by the AFC to independent distributors, like the AFI and the Sydney Co-op, for promotion and advertising. The quality of films distributed by these bodies is sufficient argument to allow them to get them out to people via the mass media.

- Why aren't people going to the movies? Why to some movies but not to others? Who are they and under what circumstances would they change their minds? There is a shocking lack of research publicly available on film audience habits. There is a concomitant beaver-like attitude to the research material that does exist. Government bodies guard their statistics from the press and public; distribution companies resent AFC interference on research. The NSW Government has wide powers under the Cinematograph Films Act of 1935 to act with the powers of a Royal Commission in extracting information for the sake of an indigenous film industry. It should set up an inquiry in these troubled times and use its powers.

- Australian companies are still reluctant to invest in film production, and as the message of the last 18 months sinks in they're going to be even less enthusiastic. The Federal Department of Productivity should undertake a campaign of information and advice available on tax relief. The new scheme introduced earlier this year makes it possible for companies to depreciate their investment over two years instead of 25. It makes film a possible tax avoidance loophole.

- The Australian Film and TV School should encourage women to get into the manual and technical side of filmmaking as well as the glamor art of directing. The industry is getting excellent women directors but few in sound recording, cinematography, editing and so on.

- The windfall profits being earned in Australia by film companies should be levied in the same way as other companies. A levy would be charged on the companies for the benefit that they accrue from the Australian market and used for supporting the local industry.

- Consumer protection action by State governments on false advertising and high ticket prices. Many observers within the industry feel that overselling is ruining the credibility of many Australian films and, ultimately, turning people away permanently.

- The Labor Party should work out a policy on the film industry — in particular, what its attitude is to the fact that most films exhibited in Australia are produced

overseas, imported into Australia by overseas-owned companies and then exhibited in theatres operated by companies largely owned by overseas principals. At the moment, Senator Susan Ryan, federal Labor spokesperson on film and the media, seems not to have the foggiest idea about the role of the AFC, restructuring, funding, levies and the rest.

- Australian government film authorities should resist the temptation to internationalise our industry by injecting foreign money (as is being sought by the NSWFC), foreign talent (already in several films) and foreign scripting and ideas into our industry. There is clearly no point in losing the Australian identity of our films in an attempt to make them pay their way.

As with the theatre and public transport, film is a community service that will long need to be supported. Exploding budgets need to be hauled in by using 16mm if necessary (and then blown up), using urban themes steering clear of costly period costumes and avoiding \$1.3 million gambles unless thoroughly market-tested. Better to cut budgets and keep the films Australian than to lose identity but give returns to one company.

There's a 15th suggestion that's a bit harder to tackle. How to stop the cinematic brain drain? Foreign film production companies are already buying up Australian cinematographic, sound recordist, editing and design talent by offering 50 percent higher rates. We critically need the talent we've got. We can't afford to stand by as it flies out on jumbos.

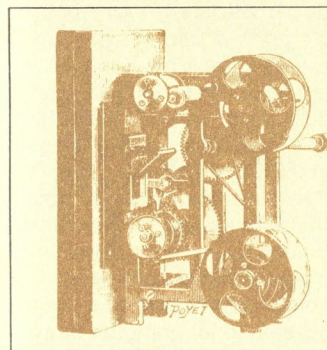
These are not prescriptions for an attack on private industry nor for a vast increase in government or AFC expenditure. The local industry is already well served by the AFC. That Commission stands back and recoups the taxpayers' investment after the private body has collected its booty. Private industry now gets its production budgets done for it by the AFC on each film; it gets marketing services for each film from the AFC; it gets free legal services; it gets regular investors' meetings organised for it; it even gets help in organising further private capital. If this is the dreaded socialism, it is the seventh heaven of which we all dreamed.

The Australian industry has much to learn from the German. There, much of the industry's funds spring from government, some from a tax on ticket sales and some from the local television industry. That industry is producing films that are both artistic and popular. It is its own master. It has retained an identity we know and appreciate. The world is gaining from its confidence and its self-assuredness.

While we're thinking about the 1980s — after the hullabaloo's gone — let's start talking to the Germans, too. *Before we go international.* ☐

REVIEWS

FILMS



FUTURISTIC HORROR

The opening scenes of Ridley Scott's *Alien* are confusing. That's possibly the worst thing you can say about the film. The best is the fact that it is one of the most thoroughly convincing films about science-fiction future space yet put on to celluloid. It's a hearty blend of science fiction, drama, horror and suspense that's carefully balanced to hold the viewer's attention for its two-hour running time. It's a masterpiece of special effects wizardry (by Brian Johnson) that has much to offer anyone impressed by the gadgetry of *Star Wars*. But, most important, it is a good, if not great, film in the futuristic horror genre of science fiction.

Breath-taking is a word that springs to mind when remembering some of the shock thrills Scott delivers to entice his audience ... for there are more than a few shocks and thrills thrown at the audience — and each finds its mark. The gasps, cries and screams of the audience attest to that.

Dan O'Bannon's script, with its many confusing and misleading clues, and more than one of two loose ends, is none the less, most effective in conveying the plot. His story is set

far, far into the future. The opening sequences take you hurtling through the vast reaches of space, as the credits roll to reveal that starship *Nostromo* is on her return journey to Earth, carrying a five-man and two-woman crew and a commercial cargo of crude mineral oil.

First introduction to the crew occurs when the camera wends its way down the myriad corridors of *Nostromo*'s complex, gadget-filled, instrument panel lights flushed interior and reveals all seven members asleep in suspended animation in specially monitored cylinders.

Kane (John Hurt) is the first to respond to the awake command from Mother, the ship's computer. The others slowly follow. Being woken, they all assume that they must be nearing destination Earth ... but that's not Mother's plan.

She's roused the crew years before they're due at their destination in order that they respond to a strange 12-second interval SOS alert coming from another star system. And as intergalactic law commands, even those consigned on commercial space tugs like *Nostromo*, must answer distress calls and investigate.

That's where the real action starts. Landing on a desolate landscape with strange whistling winds and an ever-present swirling mist, the three-man investigative scouting party come upon an unusual space craft, obviously crash-landed on this cruel landscape eons ago. All that remains in its interior are the skeletal remains of one of its crew, still strapped to his command controls, and a hold full of strange eggs protected by a radar-like swirling mist.

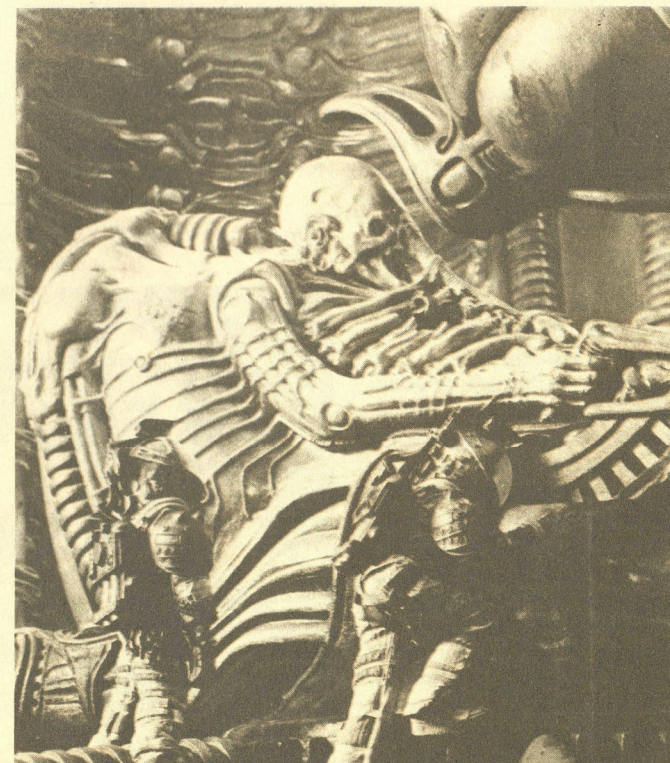
Kane investigates and finds out more about the alien eggs

than he bargained for. Injured, his colleagues carry him back to the mother ship. And as they prepare to blast off and get back on their course to Earth, they discover, too late, that they have a visitor on board — a most unwelcome visitor — the alien.

An alien capable of taking on any size, any shape, any color, mutilating and moving about the ship at will, destroying the crew one by one. And as each member is murdered by the alien in one of its many guises (in the most blood-thirsty, grisly manner imaginable) we're subjected to his violence because by this stage in the film's development, director Scott has totally involved the audience so that they are participants in this gruesome reign of terror.

The plot's tension arises in guessing who'll be dispatched next, and how, but more significantly, what will the alien look like next time. If this doesn't sound like much of a story line, let me assure you that it is. For Scott so skilfully handles each and every murder, and the crew's struggle to destroy the alien before it destroys all of them, with such a precise sense of timing that the audience is manipulated by his use of fast-paced close-ups of terror and split-second destruction, that one feels spent with the effort of watching. Around me people whispered: "I can't look ... oh no ..." ... never once taking their eyes from the screen. That's skilful direction, for in spite of the audience's obvious

Alien: masterpiece of special effects wizardry.



revulsion at some of the grisly scenes foisted upon their senses, both visual and aural, they were still captivated.

And captivated is the right word, for the combination of Scott's astute direction and Johnson's effective effects, augmented by Jerry Goldsmith's eerie, tense score, have a hypnotic effect.

Fighting the alien is the film's centrepiece... and fought it is, but the disappointing element in the film's overall perfection is the lack of character development. We never get the opportunity to know this seven-man crew. Sure, we get to find out that the commander of the team is Dallas (Tom Skerritt); Ripley (the very sexy Sigourney Weaver) is the warrant officer; Lambert (Veronica Cartwright), the navigator; Brett (Harry Dean Stanton), Nostromo's engineering technician; Kane (John Hurt), the executive officer; Ash (Ian Holm), the science officer; and Parker (Yaphet Kotto) is the ship's engineer. But that's all we learn about them... their rostered duties. We never learn what makes them tick.

The only one we get a glimmer of insight into is the Parker character, always moaning and complaining and asking if each and every job he undertakes will result in added pay. So, one out of seven isn't all that good in the character development stakes.

However, the over-riding force of the film's other elements, primarily the special effects perfection and the fluid camera-work of Derek Vanlint, be it in the long tracking shots or close-ups that reveal the terror of the proceedings, overcome any of the film's minor faults.

The opening shots of Alain Resnais' new film *Providence* (his first in English), are almost hypnotic in their attempt to seduce the viewer's attention. As the camera slowly wends its way down a leafy lane, the music of Miklos Rozsa swells to a

plaintive cry as the lens zooms in on a brass plaque at the front gate to the stately retreat called Providence.

From those first mesmerising moments, there is no going back. The clever ploy of taking the viewer then into the past, back to the present, into the future, and perhaps even into the main character's imagination is so brilliantly interwoven that one often doesn't know which period in time is being shown.

The cleverness comes in when you realise that the time factor really doesn't matter in this wonderfully witty and literary romp scripted by David Mercer (*Morgan, A Suitable Case For Treatment*). And with a cast that includes Sir John Gielgud, David Warner, Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn and Elaine Stritch, you start with a very winning combination.

What *Providence* sets out to do is to show, in somewhat greatly defined detail, the workings of the literary mind. We are taken to the core of the creative process of famous author Clive Langham (Gielgud). Clive knows he's dying, and on the eve of his 78th birthday, sets about constructing, wholly in his mind, his last novel, a great novel by

which the world will remember him. And he's peopled the novel with his friends, his memories of the past, and the members of his family and their assorted romantic entanglements.

There's Claude (Bogarde), his son, and Sonia (Burstyn), Claude's restless wife. We meet Kevin (David Warner) as a possible illegitimate son, and Helen (Elaine Stritch), Claude's mistress. Add to that the fact (or is it fiction?) that somehow the Stritch character gets confused for Clive's wife, who had committed suicide long ago (the reason hinted at was maltreatment at Clive's hand), and you get a scenario that looks rather irreverently at families and family relationships.

Ricardo Aronovich's camera manages to become Resnais' very critical eye as he surveys these very entangled relationships. The camera never, however, becomes obtrusive — movement is secondary to capturing content.

Initially the film introduces these overlapping relationships by zooming in on the Warner/Kevin character, up for trial for having supposedly murdered ("to put him out of his misery") a hermit that was being chased (why is never ever

established) by some marauding soldiers.

And who should be the prosecuting attorney? You guessed it... none other than Bogarde/Claude. As if that weren't enough, the said Burstyn/Sonia lady is helplessly attracted to the accused and pursues him like a cat on heat. Is this really happening or is it part of the dream? It's hard to tell as these set characters go about their business... peculiar though it may seem at the time.

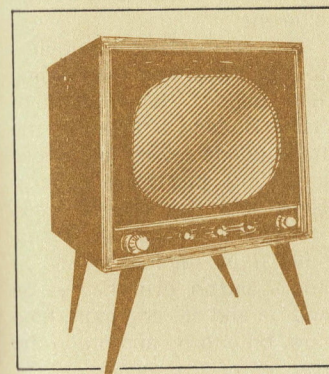
Intermingled with this on-going fact/fiction and mind-novel (and all going on in ever changing sequences) is a nightmare that interferes with Clive's night-time thinking process, and as both merge, blend, and then separate at different scenes in the film, all become indelibly important as *Providence's* final sequence lights the screen. To say more about the machinations of the characters would ruin what is essentially an extremely witty, pleasurable film that sets the grey matter in motion.

But what is most important, and may (and I mean may... for who is to say exactly what Mercer and Resnais had in mind? Neither have divulged their motives for making this entertaining, though at times confusing, film) be the principal message the filmmakers had in mind, is that appearances aren't really everything, and that appearances are often deceptive.

Visually this is shown in the ever-changing scenery and settings created. Some are real, as the courtroom scenes, while others are quite patently artificial, as the beach scenes with painted cardboard oceans as backdrops. It changes back and forth and adds only to enrich the film's unusual lore.

This film won the Best Film category at the 1978 Sydney Film Festival... and you can't get an audience much more critical than that — *Alex Anthony*.

TV



NEWSWORTHY

And now, here is the news... to the astonishment of a large number of people, possibly including those who were questioned, an amazing 63 percent of the population of this enlightened country believes that television news gives the best coverage, compared with a mere 22 percent for newspapers and 15 percent for radio.

It is believed that most of those who were questioned for this survey, which was conducted by the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal, were sober at the time, although a few may have been suffering from the delusion they were being asked about a new breakfast cereal or even toilet paper.

Such confusion is understandable, there being so many surveys these days. The hells of suburbia must be alive with the sound of music from front door chimes as the surveyors make their daily rounds.

But to return to the Broadcasting Tribunal's remarkable survey. It claimed that 61 percent of people thought that TV news was mostly accurate, although they didn't say more accurate than what, and 72 percent believed that television news was detailed enough.

The report reached this conclusion: "The majority of

viewers accept and believe the news as it is defined and presented by television. Stations, therefore, have a responsibility to discharge in the selection of content and the manner of presentation of the news.

"While television is not a widely used medium for the news, it appears to be the most credible, especially for heavy viewers."

What it all basically means, much to the annoyance of newspaper reporters who believe they are the only ones who toil in the fields of truth, is that most of the population couldn't care less if they never saw another copy of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, *The Age*, *The Advertiser* or the *Brisbane Telegraph* (especially the *Telegraph*).

The sad fact is, though, that apart from the ABC, the television news services offer little in the way of daily happenings, apart from minor house fires, show business interviews and car accidents.

They are extremely good on car accidents. Almost any night on commercial news can be seen an earnest young man, his hair carefully patted down, trying to make a demolished Holden into a story of utmost, even vital importance.

The camera wanders at length over the demolished Holden. It peers through shattered windows and twisted doors, takes a look into the boot if the lid has sprung open in the crash, peers around the motor and lingers lovingly over a pool of blood if indeed any has been spilled.

This is news?

The same with a minor house fire. There is probably nothing more boring than a moving picture of a stationary house that has been blackened by flames. The reporter rushes about asking hysterical, breathless questions of neighbors and inevitably points out the family dog which, just as inevitably, woke up the family even as the flames



Katrina Lee and John Bailey, TEN10 Sydney's news team.

were licking the bedroom doors.

This is news? Show business interviews, mostly conducted at Sydney Airport with overseas celebrities who have come to Australia because they cannot get work elsewhere, are merely embarrassing.

Television interviewers no longer pose the question "What do you think of Australia?" to the celebrities the moment they set foot outside the Customs area, but they do tend towards questions which stand as monuments of inanity.

I once asked a news director why he kept a certain television journalist on his staff, for the man had an amazing record for making a fool of himself.

"I have to," said the news director. "I must have a man on the staff who doesn't mind making a twit out of himself by asking stupid questions. Every now and again he gets a good response."

The rest of the commercial news is made up of commercials, items which go into the "lost dog" or "odd vegetable" category, openings and closings and the weather.

The commercial stations are inordinately pre-occupied with

the weather and would have us believe that the entire population is waiting patiently to hear of isobars and millibars, of highs and lows, of fronts and pressures and the temperature in Grong Grong.

In fact most people merely wish to know if tomorrow will be hot or cold, wet or dry.

Commercial stations sometimes conduct interviews with politicians, but these tend to have all the penetration of an arthritic mosquito. The limitations of time do not allow for deep probing, a fact politicians know well, which is why they are always ready to place themselves before the cameras.

An able politician can manipulate television in exactly the same way he manipulates those old enough to vote.

Most overseas news items beamed in by satellite at no little expense are usually cut severely so that they last no more than a few seconds. The government of, say, Britain is falling, but it is not as important as a message from the makers of fly spray.

So this is what a majority of the population believe is an adequate news coverage. They look at a demolished Holden, see a

few burn marks on a suburban house, hear Frankie Vaughan say how glad he is to be back in Australia, listen to a Malcolm Fraser propaganda speech, know that the Government of Britain is about to fall but not why, and discover the temperature was 30 degrees in a place they've never seen... all this they hear and see, and believe they are in touch with local, national and world events.

The reason for screening stories of such stunning banality is a simple one. It is the opinion of television executives, and they are probably correct, that the average viewer must have something more on the screen than the talking heads of a Brian Henderson (TCN9, Sydney) or a Brian Naylor (GTV9, Melbourne), a Roger Climpson (ATN7, Sydney) or a Mal Walden (HSV7, Melbourne).

They even require more than the double vaudeville acts of Katrina Lee and John Bailey (TEN10, Sydney) or Annette Allison and Bruce Mansfield (ATV0, Melbourne), although I must confess that Miss Lee's handsome visage is sometimes preferable to the falling of any government.

The viewer must have something visual. The spoken word is not enough. Therefore the news departments will put on Anything rather than have the viewer become bored and switch to another channel, or worse, turn off altogether.

The ABC, on the other hand, does not subscribe to this theory, allowing James Dibble (Sydney) and Geoff Raymond (Melbourne) to talk earnestly to the camera at great and ponderous length.

The other reason for so many unimportant items is that television gobbles up stories like a ravenous beast. It devours item after item in quick succession so that all that is left are demolished Holdens and scorched houses.

Of course when it comes to

dramatic news stories, no other section of the media, neither newspapers nor radio stations, can get near television.

Only the camera captured the full horror of the Granville train disaster, the madness of police versus street marchers in Brisbane, the fury of a bushfire raging across the Victorian bushland. Whenever there are cyclones and floods, war and famine, butchery and brutality, television does it best.

But such things do not occur every day. For most of the time television news feeds off trivia.

And it spends a truly astonishing amount to do so. All major television studios now have electronic news gathering units which allow stories to be beamed directly back to the station.

These latest toys for the infants of the media cost around \$300,000. It seems to me an enormous sum to be spent to see a reporter talking outside, say, State Parliament House, when the news reader could have passed on the same information from the studio.

Television stations also have helicopters at their disposal — TEN10 has two — for the gathering of news, an addition that makes them the envy of every newspaper reporter in the country. Again it seems an expensive way to cover a story which is important only because the television news director decided it should be.

But then the spending of money has never bothered TV stations. They have plenty.

It was Lord Thomson of Fleet, the short-sighted Canadian media magnate who, on getting control of a television station in Britain, declared: "It is a licence to print money."

It is also a licence to churn out all that is trifling, flimsy and paltry while the viewer sits back convinced that he or she is being shaken by the seismic events of the day. — *Neal Akerman.*

SOUNDS



MORRISON AT HIS BEST

At his very best, *Van Morrison* has the ability to take you into his confidence, into the highs and lows that have made up his 15-year career in and around the mainstream of rock, into his music. *Into The Music* (Mercury) is Van Morrison at his very best. The first few bars of Bright Side Of The Road, this album's first cut, pick up where last year's *Wavelength* left off. The riffs, the lazy scat vocals and the changes of pace are all classic Morrison, but there is nothing stale about what's offered here.

Backed by a hot horn section, some tasty support vocals and a tight band kept that way by David Hayes' strong bass line, Morrison thumps along through nine new songs and a cover of the classic All In The Game.

There isn't a dud track here, although full Force Gale, featuring Ry Cooder on slide and Van

on Satchmo impersonation (or is it Tom Waits?), and the Irish jig Rolling Hills stand out on side one.

Side two features the album's tour de force, And The Healing Has Begun. Reminiscent of Saint Dominic's Preview, the track builds slowly and showcases the pub band nonchalance that has always made Morrison's music so accessible. It just rambles on and on and on and on, let me hear ya, on and on and on, one more time now, on and on and on, in the manner of the master of the modern musical hook.

All In The Game is a gem in which old Van proves yet again (as if it needed proving) and again and again that repetition need not be boring, I said it need, need, need, not, not, not, not be boring. All right now, I said it need not be boring and Van has proven it, proven it, proven it, one more time now, I said repetition need not be boring.

Mario Millo (Sebastian Hardy, Windchase) has never been afraid to stand alone in a forest of pretty basic Oz rock. His preoccupation with symphonic rock and the elaborate fusion of musical forms goes back a long way, and while both Sebastian Hardy and Windchase enjoyed fleeting success with this sort of thing, Millo's undoubted talents have never led to his recognition as an antipodean Rick Wakeman. *Epic III* (Polydor) should change all that.

Suitably packaged in a sleeve

that could have come straight from the House of Dunhill, this album is a strangely beautiful thing. I was prepared to hate it from the moment I laid eyes on the preposterous cover portrait and read Millo's modest title for it. Now, after a dozen or more hearings I don't know what to make of it. Except that I treasure it. Millo, obviously influenced by the success of his scoring (with Jon English) of the television series *Against The Wind*, has composed a score for a movie of the mind. This is settle-back-in-a-nice-chair-and-close-your-eyes music. I hear a touch of Tom Scott here, a little Vanilla Fudge there. Maybe even a whiff of Rotary Connection, although according to his bio, Mario was still in nappies then. But I'm scratching to relate *Epic* to any music I've heard recently. This is Mario Millo's own triumph, and, if I may be as pompous as Mr Millo, a landmark in Australian music. It should also be mentioned that the work of Jackie Orszacsky (bass) and Mark Kennedy (drums) is superb.

When that great band Traffic split up, drummer *Jim Capaldi* embarked on a solo career and found, somewhat fortuitously, that he could sing as well as beat the hides. And sing pretty bloody well at that. Still, his solo career has been patchy at best hitting pay dirt only once, with Love Hurts, a single lifted off his underrated *Short Cut Draw Blood* album. *Electric Nights* (Polydor) sees Capaldi in a rockier frame of mind, but none the less concerned with the clarity of his lyrics and the versatility of his music.

This is a fine album, understated and yet full of tasty licks. Shoe Shine, the opening cut, sets the pace for most of it, but Capaldi, an old softie for a ballad, pulls it back for Tabitha, a delicate song cut in two by an elegant sax solo from Ray Allen. If we have to pick nits, the title track is a little too Southern

California for me, strings are used twice too often and Capaldi sometimes packs his lyrics in like sardines. But that's really picking nits. It's got a good beat and you don't feel you have to dance to it. Eight out of 10.

The main problem with the *Eagles* is that they've spawned so many imitators there's nowhere left to turn. *The Long Run* (Asylum), the long-awaited follow-up to the almost-brilliant *Hotel California*, is a brave attempt at re-establishing the band as the leaders of Californian country cool, but it doesn't quite come off. The Eagles seem to be trying too hard, straining for effect, and in so doing they've all but lost the spontaneity that originally made them so appealing.

The Henley-Frey nucleus is still capable of pulling a trick or two out of the old bag (witness the title cut), but too often the new songs are built around the idiosyncracies of individual members. In The City is nothing more than a vehicle for Joe Walsh's vicious slide, The Disco Strangler is an excuse for Don Henley to growl out a rock lyric, Teenage Jail is simply Glen Frey fooling around with a synthesiser. Which is not to say that these songs are entirely without merit, it's just that it doesn't flow like we've come to expect.

Newest member Timothy B. Schmit makes one of the strongest offerings here with I Can't Tell You Why. Schmit has written a ballad in the classic Eagles style, sings it with real feeling and provides a solid bass line for Frey's soaring guitar solo. The Sad Cafe, which closes the album, is the other highlight, full of tasty licks and showcasing saxophonist David Sanborn. Sanborn's appearance is tragically brief.

Dragon has more than simply survived the departure of frontman Marc Hunter — the band has thrived. *Power Play* (CBS) is its most impressive album to date, and by far the most inven-



Dragon: its most impressive album to date.

tive. Lacking a personality strong enough to replace Hunter out front, Dragon has put the spotlight on the music.

This album flows freely from funk to rhythm and blues to rock and roll and back again. The songs, several of them co-written by journalist-turned-song-writer Jenny Brown, are neatly structured yet loose enough to allow the musicians room to move, and some of the resulting progressions are surprisingly intricate.

Take Time Of The Year for example. Paul Hewson's keyboards and Billy Rogers' jumpy sax lead into a powerful Robert Taylor guitar solo while the organ builds behind. This in turn leads into an extended sax solo. Rogers and Hewson battle for supremacy through to the finish. Hey, this is great stuff.

Motor City Connection is nicely funky, Bus Stop pleasantly energetic and Gans En Farben, the only instrumental, a well-timed change of pace. In fact, of the album's 10 cuts only a silly dope ditty called 3.33 comes anywhere near failing, and even that is saved by Todd Hunter's irrepressible enthusiasm for his own song. Dragon Lives, okay? — *Phil Jarratt.*

If you can remember Saturday afternoons at the movies with Jaffa rolling, comic swapping and *Superman* serials, you no doubt saw one of the 70-odd westerns featuring the music and faces of the Sons of the Pioneers.

The group was formed in 1934 by *Bob Nolan* and Leonard Slye

(better known as Roy Rogers), and it became one of the most imitated country sounds of the time. The Pioneers used easy-flowing, graceful harmonies and clip-clopping lazy rhythm to promote the era's idea of the West — white-clad, clean-cut, singing cowboys, complete with sidekick, a palomino and a virgin sweetheart.

Bob Nolan, now 71 has resurfaced with a collection of his well known and some not so well known songs on a new Elektra album, *The Sound of a Pioneer*. Nolan's voice has worn well with age — perhaps a little richer and a trifle shaky, but with a maturity not unlike that of the late Tex Ritter. My first reaction on seeing Cool Water and Tumbling Tumbleweeds listed on the cover was that maybe the album would be dated and a little corny, but the masterful approach that only an author who has lived with his work for a long time can bring, dispelled all preconceived notions. Nolan wrote six of the 11 tracks.

The album opens appropriately with Tumbling Tumbleweeds in the Pioneers' patented style. Producer Snuff Garrett has put the unlisted musicians to good use throughout the album, and they produce an authentic, uncluttered backdrop for Nolan's singing. There is a religious flavor here as witnessed in The Touch of God's Hand, modern country in Billy Joe Shaver's Ride Me Down Easy, and Marty Robbins' A Man Walks Among Us (Robbins sings backup on this track). And there's Gene Autry's Can You

Van Morrison



REVIEWS

Hear Those Pioneers, which Nolan sings with understandable authority. Nolan has a dig at what must be an old friend in *That Old Outlaw*, Time, by Cliff Crofford.

If you are a country fan, I would suggest this set is as important as Bob Wills' *For The Last Time* or Hank Williams' *Luke The Drifter* because it regenerates an era of western music that's never been equalled. If you're not into C&W and just want a rest from the glossy schlock that seems to be around in abundance, give this a listen.

The last time a song brought real tears to my eyes was a few years ago when I heard *Alone Again Naturally* for the first time. I find myself repeating the performance as I listen to **Randy Newman** singing *Ghosts on Born Again*, his new album from Warner Bros. The song reaches into the depths of loneliness, reflecting an old person's life and, in a few short lines, summing up the despair this fast world in which we live can bring to some.

The album, with a few exceptions, digs deep into the social structures under which we conduct our day-to-day existence, all the while keeping the irony and sting behind a superbly-controlled sense of the absurd.

The barbs were less positive on *Little Criminals*, perhaps much less than on *Good Old Boys*, where Newman's concern

for the underdog was very noticeable. Maybe it is this direct compassion which eludes some of Newman's critics. He has always been a master of understatement, his lyrics always containing that masterful, breath-taking span which turns his songs into word movies. His subject matter here, as always, touches scenarios left alone by more cautious and less-gifted writers.

It's *Money That I Love* will, no doubt, be looked at by some as self indulgent or just plain sacrilege. His persiflage of money that can't buy love but can buy a 16-year-old girl or half a pound of cocaine, and Western excesses which contrast our lifestyle with the starving children of India, bring more to our consciousness than do some of the fund-raising appeals on TV.

He then moves into a lighter vein and has a go at ELO. Why they are singled out is a mystery. Perhaps through Newman's classical awareness he feels the need for the traditional arts to be treated with more respect than a fairly ordinary rock band hiding behind such masters as Beethoven, and a blue-lacquered violin with a pickup. Or maybe it's just fun.

Pretty Boy parodies John Travolta and makes you think about the aimlessness of Kiss, silver walls, loud music and flashing colored lights.

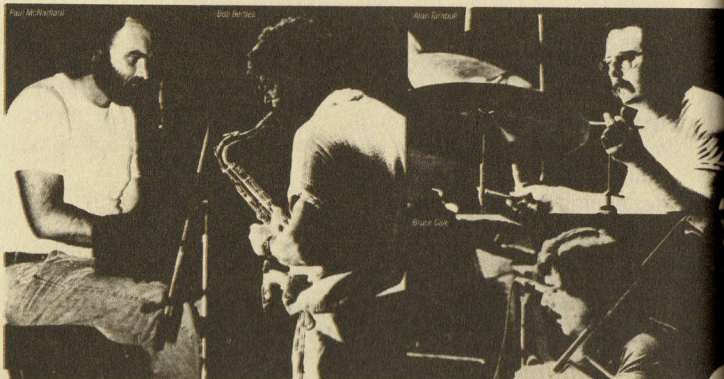
This album has its weak spots, as in the grey flannel-suited Mr Sheep. In contrast with the rest of his material, this track is too undisguised. They Just Got Married tells of boy meets girl, marries, works, has kid, wife gets pregnant again and dies, boy moves to LA, meets foolish girl with bread, they get married. It all ends too soon, just when we're getting interested. On the other hand, *Half A Man* is a thought-provoking song about the pre-judgement of those different from us in various ways.

Pants... well, that's all it is about... taking off one's pants.

Newman has always put out first class albums. He doesn't need the money because the royalties keep pouring in from the various other recordings of his songs. This is to our advantage, as with every release there are fresh avenues to explore and more myths to be busted. His formula is simple — know your craft, know life, get the respect and co-operation of superb

Cale, who played with many renowned American musicians during his dozen or so years in the States, and Bob Bertles, who has played with the very best in England and Europe. The second has Don Burrows, of whom no more need be said, and Bob Bertles, again, who proves his versatility in these dissimilar contexts. Both bands, incidentally, are led by virtuoso bass players.

Richard Ochalski's band



The Bruce Cale Quartet in action.

musicians and producers and your records will be timeless. Newman is one of the few truly ranking with Dylan and Mitchell. — **Carol Ashdown.**

People who ask how Australian jazz compares with American or European jazz should mistrust any straight answer. Australian jazz has taken surprisingly diverse directions, some of which compare well with equivalent streams of the music overseas, some of which do not.

Two very different streams of Australian modern jazz are represented by *Bruce Cale Quartet At The Opera House* and *Richard Ochalski's Straight Ahead*, on the 44 label. Both albums boast two musicians who have proved themselves overseas.

The first has leader *Bruce*

represents that stream of Australian jazz which is modern in harmonic and melodic language, but concerns itself with traditional joys and satisfactions. The influence of Count Basie is as strong as that of Charlie Parker, and somewhat stronger than that of more recent figures, such as John Coltrane.

It is, as the title implies, an uncomplicated, swinging, punchy, happy little ensemble, whose musical idiom is really an easy mixture of the bop and swing eras. Everyone solos fluently in a warm and relaxed manner. The most passionate declamations have a slightly tongue-in-cheek quality, lest you momentarily forget the business in hand: having fun.

Burrows and Bertles provide one of the high points, in a sustained duel on baritone

saxes, Peter Cross and Ken Tait deliver satisfying and idiomatic statements on trumpet and trombone, and Laurie Bennett and Richard Ochalski get as good a feeling on bass and drums for this kind of music as you would find most anywhere. But the most consistently delightful soloist for me is pianist Tony Esterman, who has developed his own distinctive style from such sources as Oscar Peterson, Bud Powell and Thelonius Monk, and who plays with a rare combination of good humor and manic zeal.

Bruce Cale's Quartet represents a cooler and, dare we say it, slightly more intellectual stream of Australian jazz — one which was initiated here by Bryce Rohde, and taken into wilder regions by Charlie Munro. Although he sometimes features Charlie Munro, Cale remains relatively restrained.

We may call this music cool and intellectual because it concerns itself with some of the subtler feelings, as well as those emotions traditionally associated with jazz and the blues. Where the latter are brought into play they may be rather understated, or on the other hand, taken to brief extremes, as though they had been put under a magnifying lens.

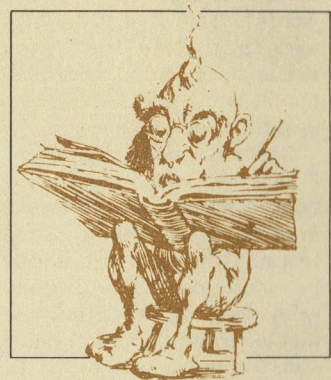
Many of Cale's compositions are based on modes, which tend to create a tranquil and floating feeling, slightly removed from the earthiness of most jazz. This music leaves some people cold. I find it refreshing to the palate. It is quite different from the virulent forms of black contemporary jazz, which have had a big influence on many Australian musicians. It might indeed be called white music — though the influence of black music is still inescapable.

All of these considerations should be set aside when deciding whether one likes it or not. I doubt that anyone will find it displeasing. It is sometimes

limpid and quite beautiful; it has its own kind of intensity, and it is certainly rhythmic (catchy time changes being one of its characteristic devices).

His recording was made during the Quartet's opening set for the Ella Fitzgerald concert last year. I was not there, but the level of applause indicates that they were well received. It was a very enjoyable set, and here is recorded proof. — **John Clare.**

WORDS



COFFEE-TABLE CLASS

Coffee-table books, depending on your point of view, are either attractive, desirable additions to the home, to be enjoyed and chosen with care; or pretentiously over-priced decorations scattered ostentatiously by hosts who won't read them for guests who don't.

The market is so well supplied with large format graphic works that no one has trouble finding material to their taste — or tastelessness, if it comes to that. In a word, profit holds the key. A successful photographic or art book can command a fancy price and very good profits indeed. Even a mildly successful offering will more than pay its way.

Unfortunately, the breadth of choice makes the search for the best that much harder, but two new books of exceptional qual-

ity should not be overlooked. They are *Possessions*, a collection of John Hedgecoe's photographs (Mitchell Beazley, \$30) and *Pile*, a collaboration between artist Mike Wilks and author Brian Aldiss (Jonathan Cape, \$9.50).

With *Possessions*, Hedgecoe takes us into the private world of the very rich. The possessions in question are the women who grace the elaborate habitats of wealthy men, women as beautiful as the things that surround them.

Like any other ornament, the women must attend the master's pleasure when he chooses — which means a great deal of time by themselves or with other women, every whim satisfied and the only challenge a kind of languorous ennui.

One of the most impressive aspects of the book is the variety of ways in which Hedgecoe has captured this ambience. The surroundings and subject matter could easily have led to a flat sense of uniformity — after

all, how many ways are there to photograph opulence?

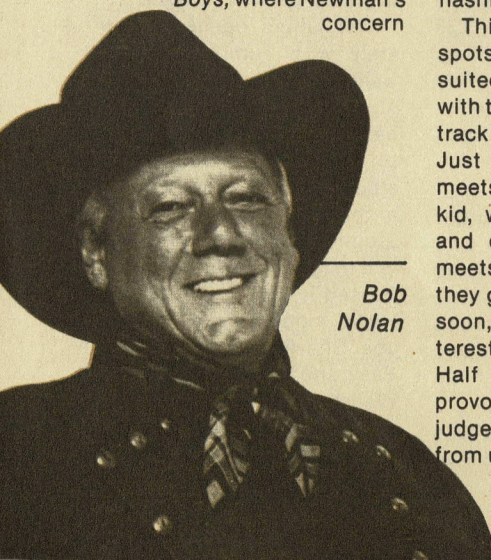
The women, too, are presented in an array of moods — sultry, ethereal, earthy, stilted, with delicacy or with blunt imagery, but never without an essential intimacy and responsiveness to Hedgecoe's understanding. The work as a whole is never less than good, and often breathtaking.

Equally breathtaking, yet totally different, is *Pile*. To bring the nature of Wilks' art to your minds quickly, I must relate his stunning line drawings to the work of M. C. Escher — yet like most comparisons, it contains the unfair implication of imitation.

The similarity is there in the soaring geometric perspectives and the laboriously-detailed penwork, but Wilks is helping SF leading light Brian Aldiss populate a more complex and eerie world than that conjured up by the isolated, eye-twisting Escher images.

Aldiss' narrative poem de-

Pile: genius from the pens of Aldiss and Wilks.



Bob Nolan

scribes the fall of Prince Scart, a prince of the towering and overpowering metropolis of Pile, where "Dame Nature plies no trades". Scart loses a battle for some of the endless halls and staircases of Pile and, escorted by his giant Torturer Elect and his Dwarf, descends to the realms of St Klaed's Computer. There he wishes destruction on his enemies and his wish is granted, with dire results.

Aldiss disgraces himself with some terrible constructions, such as rhyming "skilled" with "build" when the full word is builders and the -ers is on the next line; or 'Each garret, each high pot, is news

Of truth on the hypotenuse,' and seems to be trying for a job as a lexicographer, judging by his penchant for obscure words.

Yet the flavor of the words is sombre enough to complement Wilks' moody vistas, each contribution working superbly to make *Pile* unusually powerful.

Another pair of dissimilar but thoroughly entertaining books are *The Mastermind Book* by Cameron Hazlehurst (ABC, \$6.95) and *Graffiti Lives, OK* by Nigel Rees (Unwin, \$3.95).

Mastermind is the ABC television series based upon the British game, in which contestants are pitted against general knowledge and special topic questions. The game has resulted in the start of an international "play-off" between national champions.

If a book which contains well-researched questions and answers doesn't sound like gripping reading, I suggest you have a look at a copy and find how easy it is to be trapped for hours.

Nigel Rees, who also wrote *Quote . . . Unquote*, must have scoured the least-salubrious walls of the United Kingdom for his *Graffiti* material. Some of the results are rather off or just plain old-hat, but a lot are clever, or funny, or both.

The '...OK' was apparently first added to graffiti in Ireland with slogans such as "Provo Rule, OK", referring to the IRA. It has provided inspiration to a whole generation of British graffitologists:

George Gershwin rules. 'Oh, Kay!'
Dyslexia lures, KO
The Queen rules, UK and, in a rare display of solidarity with EEC fellow-workers:
French dockers rule au quai. — *John Hampshire.*

Running writer Jim Fixx is, of course, very wealthy now and can probably afford someone to do his jogging for him. But the torrent of garbage on the subject of advancing one foot after the other unleashed by Mr Fixx continues unabated. Latest in the dreariest collection of books since Tasmanian *Hansard* is *The Complete Book of Walking* (Outback Press). One Charles T. Kuntzleman (which is apparently not a publisher's joke but the name of a real person) waxes lyrical about the

pleasures, virtues and benefits of walking — known to aficionados as ISR (incredibly slow running). Sample: "Walking is the perfect exercise because almost everyone can walk". Dead right Kuntzle, which makes the book an unnecessary extravagance. Better to take a long walk to the pub and drink the \$12.50.

On the other hand (or foot) Vic Ziegel and Lewis Grossberger (this time it is a publisher's joke) have come up with a truly worthwhile manual in *The Non-Runners Book* (Cassell). Here, in words and pictures, is the long-awaited "advice and reassurance for the millions of people who want to know, 'Is it all right if I don't run?'"

Champion non-runner Frank Footer sets the tone for the book in his eloquent foreword, in which he confides: "I learned to walk at the age of two, and by two and a half I was tired of it and lying down again." Elsewhere the authors introduce us to such non-running luminaries as Dr Chaim Dry, pioneer in stationary

medicine, Dr George Shoeshine author of the non-runner's bible, *Non-Running And Non-Being*; The Totality Of The Whole, and Walt Torpo, Olympic non-runner and widely acknowledged as the world's slowest human.

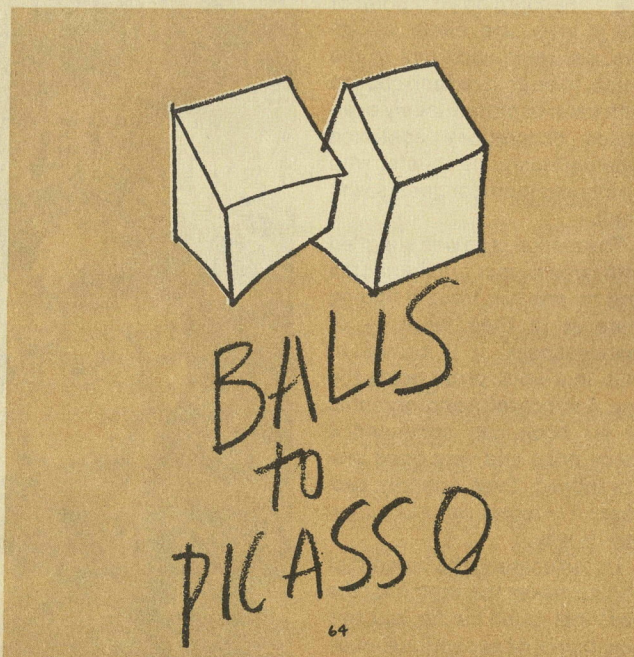
Tips on gearing your life around the avoidance of exercise and diet form an important part of this book, and where earlier manuals have tended to state the obvious, *The Non-Runners Book* is just chocka with helpful hints. Sample: "Keep a flashlight near your refrigerator."

The final chapter, for those who remain unconvinced, features testimonials from celebrity non-runners. Calvin Coolidge's succinct "I do not choose to run" almost takes the cake, but who can go past the final word on the subject, offered by veteran non-runner Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys. "Do we non-run?" asks Wilson, who has lately taken to having his meals served to him in bed, "We do non-run de do non-run."

In 1940, more than 2500 European refugees, most of them Jews who had fled from Hitler, were shipped from Britain to internment camps in Australia. Despite the fact that they were fiercely opposed to the Nazi regime, most of these people were imprisoned for the duration of the war. In *The Dunera Internees* (Cassell, \$12.95), Australian Jewish scholar Ben Zion Patkin tells the story of this internment and the injustices suffered by a remarkable group of people.

Unfortunately, Mr Patkin's painstaking research is not matched by his writing skills, and what could have been an engrossing tale is merely a record of one of the more shameful episodes of our part in the last war. Mr Patkin's work is valuable, but if his publisher had gently reworked it, it could also have been interesting. — *Phil Jarratt.*

From the book *Graffiti Lives, OK* by Nigel Rees.



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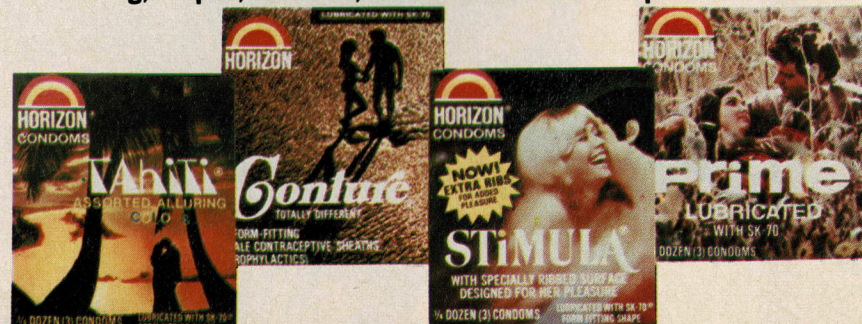
Four kinds of Horizon condoms. Four kinds of Pleasure. Choose from Prime... thin, transparent. Conture... perfectly fitting, extra-sensitive, shaped.



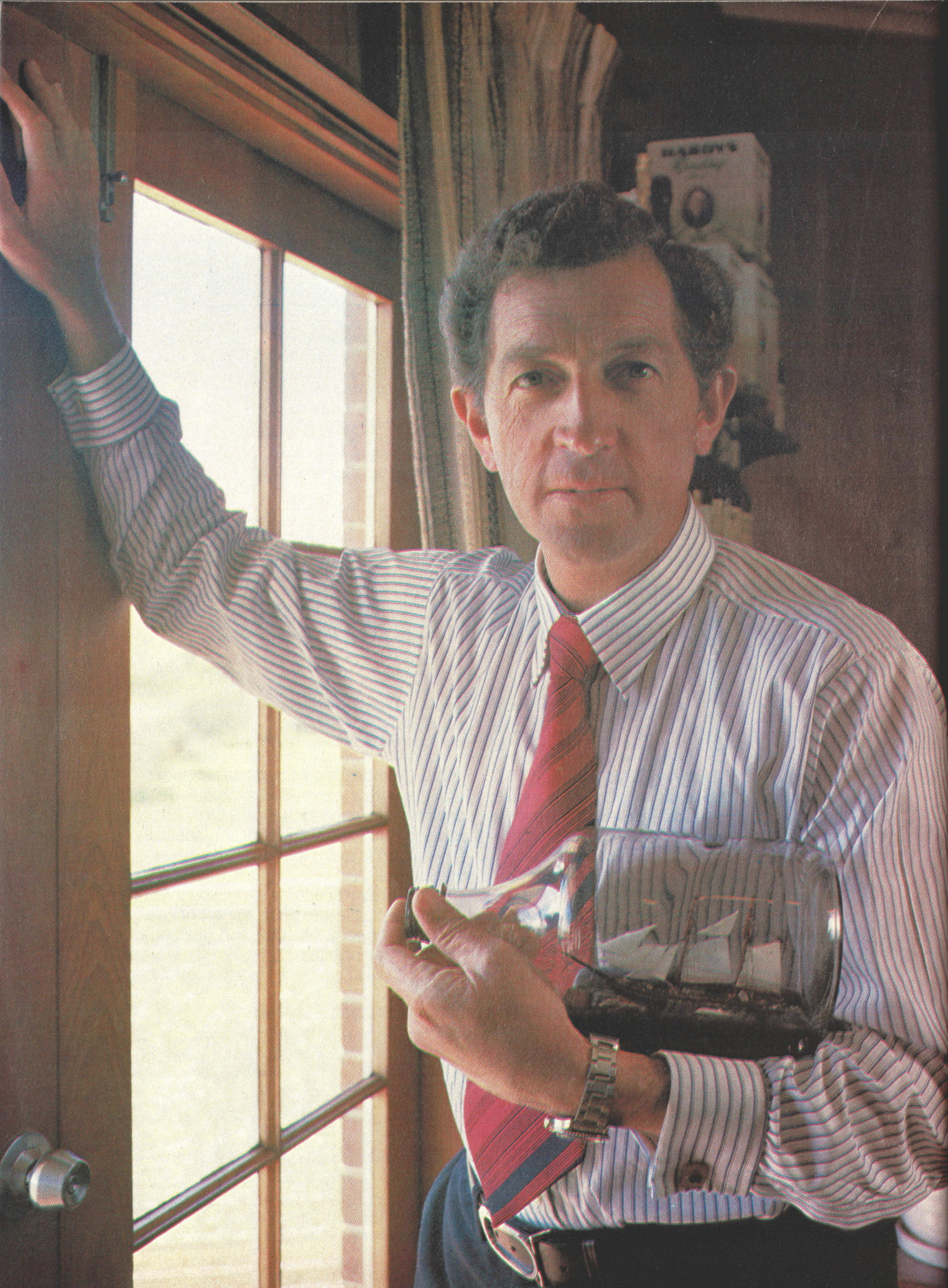
Tahiti...exotically coloured and shaped. Or ones with a textured surface called Stimula, specially designed for her pleasure. All have our exclusive satiny SK-70 lubricant, specially formulated to make the experience easy and natural.

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Available at pharmacies everywhere.



Photograph by Michael Gaudens

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JIM HARDY

‘

The world's trouble spots are invariably places where there's no alcohol. We'd all get along better with more alcohol.

,

It is difficult to imagine a better ambassador for the Australian Establishment than Jim Hardy. Australia's premier yachtsman and front man for one of our oldest winemaking families, Hardy represents all the old values. And his success in both business and sport has been one of the few recent comforts for the silver-haired gentry in a world where games are played for money and corporate crooks are a dime a dozen.

"Until one meets an Australian like Jim Hardy, it is sometimes difficult not to believe them, well . . . not quite house-broken," said Dr Norris Hoyt, the celebrated American yachtsman, author and historian. "The manners of a duke," commented a US diplomat who met him during the 1970 America's Cup challenge. In fact, wherever he's been in the 20 years it has taken him to get to the top in international yacht racing and the Australian wine industry, James Gilbert Hardy has been showered with praise for his skills, determination and, above all, for his gentlemanly demeanor. It's a picture that is almost too good to be true, but if there is a darker side to Hardy he keeps it well hidden, even after one bottle of port too many and another on the way.

At 47 and hardly a shirker when it comes to propping up the boardroom bar in the interests of product analysis, "Gentleman Jim" remains lean, year-round-tanned and fit. He favors striped business shirts, well-cut, conservative suits and the close-cropped hair of the serious sportsman. He speaks softly, modulates his vowels and his favorite adjective is "jolly", used in the euphemistic sense.

The youngest son of Thomas Hardy, a third generation South Australian vintner, Hardy was born in Adelaide in 1932. The Hardys had always been sailors, and his father held the first Master Yachtsman's Certificate to be issued in Australia. Young Jim, however, was unimpressed with the family passion until after his father died, ironically, in an air crash. Hardy recalls: "Father left behind a house full of books and photographs of yachts. It was inevitable that I should eventually develop an interest, and when I did I caught the disease worse than my brothers."

In his teens, and still a student at Adelaide's St Peter's College, Hardy started building his own boats. His first, a

four-metre Cadet dinghy, took him to second place in the Australian championship for the Stonehaven Cup against much older boys. George Ross, the local boat-builder who had helped him build the dinghy, sent him a bill for the timber used in its construction. On the back he'd written: "Success comes to all those who fight for it." Hardy remembers the message today as the beginnings of his competitive spirit.

He sailed in the Melbourne Olympics in 1956, picked up State and national titles in cadets, sharpies and flying dutchmen, and went on to win the world 505 championship. Then, in 1966, he got his first taste of 12-metre racing when he crewed aboard Vim and later Gretel in her attempts to defeat Dame Pattie for the right to challenge for the 1967 America's Cup.

Gretel lost, but Hardy went to Newport anyway, and came home with the dream of one day skippering the Australian yacht which would take the Cup. The dream almost came true three years later when Sir Frank Packer asked him to captain Gretel II. Hardy and his crew thrashed the French for the right to challenge and, amid great controversy, came the closest Australia has been to winning the coveted Cup.

In 1974 he skippered Alan Bond's Southern Cross, and failed to win a race. But the dream endured and Hardy came back to Australia and tried to raise money for a syndicate challenge in 1977. His vision of a "people's boat" never came to fruition, but after two fighting challenges for the greatest prize in sailing, Hardy had established a world-wide reputation as Australia's best yachtsman.

After some initial uncertainty, Hardy joined the family company as a director and accountant in 1962 and, at the suggestion of his brother, Tom, (now chairman) moved to Sydney to take charge of the faltering NSW branch. According to Hardy, his dual sailing and business careers never looked back, although he admits there have been times when yachting has taken precedence over boardroom affairs.

These days he controls the east coast interests of Thomas Hardy and Sons from a plush office overlooking Sydney's Botany Bay. Married for 23 years, Hardy and his wife Anne share a waterfront unit at Manly with their

elder son, David. The north shore mansion and family Daimler were sacrificed in 1977 to pay for his racing sloop, Nyamba.

Typically, Hardy seldom discusses the tragedy of his younger son, Richard, who had a cerebral haemorrhage at the age of one. Blind and incapacitated, the boy has spent most of his life under specialist care in homes. Hardy has been a tireless worker for the Royal Blind Society since the accident and, unbeknown to most of his friends and business associates, donated the fee for his endorsement of American Express to the charity.

In this interview, Jim Hardy discusses his two great loves, wind and wine, with *Penthouse* Senior Editor Phil Jarratt.

Penthouse: The 1979 Admiral Cup must have been the most sensational yachting event of all time.

Hardy: Yes, it was. All the traditional pomp and ceremony, the usual Friday night at Cowes with the fireworks, all that terrific excitement and then, three days later, so much tragedy.

Penthouse: Did a tragedy of this nature come as a total shock?

Hardy: I think so, yes. The loss of life was a shock, the menfolk who didn't come back to their families. I could understand injuries in those conditions, and maybe even a fatality, but 19 dead? Never. Earlier this year I was really rocked by two guys losing their lives in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference in America. That seemed to herald in a bad period for ocean racing.

Penthouse: What does it say about the sport of ocean racing that this sort of thing can happen?

Hardy: In the case of Fastnet you have to remember that it was a freak storm. It was forecast to blow about 35 knots and it blew about 60. The depression formed so very quickly. I believe that hundreds of years ago one of the Spanish Armadas struck a similar storm in the Irish Sea at the same time of year. I guess it happens from time to time.

The last couple of Admirals Cups I've been in were totally different. We were becalmed in '75 — took seven days to sail the course. It was like glass in the Irish Sea and we sat there for two days going nowhere. Four years later we were just about blown off the face of the earth.

Penthouse: In modern ocean racing, is it a case of safety being sacrificed for speed?

Hardy: Yes, I think that's one of the contributing factors. Also the publicity the sport has been getting over the past few years has resulted in a lot of guys going to sea in boats that are ill-equipped for rough conditions.

We saw some very small boats down in Portland. I was there with one of the crew of Impetuous and he pointed out to these guys who were having a quiet drink in the cockpit, that their boat wasn't really fit to sail around the corner. There were a lot

like that. Only 86 finished, and I think something like 220 withdrew or sank.

Penthouse: How did you feel during the very worst of the storm?

Hardy: I can remember the first part, the first real shock wave that I got. I was listening to our VHF radio, on which you could pick up a bit. I mean, if you could see the guy you could talk to him, the reception was like that. About 10 at night this really strong change came through, and it had been predicted at about 30 or 35 knots. I was steering the boat and I knew it was a lot harder than that. It was more like 50 knots, but I was expecting a strong wind so we reefed the sails down and bashed our way into the Fastnet rock. I'd sailed in stronger winds before but just before we went into the rock I went off watch and I was down below with the navigator and I heard on the radio that the *Regardless*, the top Irish yacht, had snapped off its rudder.

The voices on radio suddenly got very tense. That really started to get to me, then we heard there'd been some loss of life. From then it seemed terribly serious.

We knew that he had to be somewhere near us because we were similar sized boats and we'd been very close in the earlier races. He was talking to the Irish lifeboat and the voices seemed quite cool and calm, but he said he needed a tow and the sea conditions were getting worse by the minute, and I suddenly thought, heavens above, what a terrible thing this is!

I kept listening, and the lifeboat got to *Regardless* about midnight and the tow line got caught around the keel. The voices suddenly got very tense and the lifeboat suggested that they drop a line off and they'd try to get back later. That sort of conversation really started to get to me, and then in the next broadcast we heard that there'd been some loss of life. We didn't know just how much, but from then on it did seem terribly serious.

Penthouse: What were conditions like on *Impetuous*?

Hardy: Oh, we had about 60 knots. We reefed the boat right down to three reefs, the storm jib and the mainsail. When we got to Fastnet rock we felt that the breeze had moderated a little. It might have been

that we were in the eye of the cyclone, but we felt that we could take down the storm jib and put up a bigger one. Hugh Treharne, the other helmsman, said to me that he thought we could put up the number four jib, but I thought we could put up the number three, the bigger one.

So we put it up and rocketed off down towards the Scilly Isles. I came back on watch about four in the morning and we'd had a couple of complete wipeouts, the boat had been flattened and the cockpit full of water. We all had our life harnesses on. I knew we just had to get that number three jib off, so I had a couple of guys doing that and one of them thought he'd broken all his fingers. He came aft and it was pitch black and he wasn't very happy. It had been my plot to put the storm jib back up, but under the circumstances I said to Graham Lambert, the owner of the boat: "Look, I've won a lot of races by being conservative and I reckon we've got enough sail up." He agreed with me entirely.

Penthouse: You were still thinking in terms of winning rather than surviving?

Hardy: Winning for sure, but that feeling was tempered by the fact that the Irish had already lost one boat. We also knew that the Americans would be pushing their boats, so we were pushing, too. But our pushing was tainted by a survival instinct. So a bit later I asked another of our blokes to go down below and get the storm jib up. He went down and got it partway up, but he came up again and he was feeling so crook he couldn't do it, so we continued on without it for about four hours.

Then, eventually, the wind moderated a little and we got the jib up. It moderated a bit more and we popped out a spinnaker. We'd seen a couple of the other boats way off on the horizon and they were just masts, hardly any sail at all. We finally put up the colored storm spinnaker and we were off like crazy. By this stage the sun was almost out. The really scary stuff was over.

Penthouse: You didn't at any stage feel that you'd have to abandon?

Hardy: No, we were always racing the boat. Maybe not quite pushing as hard as we might have. If we hadn't heard the news about *Regardless* we might have tried to get the storm jib up earlier, but as it turned out, *Eclipse*, the English boat that won the race, ran for four hours with no sails at all.

Penthouse: You weren't the only helmsman on *Impetuous*. If it had been entirely your responsibility would you have played the shots differently?

Hardy: No. If anything I wouldn't have put the storm spinnaker up as early as Hugh Treharne did, and doing that probably won the Admirals Cup for Australia.

Penthouse: What are the lessons of Fastnet?

Hardy: I think the provisions for the Sydney/Hobart race should be looked at

very closely in relation to future Admirals Cups, particularly the radio requirements. In this country we're all forced to carry side-band transmitters which are capable of getting a message out in very bad conditions. In England they don't seem to like the idea of cluttering up the air waves with pleasure craft. I understand that the Home Office is the stumbling block. It's only been in the last two Admirals Cups that we've had VHF radios which are okay while the weather's fine, but when it got rough this year some of the waves were taller than our mast and transmission just cut off.

The actual race organisation was bad in that they didn't know how many starters there were, they didn't have crew lists and they didn't require the threshold of experience in ocean racing that's required here.

Penthouse: Is it true that you had very great misgivings about ocean racing early in your career? A problem with sea sickness?

Hardy: I didn't actually get sick, but I sure didn't feel too good. I sort of felt I'd stick to small boat sailing, but as the years went on I found the challenge too hard to resist. There are so many extra elements in ocean racing. Fortune is one of the things that gets you in. It makes you so mad when one guy seems to have all the luck, but it seems to work out that the best sailors have the most good fortune. I think Gary

Player once said: "The more I practice the luckier I get!" I know what he meant.

Penthouse: How did you overcome your sea sickness? Mind over body?

Hardy: A lot of it, yes. But that's not always the answer. One of my old crew, Max Whitnall, poor fella, was fine as long as he could see the coast, but when he couldn't he was terrible. I've never been that bad. It's only when it gets really rough now that I feel a bit... well I haven't actually been sick at sea since about 1956. No, that's not right. I was sick on the *Ragamuffin* going to Hobart two years ago. Everybody was.

Penthouse: It must be rather difficult to maintain crew discipline under those circumstances.

Hardy: It is. Everybody gets so down. The crew we had this year on *Impetuous*, most of them from the 18-footer club here in Sydney, were terrific. A couple of them were sick, very sick, but they didn't stop working.

Penthouse: So it's not a huge stumbling block for a sailor?

Hardy: For some it is. Max Whitnall eventually had to forget ocean racing because of it. A lot of guys seem to go through a sick stage and then come good. In my earlier days it used to put me off to the extent that if I wasn't in a really happy boat I'd start thinking about sticking with the smaller boats.

Penthouse: What's the difference be-

tween a happy and an unhappy boat?

Hardy: Well, living in such close proximity — I mean it's rather like a kid's cubby house — and under strain, some guys seem to feel the world owes them a living.

Years ago I can remember one very hard ocean race in South Australia which we won. The owner of the boat, who'd been lying on his bunk the whole time, handed me a bottle of Marvo as we were about to go off and celebrate. He handed me this french polish and a cloth and told me to polish the boat from stem to stern, then stepped ashore for a drink. I polished the boat, but I was seething underneath. I'd never ask that sort of thing of my crews. I like them to collapse at the end of a race, mentally and physically. If they've got enough energy left to polish a boat they haven't worked hard enough.

Penthouse: You've been described as "Mr Cool at the helm", "Gentleman Jim" and a variety of phrases which suggest an unflappable personality. Is that really you, or is it hype?

Hardy: I don't really know. You'd probably have to ask my crew. I get pretty annoyed when fellows make stupid mistakes and I yell at them, but I suppose the training I've had does temper me to some extent. I feel you've got to get them to show initiative, and making demands all the time doesn't help. It varies with different personalities of course, but generally I think Australians respond best to leadership by example.

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Our crews tend to be fairly casual whereas the American teams are always so disciplined. I think we have a real problem in that area which probably goes back to our very beginnings. We've always been such a fiercely independent race. I don't dislike that in us, but it's often very hard to marshal. If Australians are disenchanted with the job they just don't have the same discipline the Americans have.

Penthouse: Are you suggesting that lack of self discipline is a major factor in our failure to win the America's Cup?

Hardy: Undoubtedly. You can't tell guys they have to be in their bunks at 10 o'clock. They have to want to win badly enough to just know that. You can see that discipline clearly in the faces of the American crews. They don't want to be the ones to lose the Cup.

Penthouse: Does psychology play a part in your race strategy?

Hardy: I try to psyche up the crew to win. I say to them, "How are we feeling?" And they respond, "great". And I get the whole crew to hit the deck. We've done that before a few starts and it's had the boat next door a bit puzzled.

Penthouse: Does that sort of pre-race conditioning extend to the private lives of your crew members?

Hardy: Not as much as I'd sometimes like it to. I hear from some of the ladies that their menfolk get pretty jumpy before a

race. I think that a bit of anxiety is essential. It works wonders for me. To give you an example, I don't enjoy steering other people's boats as much as I do my own, but I think I do it better because there's that bit of extra pressure on me to do well.

Penthouse: You've been quoted several times as saying that the general environment at Newport, Rhode Island and the ladies in particular, were a distraction to the Australian challengers for the America's Cup. Exactly what did you mean?

Hardy: Well, the crew isn't made of wood — that's really what I meant. Another country, different people, there's a curiosity that can lead late into the night. Alan Bond said you don't take your women to war. I think that applies to the America's Cup and the Admirals Cup.

Penthouse: Are you suggesting that you'd like to see a men's club atmosphere at the big races?

Hardy: We had that with the Sir Frank Packer challenge in Gretel II in 1970, and they were the best results we've had. It's hard to generalise, of course, but there are some guys who, left to their own devices, go really haywire. They're better off in a men's club atmosphere where they can live the race 24 hours a day. It's basically a protective thing. On the other hand, there are guys who just aren't being themselves when they're not raping and pillaging. I lean more towards the Packer

idea of keeping your mind right on the job.

Penthouse: Do you take your wife to the big races?

Hardy: I do, but under the Packer system the wives lived in one house and the guys all lived in another.

Penthouse: Was that his idea or yours?

Hardy: His, but I was quite happy with it. Look, the challenge lasts such a short time that any distraction is bad.

Penthouse: Is it true that you all had dinner with Sir Frank the night before the race in which a crew member fell overboard?

Hardy: Yes. Sir Frank said he wanted to take everyone out to dinner the night before the first race. The idea was to calm us all down. I told him I didn't think it was necessary, that it'd be better to have everyone a bit anxious. So he said, in front of the crew: "Jim doesn't want me to take you to dinner, but I'm going to anyway." And we went out and had a magnificent dinner at the White Horse Inn in Newport.

Now I'm in the wine business, and winning and dining is something I've grown up with, but to some of the fellows it was a bit of a banquet. We had four courses I think, and quite a bit of wine, and at 10 o'clock Sir Frank said: "Right, off to your digs."

Penthouse: "Quite a bit of wine" you say. I think the amount of wine consumed is crucial to the story. Can you be more specific?

Hardy: Well, it was as heavy a night as you

wanted to make it. The guys who had the worst nerves probably drank a bit more than they normally would have. The guy falling overboard could be classed as an accident, but the general crew work was a bit under par all round. We were all a bit jaded, and on top of that we were towed out to the starting line by a 40-foot motor boat and we soaked up diesel fumes all the way. It was a rough, rainy day too, and there was a bit of sea sickness. I know I didn't feel too good.

Penthouse: Did you have many differences of opinion with Sir Frank during the challenge?

Hardy: No, not really. We had a couple of differences of opinion where he prevailed and I reckon he was right. One of them was over the choice of headsail. I told him I'd put up a particular type of headsail because I thought the breeze was increasing. Sir Frank said: "So you know more than Jesus Christ, do you? Shouldn't you put up the sail that's absolutely right for the moment and change it when and if the wind changes?" He was right, too. I'd been thinking about smaller boats where you have to make your choice when you leave the beach. I got on very well with him, actually.

Penthouse: You obviously had a great deal of respect for his knowledge of sailing.

Hardy: I did, too. I thought he went a bit offbeat over the seven-ounce jib. The Americans had a seven-ounce jib and we didn't, so Sir Frank turned heaven and earth to get one. He had one made in Sydney and flown across at the last minute. Totally unnecessary, but you can't blame the guy.

Penthouse: Was your relationship with Alan Bond as stormy as it often seemed?

Hardy: I don't think it was stormy, no. I don't think I'm hedging there — it was only stormy during the trials Bond conducted between myself and John Cuneo from Brisbane to see who'd get the job of steering the Southern Cross.

John has been an arch rival of mine for many years, and we had a terrific series of races at Yanchep in WA and in America. I won the job, but considering we then got thrashed in the America's Cup, John Cuneo was probably quite pleased with the way things worked out. I think some people may have got the impression that Bond and I had a stormy relationship because of the tensions during those trials. Alan's a swashbuckling guy and I love that style of person. You need Alan Bonds in every community.

Penthouse: He didn't win too many friends at Newport though, did he?

Hardy: No, he didn't. He got very involved in the challenge. It was very similar, I understand, to the role Sir Frank Packer played in 1962. From all reports he wanted to drive all the horses, and Alan Bond was like that in '74. He was ap-

parently quite different in '77. Actually in 1970 in the first private discussion I had with Sir Frank, he said to me: "Up till now the Gretel has been my yacht. Now it's Australia's yacht. It's in your hands." He gave me unfettered control over it and I made a couple of wrong decisions, and maybe that's why we lost the Cup. But they were my decisions, and we got pretty close. In 1974, Alan Bond tried to fight fire with fire. He thought the best way to handle the Americans was to put out memos to the press inciting war. All it did was make the Americans try harder.

Penthouse: A case of first time brash?

Hardy: — I guess so.

Hardy: Did Bond's outbursts at Newport embarrass you?

Penthouse: A couple of them did. He accused Dennis Connor, the American starting skipper, of underhand tactics, and at the time I thought we weren't really big enough to handle that sort of thing.

I see a lot of beauty in sailing. I think I've forsaken a few wins in my career because I've been enjoying myself too much.

Better to be a bit more subdued. Alan was really only trying to stir the Americans up a bit, but it sort of backfired. He always treated the press with disdain and that rebounded on him, too. Whenever there was a dispute, the press made it look as black for Alan as they could.

Penthouse: Was there a particular bitter rivalry between Australia and America that year?

Hardy: I think there was. The American team that year wasn't a very happy crew. They put a bloke off the boat and they had several changes. The gloves were definitely off when Alan Bond arrived and started making accusations.

Penthouse: Did your choice over Cuneo create any friction in Australian yachting?

Hardy: Yes, it did. In one sense I was the best man for the job because I'd had more experience than John and I was defeating him more often than he was me. But his straight track record was better than mine. He'd won more championships. So it was a bit of an upset and there was quite a lot of ill feeling at the time.

I hope that's all forgotten now. I believe it is because I invited John to be a coach

when we started the Matilda Syndicate, the people's boat, and he accepted the offer. I admire Cuneo's attention to detail — it's something I wish I had — and I was delighted that he was chosen as the Olympic coach. He drives his crew hard, both ashore and afloat. He's got this tremendous intensity that I could never have. I get sidetracked by the elements. I don't think John Cuneo would have had as many buzzes out of sailing as I have. I've had some real highs on boats, things like watching a seagull fly across the path of the moon. I see a lot of beauty in sailing whereas John sees it purely as a competitive sport. I think I've forsaken a few wins in my career because I've been enjoying myself too much.

Penthouse: Are you saying that you lack the killer instinct?

Hardy: I've got it up to a point, but I look upon myself as a Corinthian sailor. I suppose that's a bit old-fashioned, but yachting today is full of professionals who go from boat to boat all year round and never think of anything else. It's a bit sad really. I don't see them smile too often. I like to win, but losing doesn't bug me as much as it does some of those guys.

Penthouse: Winning the America's Cup must now seem like the impossible dream.

Hardy: It does a bit. Over at the Admirals Cup I was speaking to Dennis Connor, who is determined to beat Ted Turner and become the next defence skipper. He said he was going to sail 331 days this year, whereas last year he sailed only 310, or something like that. Mind boggling! That's how much they put into it.

The only thing that will beat the Americans is a fellow like Allan Payne out-designing them. They've been out-designed in ocean racing and I think that might turn out to be their Achilles heel. But in training, preparation and sailing expertise, we haven't got remotely close to them. We're going to have to go for the technical edge.

Penthouse: Taking that view, you must regard Gordon Ingate's 1980 hopes for the 10-year-old Gretel II as laughable.

Hardy: Well, stranger things have happened. Gordon Ingate has done some wonderful things with old boats. He cleaned me up in the Tempest class with an old boat, and I didn't think he could do that. Maybe it's possible. Gretel has been revamped, but I don't know about it. If you drew up a balance sheet — which is theoretically what I do for a living — on his chances of winning, you'd have to have him as a loser.

Penthouse: Who came up with the idea of the People's Boat?

Hardy: It was completely my idea. It came about when I was walking through the New York Yacht Club after the 1974 America's Cup series looking at all the plates in front of the models they have of the defenders and challengers. Looking

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at those plaques, I was struck by the fact that all the American yachts were syndicate-owned. They weren't Sir Frank Packers, the Alan Bonds or the Baron Bichs of the world. They were all syndicate boats, while the challengers all seemed to be one-man bands. I felt there had to be a message there.

My idea was that Allan Payne would design the yacht, Peter Cole would make all the sails and I'd be the captain, provided somebody didn't bob up and beat me. So we formed this syndicate and I tried very hard to get people interested in it, but looking back on it now I think a lot of people thought it was just a dream. Nobody had even taken the Cup away and we'd just lost 4-0, so you couldn't really blame people here for taking that attitude.

Penthouse: Was the idea of a syndicate challenge basically the result of your disenchantment with Bond and Packer?

Hardy: Not as much as some people think. More than anything, I was copying the Americans and their idea of a management team. We decided we wouldn't go to the people for financial support until we could see a third of the money we needed, which meant \$500,000. We reckoned the whole thing, from start to finish, was going to cost \$1.5 million. Not much if you say it quickly, but people tended to balk at it. I don't think too many people realised that one of the big benefits of the America's Cup is that the boat must be designed and built in the challenging country, so although you're spending a huge amount of money, most of it goes back into employment in your own country.

If you look at the Admirals Cup this year, the three Australian yachts were all designed by foreigners. Police Car was designed by English naval architect Ed du Bois; Impetuous was designed by Ron Holland in Ireland and Ragamuffin was designed in the US. So we win the Admirals Cup but we don't push Australian design forward, whereas the America's Cup challenge puts a lot of pressure on the technical people here.

Penthouse: Was it a great disappointment to you that the finance for the People's Boat wasn't forthcoming?

Hardy: It was really. We could see \$300,000, we'd been promised it and we wanted another \$200,000 to kick things off. We needed \$100,000 straight up cash for design research, and that was a hard one to crack. We had offers of assistance in the form of workers, but no cash.

Penthouse: Have you made money out of sailing?

Hardy: No, in fact it's cost me a lot. From a company point of view it hasn't been a total loss, of course. The association of the name Hardy with these events may have persuaded a few people to give our wines a try. That's how I justify it to myself, anyway.

In the early days, I called my yachts

things like Tintara and Black Bottle, but that's not allowed now. I get invited to places to give addresses on wine and wind, as it were, so it must work to a certain extent.

Penthouse: Do you have any qualms about your company's sponsorship of the Olympic Games in view of the political implications?

Hardy: No, we didn't really even consider that. I've had the great thrill of being in two Olympic teams, and I must say I tend to look clean over the top of that sort of thing. I see the Olympics as a wonderful forum for human endeavor. The fact that they're being held in a country with completely different ideologies doesn't really concern me. Mind you, quite a few people in the Jewish community have written us letters saying they'd never buy Hardy's wines again. My brother Tom, as chairman, has copped a lot of that.

Penthouse: What do you say to your critics?

Hardy: Well, no more than I'm saying to you — that I've sailed with Russians and East Germans and, as far as I'm concerned, they're simply fellow yachtsmen.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the association of alcohol and sport through advertising?

Hardy: I feel it's a bad thing to tell people they'll perform better if they partake of our product, but table wines... well, if they were good enough for Jesus Christ they're good enough for me. I'm not so keen on fortified wines, spirits or even beer being promoted in the same way.

The whole thrust of our Olympic sponsorship has been around the theme of the pursuit of excellence. I think that's what the advertising boys call "the high ground". Our winemakers try very hard to win medals and so do our sportsmen. It's the same tradition.

Penthouse: Would you have any misgiving about sporting sponsorship if your product happened to be cigarettes?

Hardy: Yes, I would. I feel that there's enough evidence of the health hazards there, but I don't see that with table wines. Quite the opposite. If you look around the world's trouble spots you'll find invariably that they're places where there's no alcohol. I think we'd all get along a bit better with more alcohol.

Penthouse: Did you have the family wine-making tradition instilled in you at an early age?

Hardy: Yes. I can remember having to give talks at school, and I'd talk about winemaking. We used to troop through the winery. And yet when I left school and after I was in the first national service intake in 1951 and went into the army and rose to the dizzy height of corporal, I went share farming for a year.

My mother had me booked into the winemaking diploma course at Roseworthy, but I told her I wasn't ready for that and went down the Yorke Peninsula for 12

months and finished up in hospital with a hernia. It was while I was lying in hospital that I started to think that if my father had been alive he would have wanted me to go into the family business. I mean, it is a wonderful heritage.

My brothers were already there, and here I was just doing my own thing. Tom had a science engineering degree, David was a qualified winemaker, my cousin Bob was a winemaker, and they were all in the company. So I thought there might have been an opening for me on the commercial side, and I enrolled myself at the SA Institute of Technology to do a diploma course in accountancy.

I found it super boring for a year or so, but then I really got to like it. Not so much the numbers, but the commercial law and income tax and so on. I joined the family company and when I graduated they made me a director. I was 30 by the time, doing it part-time.

I tend to look clean over the top of politics in sport. The fact that the Olympics are held in countries with different ideologies doesn't really concern me.

In 1962, Tom asked me if I'd like to come to Sydney to take over the branch which wasn't performing too spectacularly. It sounded pretty good and I didn't think it would hurt my yachting. Since then both the branch and the sailing have gone pretty well.

Penthouse: Did you ever have to make a conscious decision between your sailing and business careers?

Hardy: Yes, in fact it's almost a continuous process. A battle wages inside me most of the time. I often feel that I'm falling between two stools, and yet I don't think I'd be very successful as a professional sailor. I need that other interest. I enjoy trying to convince people they'd be better off drinking Hardys.

Penthouse: Did the Hardy children grow up on Hardy wine?

Hardy: Certainly. We were allowed claret or hock and lemonade at a very early age. I can remember sitting in the backyard with half a dozen of my mates drinking claret and lemonade all afternoon. My mother came home and didn't seem to mind too much. But she was very much against any of us drinking spirits before

we were 30, not even our own brandy. Our table was always set with good wine.

Penthouse: I read that your mother still enjoys a glass of champagne before lunch.

Hardy: Yes she does, even at 86. I think the world would be a better place if more people drank champagne before lunch.

Penthouse: Has the family always seen eye to eye over company matters?

Hardy: In the past 10 years we've had quite a few suitors, people who have wanted to buy us out. We've always felt that if they think it's that good then maybe we should hang on to it.

Our great-grandfather, Thomas Hardy, left the company in equal shares to his sons. I'm part of the fourth generation of sons and I certainly don't want it to be the generation that sold out. If the next generation decides to sell, well that doesn't worry me, but I'd be disappointed if it happened in my lifetime. I'm sure the old fellow who started it all wouldn't want to see that happen, either. I guess I'm tied up in the history of the thing.

Penthouse: Board meetings must be like giant family reunions.

Hardy: They are a bit that way, although we now have a general manager who's not family, and a finance director. We've set up what we call a nepotism committee, and the employment of family members has to be approved by it. A couple of family members have been told to go and do something else, at least for a period.

Penthouse: What predictions do you make for the future of the Australian wine industry?

Hardy: I think we're coming into a new era of winemaking. We're taking wine away from the traditional areas, particularly along the River Murray, and we're growing grapes in the south-east of South Australia, in Launceston, Victoria is coming back into its own, areas where the grapes struggle a bit to get ripe. I think that's what makes the difference. Australian wine is definitely getting better and better, although I think some of the young winemakers are a little too young to make a good red. I think their whites are great, but they haven't got the experience to come up with a great red.

Penthouse: What does the future hold for Jim Hardy?

Hardy: If I struck gold tomorrow I'd give Allan Payne an open cheque to design me a 12-metre yacht to race in the America's Cup. That's really what I want to do. I'm 47 now, and my age is the thing. Bus Mosbacher was about 50 and Jock Sturrock was a bit older when they had their last tilts at it. I don't think my nervous system would stand up to that sort of pressure for too much longer. So I'd be looking at 1983 as my last toss. I was really weary at the end of the Fastnet this year and I know it's not going to get any easier. ☉



When we really understand what the environment is and care for it as if it is our own selves, we will be far happier and healthier. Because what's outside is only a reflection of what's inside.

SLEAZE CITIES

Sunday 10am: The limousine traverses the backstreets of Melbourne beneath a sombre sky. There are slight seas on Port Phillip according to the news on the car radio, and someone thinks that the Loch Ness monster may have been an elephant that went overboard last century and learned how to hold its breath under water. Vehicles are conveying their passengers to and from churches of the various denominations, where important questions are put to the deaf and speechless universe. Joggers in colored tracksuits are also out and about, applying their practical existential approach to the malady, and the car radio adds that a motor car rally is just about to set off from the Melbourne Showgrounds for a road duel around Australia, a rugged test of endurance etcetera. Luckily the rally is headed West, for we are headed to Sydney along the Hume Highway, which is enough of a test in itself, without having to compete with heroes driving fast cars that have numbers painted all over them. Right now we are cruising out of inner-urban Fitzroy through Northcote, to join the Highway in Coburg. Highway 31. The alternative is Highway 1 along the coast, more tranquil in a way because you get the Tasman Sea as a no-option bonus and less traffic, but that route is nearly 200 kilometres longer and we aren't really travelling for the sight-seeing. We want to be in Sydney shortly after nightfall.

COBURG: John is the driver. I guess I would be the navigator if John didn't know the way. Since John

knows the way quite well, I am the passenger. On our right are the bleak walls and barbed-wire and watchtowers of Her Majesty's Pentridge Prison. This is where we join the Highway. If you stare hard enough behind the glass up there in the watchtowers you can see a guard with what looks like a rifle, and there is a clock set into the grey stone of this depressing edifice and the time is 10.12am. They deal in time quite a lot at this place. You hear awful stories about the treatment of prisoners in Pentridge, and there it is, large as life. I remind John not to speed, I resolve not to litter. The beauty of the city should not be spoiled by something perfectly natural like orange peel or a banana skin. Or something sort of natural like a dead match perhaps. Then again is a telegraph pole unnatural?

There's a little more traffic now yet certainly not of epidemic proportions. More joggers, jogging along this busy road inhaling exhaust fumes. Why not a quieter backstreet? The need for an audience perhaps. The need for an audience has been the downfall of many a person. On our left we pass Mulqueen Funerals. I swear I saw the word 'provincial' on that window. Funerals and French cooking. On the car radio Leon Russell sings Hard Rain, which seems appropriate although I don't know how. I suppose everything sooner or later would seem appropriate if you analysed it enough for content, in much the same fashion as William Burroughs can say . . . 'When you're paranoid you've got all the news.' On our right amid urban chaos, Hollywood Hair Style. It is abandoned.

BY COLIN TALBOT

Weren't they into hair styles out this way, or does the thread run deeper than that? There's something intriguing about the abandoned.

SUNDAY 10.25AM: The Fawcner Cemetery welcomes us on our left. It's sometimes known as the Fawcner Arts Centre according to a knowledgeable friend of mine, because you can have as interesting a time there as you can have anywhere else in the neighborhood. Of course you can't see much from the road, excepting through the fence you can make out a lot of well kept lawn and cement slabs. And after the cemetery the vision from the road is restricted to garages, service stations, places that sell glass, places that hire caravans, a wreckers yard full of pieces of old cars, an outboard motor lot and finally the first McDonald's. You know McDonald's. They make hamburgers. Some like them, some don't. The Big Mac. There's an advert for a mail-order T-shirt in a magazine that I saw somewhere which has on its chest the slogan 'Sack the Mac'. Sometimes when I'm sitting by the comfort of an open fire and it's raining outside, something which is not normally uncommon in Melbourne, I think of writing for one. But I'll probably never get around to it. Near the McDonald's is a Pizza Hut. If the cars were travelling down the

opposite sides of the road this might almost be Los Angeles, or Chicago. However this is Australia. And there's a K-Mart here too. Telegraph poles, concrete buildings, stop lights, brick establishments where they make food quickly to be eaten quickly. They say McDonalds people know approximately how many people will be buying their product each day, the sort of things these people want to eat, what to do to encourage people to want to eat their hamburgers and so on. Pretty soon these hamburger places will know everything about a person. If you drive past in a car these hamburger places will be appealing to you in such a way that you will feel too much anxiety if you don't stop to eat. We have only travelled 10 miles, or about 16 kilometres, and I feel hungry already. John reaches for a banana. Further down the road on the left is a trash and treasure market, where a lot of people are walking around a compound examining old things because they don't cost as much as new things and time is money. Only 10.30am and already a crowd has formed. They can't be making beds like they used to. Here is what you might call the outskirts of Melbourne; here, where Clarks sell their range of rubber pools from their piece of land by the side of the highway. A fat runner jogs past the pools. His journey will be a long one, yet quite possibly a

rewarding one. Better late than never as the old folks say.

It's around about now, particularly, that you begin to think about the country. For instance you can see a tree every so often, a spot of grass here or there, vacant lots, more car yards than high rise. Welcome signs that the city is gradually being left behind. Wouldn't it be nice, you muse, if there were more trees or grass and vacant lots in the city. A little less concrete and a little more greenery. Now there's a police car cruising past; no need for panic, we've done nothing wrong. Quick, act normal. Possibly they'll radio ahead about us. Car on the highway, probably driving to Sydney, you can tell these things. The driver looks like the sort of law-breaker who'll put the hammer down when he hits the open spaces. A regular speed merchant.

10.35AM: Here comes the Ford plant. Broadmeadows. In fact a factory sprawled across several meadows, concrete, glass, cars, trucks and more concrete. Ford has it looking about as neat and clean, on a general level, as I guess a concrete car plant can look. The radio says that what we can see above us is a 'cloudy sky' and that the temperature is two degrees. Metric again. In the old days it would have been, oh, about 35 degrees Fahrenheit. Much nicer sounding.

Our stately British touring limousine passes two cyclists on geared machines in animated conversation while pedalling at something slightly faster than a mere casual rate. They wear brightly colored parkers. I too would wear a brightly colored parker were I cycling along the Hume Highway and I wanted to live. There is very little traffic and most of the concrete has now been replaced by gum trees and cows in paddocks. Two transport lorries pass us heading back into Melbourne. One is a big Mack. A real axe. Whatever a Mack truck does on the highway is correct. You always agree with it and go with the flow. There are still a few factories out here, yet they somehow seem to be a little neater than the factories you see in the heart of the city. And it's not as if the architects have made any concession to the environment of trees and hills in the distance, and flat paddocks, I mean it is not as if the factories 'blend' with the environment. I think it must be that the more concentrated the number of concrete buildings, the more unpleasant to the senses. A factory sitting by itself, so to speak, in a field never does look 'pretty', yet the surroundings' pleasantries eases the pain somewhat.

Off on the left is some sort of factory of mammoth proportions under construction. Perhaps a CIA headquarters, regional. Or a concrete concentration camp. Or a retirement home.

Now we are heading into real highway territory. A Tatslotto sign, a School sign, a

Merging traffic sign. It's wonderful all the information being provided to people. Where would we be without it? Geelong perhaps, who knows? The highway splits into separated traffic now, with parking bay areas, lots of grass and trees, and huge power lines to pass beneath. I bet the grass I am looking out at isn't just 'grass'. It will be different kinds of grass. And the gum trees will be different kinds of gums. It's like some eskimos have about 50 different words to describe snow because it forms so much a part of their experience. And grass is such an abstract concept to the city, that one word describes everything about it. Just grass. And talking of snow, there's a little traffic coming the other way, nice looking cars, their roof racks full of skiing equipment. When I say nice looking cars, I might not really mean that.

MELBOURNE 30: The signpost says Melbourne 30 kilometres, and it's 56 kilometres to Seymour. The wattle is in bloom. Already the wattle is in bloom, and it's still winter. Nature has been tricked this year.

New South Wales and Victoria didn't get much rain. Still in winter and already drought conditions have been declared in some regions. Could be the worst one since the mid-Fifties, the big one, the people on the land are fretting. In the cities low rainfall is usually greeted fairly joyfully because it means getting wet less. Or if you think really really long term it might mean the price of bread will rise a little because crops will be low, and that you can only water the lawn every second day because of water restrictions. In the country no rain is eventually the end of the road, when the crops and the stock die, and then sometimes they walk off the farms forever and come into the cities.

OUTSIDE EUROA: The highway here is 'under construction' for six kilometres. We pass a car with a 'just married' sign on it.

'There were two blokes in that car,' says John.

'I think you're mistaken.'

'No. I saw two blokes. That's fairly unusual.'

We have just passed through something. John thinks it was a town. I think it was two towns each on either side of the highway. Using my theory you don't have to slow down because you are not passing through a town you are merely travelling between towns. Now we pass our first hitchhiker, though he is heading back the other way. Forlorn, probably been there a while. Ten years ago this road would have been plagued by hitchhikers.

And motorists. Now it's like a wasteland out here. Admittedly it's a Sunday but where are the travellers. Is it the high cost of petrol? Perhaps we are travelling on that statistical freak day, and any other

day this road would be crowded with motor cars and hitchhikers. No, this feels like a trend. Good Golly, we haven't even passed a motor transport! Not one semi-trailer in more than 100 kilometres. It was just a few months ago that you couldn't move on this road for transport. The big blockade. Convoys. You would be lucky to get up a convoy of cars right now. Then again, the truckies tend to set off at about 4am and we started six hours behind, so we'll probably strike them all later on. In the dark. One big long convoy. High on Razorback Mountain, rain pouring down.

M 195: A sign like M 195 tells you that it is 195 kilometres you have come from Melbourne. Only one Big Mac in 200 kilometres? Yes, but there are plans. Why this here road is going to be cleared back 500 metres either side, and all the way from Sydney to Melbourne will be one giant hamburger bar-cum-supermarket

The road all the way from Sydney to Melbourne will be one giant hamburger bar-cum-supermarket gas station.

gas station. A gas station isn't of course a CIA elimination plant, but the American word for service station. American words are here to stay kids. They go hand in hand with American companies, and American-style promotions. There's a sign with 125 written on it. One for John the driver because it's in miles. He's an old fashioned guy, with old fashioned ways. Miles from Melbourne 125. Sometimes you find these ancient relics along the road. Signs of early civilisation. Days when milk used to come in cans instead of paper cartons. Nice times. Days of Hope.

GLENROWAN: This is Kelly country. You want a tea-towel to prove it? Or a nice bottle-opener? This is what happens to martyrs and fakirs and bankrobbers and folk-heroes. Sometime after awful coincidence has conspired with the finks and the police to end their rebellious ways, others come along and create a legend, which involves the use of actual things used by the person in question, and T-shirts with Ned Kelly written on them, and the making of money. This is where Ned Kelly, the robber with the lead suit,

was shot down last century. He was hanged by authorities in Melbourne and until last year the skull of the corpse was on display in the Police Museum. Last year someone stole the skull. They were obviously making some sort of connection, fitting the news together a la Burroughs. On your left as you enter Glenrowan is a huge Marlboro Country sign, featuring a horseperson. Then a dusty replica (I think *impression* is better than replica) of Ned's famous almost bullet-proof vest, and a Kelly souvenir shop, and a hotel. That's showbiz.

WANGARATTA: Coming towards 'Wang' your mind might wander to the Captain Matchbox pop song, Wangaratta Wahine. Like if you are passing through Dimboola going from Melbourne to Adelaide, your mind might wander to Jack Hibberd's play and film *Dimboola*. Coming into Berlin you might think of Lou Reed's album of the same name. The beat goes on and on and on. Now why don't they invent a pill that makes all the useless information vanish.

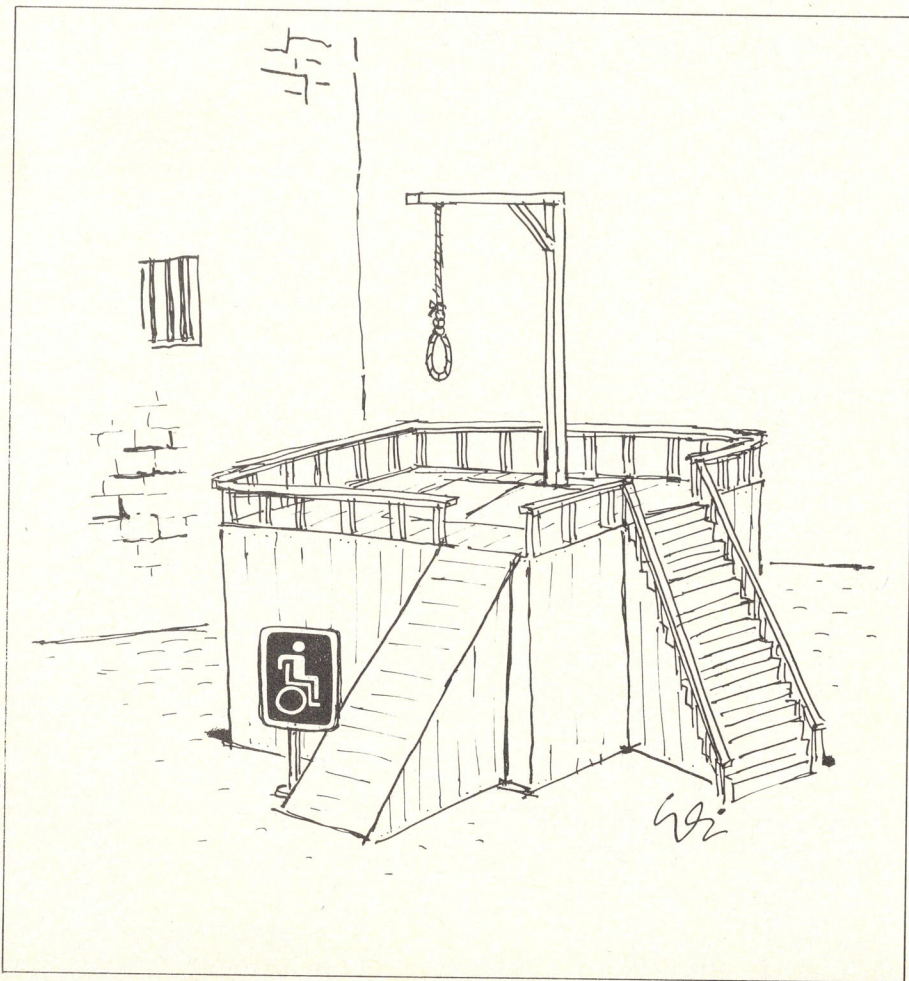
We pass through several small towns that dot Highway 31. There's no point trying to get 'into' the spirit of the towns you pass through at 100kmh. You hardly even notice you are passing through. Perhaps they have no spirit. Actually I don't wish to give the impression that John is a consistent breaker of the road laws. Sometimes he slows down, if he happens to notice we are passing through a town.

WODONGA: This is Victoria's last outpost. There's a fruitfly checkpoint, but they aren't giving any out at the moment. Off to lunch we imagine, The New South Wales authorities don't have a bureau for that it appears.

On our right a huge sign which reads '... There is beauty all around when there is love at home'. Sponsored by the Church of Christ. John thinks it may really be the KGB. A Pizza Hut. Now a Kentucky Fried. So where's the McDonalds. It must be somewhere! These boys rarely hunt alone. Where there's smoke there's fire etcetera. Now a sign 'Are you ready for a M*A*N'. Very cute. A M*A*N is a kind of tractor.

There's no shortage of motel-room vacancies in Albury. Twenty kilometres later we pass a boomerang factory. There's a large replica (rather than an impression) of a boomerang out the front. Marcia Hines sings on the radio. Still not much traffic, still no transports. "You remember those stories," says John. "You see tyre marks going off the road at the bottom of a hill, but there's no accident around. Then you look out into the paddock and there's a tree in the middle of it. Just one tree by itself a few hundred yards from the road. And there's a bloody semi-trailer head on into it."

You notice he says *yards*, not *metres*. "Speed is what does it," he adds. He's



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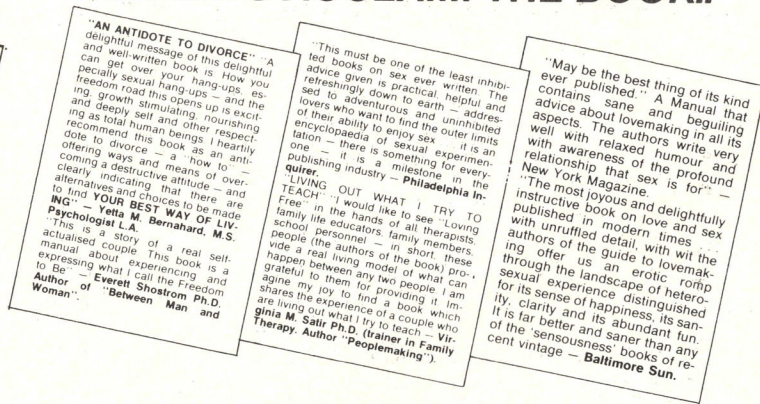
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talking about the kind that drivers swallow
when they wish to travel long distances.

G 135: G means Gundagai. The radio says
that it's 11 degrees locally. A truck carry-
ing a load of cows passes us. The road is
rough. Another sign says it's 520km to
Sydney.

Driving along, when you stop to think
about it, there is so much meaningless in-
formation that can be taken in. All the
signs you pass become meaningless
when they are replaced by the ones you
presently come upon. I know that sounds
a little silly, but I'm sure all those signs
constitute some sort of drain on an
average person's intelligence. I'm very
worried about it.

G 80: According to some drivers, NSW is
the State where you are liable to find more
unmarked police cars on the highway. Do
you think this is good or bad? State your
reasons and address a letter to yourself
about it. This article will be in touch
presently. The radio is issuing such static
that the quest for a song is abandoned.
Outside there's nothing but grass and
trees, and occasionally an animal of some
description. Sometimes I get the feeling
that I have grown out of touch with much
of nature. John distinguishes no
background at all, seeing only the road
and the signs. We are passed by a mini-
convoy of eight trucks. I explain the film
Duel to John, about the Kenworth truck
that decides to kill a Chrysler car, as far as
I can recall. John is complaining about the
grading of NSW roads on corners.

S 444: That sure is a lot of kilometres to
travel. The radio has come alive again.
There goes another town. Gregg Allman
on the radio singing Midnight Rider.

'I don't own the clothes I'm wearing
And the road goes on forever ...'

The poor pet. Sometimes the road does
seem to do that though. Singing about 'the
road' is a big American tradition. We talk
about the distance between cities in
Australia, the great drive. How 1000km is
a long distance between real cities. In
America they have that big drive from
coast to coast, East to West. That was the
road for Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassidy.
That was one way for the beats to define
themselves in the fifties, and it was a way
during the sixties for the rock groups and
films to eulogise. American cultures can
define itself by its idea of moving from
coast to coast. That's how they like to de-
fine themselves. The quest for the Prom-
ised Land, Daniel Boone, the Mystery
Train, the Vanishing Point. A mythology of
the road. In Australia we like to think that
way, we like to talk about culture and
distance. To point out that our distances
travelled are extraordinary. And we have
our art references too. A few poems, a
country & western film or two, a few re-
cent road films like *Mad Max*, *In Search of*

Anna, *Backroads*, *Highway One*. Yet
there's no tradition these rest on, I don't
think. And who cares anyway. Americans
have been forever trying to define
themselves unsuccessfully, and now the
place is a giant analyst's couch full of
Richard Specks and Charles Mansons.
Here in Australia we kid ourselves
that we are very sporting and full of life
and that the spirit of the country is 'the
bush'. Most of us live in the cities on the
coast, and get to see our wild kangaroos
initiation rights only on TV.

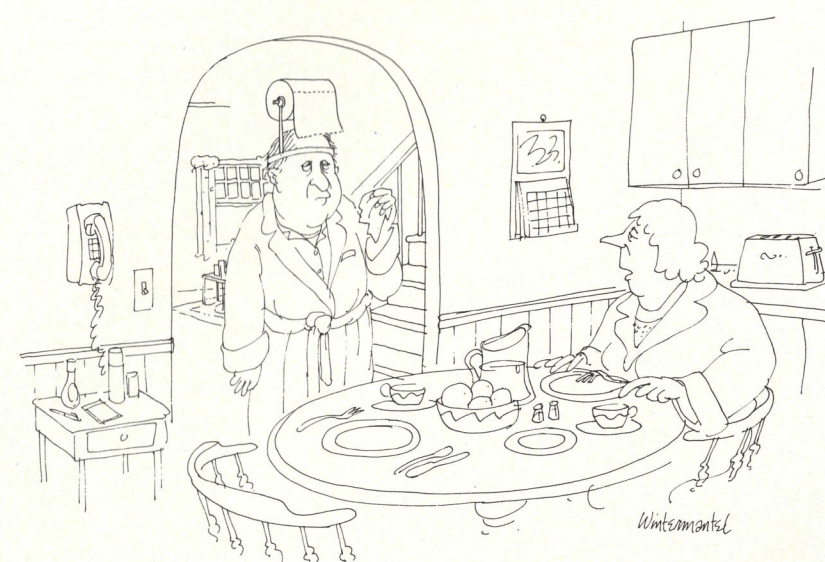
PITSTOP: Time for more petrol. This ser-
vice station is just out of Gundagai. 'Public
Toilets in Gundagai. CUSTOMERS ONLY'
a sign warns. And a provision of signs.
Transport Fuel ... Full Tyre Service ...
Truckers Tucker ... Tour Stop Showers
... Breakfast. Lunch. Dinner ... OUT ...
AIR Con REST ... Washable Moccasins
(\$1.75-\$4.75) ... LOW HEAD ROOM. And
so on and on.

Passing through Gundagai a sign out-
side of a motel says 'Auto Casino'. It's
a different world up this way. Must have a
regional dialect, or some wonderful in-
novations. Out of Gundagai, and we reach
Five Mile Creek. Yes folks! It's the one
and only Dog on Tuckerbox region, with
Dog on Tuckerbox motel, kiosk and other
assorted Dog items designed for culture
lovers. We speed through because of

John's brutal attitude to culture (although
he loves dogs). More roads under repair.
A sign, Slippery Surface. Two lorries pass
with Danger Wide Load written on them.
Our first for the trip John explains.

4.35PM: The radio is picking up Canberra
stations. There's nothing much happen-
ing in the nation's capital. Sydney is
350km and the weather is cold. This is
about the time conversation dies and
'white line fever' sets in. Watching the
road disappearing under the bonnet for
six hours gets to be hypnotic if normally
the longest drive you take is to the corner
shop, or to the football on Saturdays. You
can become hypnotised by the white line.
Visions of Cody, Kerouac, James Dean,
Slim Dusty. Wham Bam!

S 304: It's 4.59pm. We pass a Torana.
Passing through Yass. After some of the
towns we have seen today, Yass comes
under the heading of Big Place. You can
see neon lights and other city-type
delights. However no McDonald's are in
evidence. After Yass, the greenery, the
deep rich color of the paddocks and hills
in their false Spring, begins to fade. The
grass is getting yellower. It's not
necessarily lack of water. So cold at night
up this way. Yass was a feature town of
the truckers' Blockade. John was passing
through and says about 1000 rigs blocked
the road. It took quite a while to be



"Oh, Raymond! Not another cold!"

ushered through. So far we haven't seen more than 20 transports, coming or going, in 600 kilometres.

S 292: Much colder. There are about 30 cars ahead of us, headlamps on in the fading light, up the hill. Most of them will peel off, taking the Barton Highway to Canberra. We are caught on a hill behind a semi-trailer. At 5.16pm John puts the hammer down, and at the top of the hill we are free. No more traffic.

5.28PM: Quickly darkening. Sun going. Roger Mayday. There are now three choices, all abysmal on the car radio. The fourth choice is static. The fifth choice is absence. We take the fifth, as they say in America. The right to remain silent.

GOULBURN 23: It's nine degrees. I call that cold. John calls it freezing. I explain that this is not strictly correct. The sky is suggestive of rain. The mindlessness that a long trip induces in a passenger, I begin to wonder, is it a physical function? Researchers say that just watching TV can switch you out of normal beta brain-wave production (about 14 to 30 cycles per second) to the slower alpha waves (about 8 to 13 cycles). Alpha is the state of relaxed attention, as they call it. Beta is the more normal day-to-day wavelength which we function under. The one where you easily become tense. So when the driver begins to drift a little, perhaps increased production of alpha waves have affected the kind of attention. I'm sure relaxed attention would be better than tenseness on the road, if you could respond, like unconsciously. The way the car

drives itself to the corner shop when your mind is on what you are going to buy there. But too much relaxation is called sleep, and being asleep at the wheel is an unfortunate way to drive. Drifting into dream sleep is theta wave production (4-7 cycles) and deep sleep is delta. Definitely going too far with regards to driving.

6PM: Dark. Outside Goulburn. Ten transports parked by a hotel. Crowded roads for a change. A rising moon to our left.

Scientists have recently discovered that running can be addictive. That kind of exercise stimulates the pituitary gland to produce endorphins, which are a kind of organic morphine. Joggers have entered into a feedback system and addicted themselves to running through a pleasure principle. The body becomes used to generating more internal pain relievers and likes it. The euphoria often noticed after childbirth has also been ascribed to the production of a hormone in this endorphin family. Who knows what they'll find out next. Probably just breathing is addictive and generates some hormone which makes us feel better. I know I certainly feel better when I breath. My goodness there's even a *Complete Book of Walking* on the market. The author says he doesn't know of anyone whose mind isn't cleared, and who doesn't relax after a good walk. That sounds like an addiction. So why not a *Complete Book of Laying Down*. Certainly a *Complete Book of Driving in a Car*. I mean you can feel it. Not exactly euphoria, but certainly exhaustion and a different state of consciousness.

GOULBURN: Population 20,000 the sign says. Quite large really. Traffic Hazard Ahead another sign informs us. This probably refers to Goulburn itself. Or is it some sort of game? Like Snakes and Ladders. Road Hazard. A game for motorist and ambulance. There is the red light of an aircraft climbing into clouds ahead. These towns must have their own kind of charm. One can't hope to discover that charm by cruising through at the maximum speed allowable by law, I don't expect. This is what I mean. We get out of touch. We don't establish a meaningful relationship between town and country, city and town. Well, not me.

John won't let me drive. He doesn't say he doesn't trust me, in so many words, yet I get that feeling.

S 177: We're closing in on Sydney. The road has been worked on a lot, and it is neither as John nor I remember it, which was fearful. This section is like a real freeway. Real Freeways are roads that allow you to go even faster and take even less notice of what you are passing. Eventually in places like California the Freeway is dug into a ditch so that you can't even see the country you're passing through, and your only point of recognition is the

sign which tells you which lane of traffic leads where. Step into the car, onto the freeway, and changing from freeway system to system, never seeing anything except the freeway signs, and the other cars, and then the destination. Like a horse wearing blinkers. Still, maybe it could be fun sometimes, just driving.

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance. Great book but the bits about repairing the motorbike were boring. That's a Zen joke. It was a book in the tradition of *Zen and the Art of Archery*, and *On The Road*. The American dream combining the quest for the self with a vision of the road. The author was a self-confessed schizoid (kind of) who philosophically and morally and intellectually interpreted himself and his motorbike on a trip. The Zen part also refers to becoming 'at one' with the machine and 'at one' with the environment. Overcoming the separation of the subject and the object as they say in Zen circles. Ultimately the final and only way to come to terms with your environment. By being it. I find it extremely difficult to become Goulburn for instance. Or to become this old car. I am at one with the interior. The wooden panelling on the dash, the old leather seats, the steering wheel, the glovebox. But underneath the hood, I'm all at sea. That's what the NRMA is for. That's what the RACV is for. Maybe that's why John is not handing me the wheel. Perhaps he thinks one should know a machine to operate the machine. The machine is just an extension of the self. In *Zen Archery*, the hand and the bow become inseparable. All the anthropologists say that primitive tools were operating on just this principle. Though I don't know about 'becoming' a washing machine for instance.

MITTAGONG: A quick stop for greasy food. After Mittagong we strike Razorback Ridge, the moon out, the sky quite clear. This is where the truckers took the rebel stand. A commercial Eureka Stockade.

Down into the plain and on our left a new settlement. A little satellite town. Someone at the hamburger bar in Mittagong had been talking about this place. They called it 'Blandsville'. I imagine that's not the official name. Blandsville has that unique Housing Commission touch. This is only slightly worse than the architectural profiteering of commercial interests. A bunch of semi-detached bungalows (as they tend to call these 'homes' in South Australia) on the side of a hill in the middle of nowhere. The Premier will drop out in a few weeks and officially declare this place a 'town' I imagine. A movie company could erect a set in a week that would feel and look more like a town than this cheerless replica. Mind you, I'm only talking from the point of view of the road. Remember that my endorphin levels have risen and my drive has been



CRACKERJACK KWAKA

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

When I was a lad barely out of the Suzuki 80 class, a friend who owned an Indian 1300 offered me a ride on the big blue beast. It was an exercise in awe, horror and pure physical strength. I was convinced, with the design advances since that big-bore tribe of monsters was conceived, that it was the last time I would ever ride anything of that size. Yet here I am again on a 1300cc motorcycle, the biggest production bike in the world

— and the only similarity between then and now is that both machines have two wheels. I never knew the horsepower rating of the Indian, but it would have been pushing to produce more than 45. The Kawasaki Z1300 churns out 120. The Kawasaki probably weighs less. Probably the most surprising thing about the water-cooled, shaft-driven Kawasaki is the balance and malleability of the package. That said, the fact remains.

It's a freeway/highway machine. Inevitably, and because the bike lays its power down so well and is so nicely balanced, Kwaka freaks will be out there trying to prove that the six-cylinder Honda CBX is *not* the drag king. But the beast's real forte is touring. The six-cylinder Kawasaki is an opposing concept to the twin-cylinder BMWs. Yet at \$5000-plus, and in its capabilities, it is a true contender for the touring crown. 

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reduced, and I'm in alpha. And sometimes it's very warming to know that this is the view from the road, and it might not ever have to be any closer. To that place anyway. But in the city, we got plenty of our own.

'Jesus! Look at that joint. Housing Commission. Make you sick wouldn't it!' John wrinkles his face in distaste. We know about aesthetics all right.

As they say in driving circles, we are making good time. A sign says there is 'spinich' for sale. Very cold even for Melbourne people. Ten hours of travel means we have averaged more than 100km/h including towns and corners. That's illegal. I'm sure we'll get away with it. Honest officer, I was just impressing people.

We started out at 4am. The traffic has built up for the final lap into Sydney. Lots of glaring lights from people in cars who don't really know how to use high beam. The truckers are said to have the perfect answer for those who do not observe the low-beam-in-traffic rule. When they pass by you, they drop a Coke bottle accidentally into your windscreen from their cabin. An honest accident. Or perhaps it might only cross their minds.

8.27PM: Sydney only 34km away. Boy! Eyes dazed and glazed from headlights, cold, and full of junkfood. Remember folks, if you go away on long trips, take

warm clothes and plenty of fruit for the voyage. Make sure the car heater is working. Check high beam. John is worried about a blow-out. I thank him for sharing his concern, and that's probably all I'll think about right into Sydney. I'm trying to come to terms with the machine, to be at one. But it's hard when you're only the passenger. At 8.28pm I spot the Kentucky Fried. Aha welcome stranger!

Then the McDonald's. And come on, where is it hiding? Right! The Pizza Hut to complete the triumvirate. Caltex, Amoco, service stations, neon signs, bright lights. We're on the outskirts of the Big Smoke. It's odd how after miles of serene country that such an ugliness can be a pleasant reward.

It signifies the end is nigh. In many ways.

We take the Liverpool By-Pass. Sydney is 21km. Another Pizza Hut. Then the Kentucky Fried. They're coming thick and fast now, wave after wave of fast food joints beaching and running over the dunes to take position. And where's Big Mac? Must be somewhere. Yes! Camped just around the corner, slightly out of position off the main drag. 21km to Sydney GPO.

BANKSTOWN: A nation of used car lots. That's what it is. Hamburger stands, self-service petrol stations. If they used to be called 'service stations', what do we call them now? Could I suggest "Selfserve

Gas To Go". Here's a used car yard on our right using a double-decker bus to aid in its sales techniques. Up above us a large well-lit billboard . . . Gold is a Timeless Pleasure. Thanks Benson & Hedges. Now the adverts and car yards are multiplying and pretty soon it's just like looking at trees and grass in the country. All the billboards and neon lights begin to look like each other, telegraph poles begin to look like each other, cars and people begin to look like each other. Add car radio screaming its advertisements always louder than the music, and the traffic lights, and the sound of a thousand car horns as each driver tries to gain that essential, necessary five yards along the road, and we are in Sydney 8.55pm Sunday.

THE END: But it's not really. I live in Melbourne, and I must return. No, not by road. I imagine that's my last trip up The Hume. Train or plane next time. And you take a look around you and think that one day the Hume Highway will be just one long garbage pail.

From post to post and coast to coast, nothing but car lots and fast food places and petrol stations and neon signs, and other variations on the Ugly Building. And even if that never quite happens. This is still already too much. These car yards and fast food joints. It all looks so Ba-a-d! Yecch! And it's noisy and it's polluted and it's getting worse. Obviously the answer is to tear it all down. Or leave it and find a new place. But what's the point, because the new stuff we'd want to put up wouldn't be so much different from the old. We might have learned a few more techniques. For instance the government might employ a few landscape architects one day, just for fun. Or better still, no architects at all. Even better no government at all.

The trouble outside is finally solved by realising that all the fast food establishments just don't matter at all. While we all frequent car yards and food joints and petrol stations, they'll exist and they'll be noisy and ugly. So when we change, they will disappear.

That's the nature of the dialectic. And when we really understand what the environment is, and care for it, as if it is our own selves, then that will be far healthier and far more fun, and who knows? We may be able to pull this one out of the fire and live (sigh!). I think it's to do with alpha and endorphins and Zen and the food we eat and how and what we think. In other words, what's outside is only a reflection of what's inside.

9.54PM: John and I head up to Kings Cross to do some drinking, and fall around a bit. The sound of the pinball machines, and people shouting and hurrying, and the glare of the lights is fantastic. ○✶



LET YOUR FEELINGS SHOW



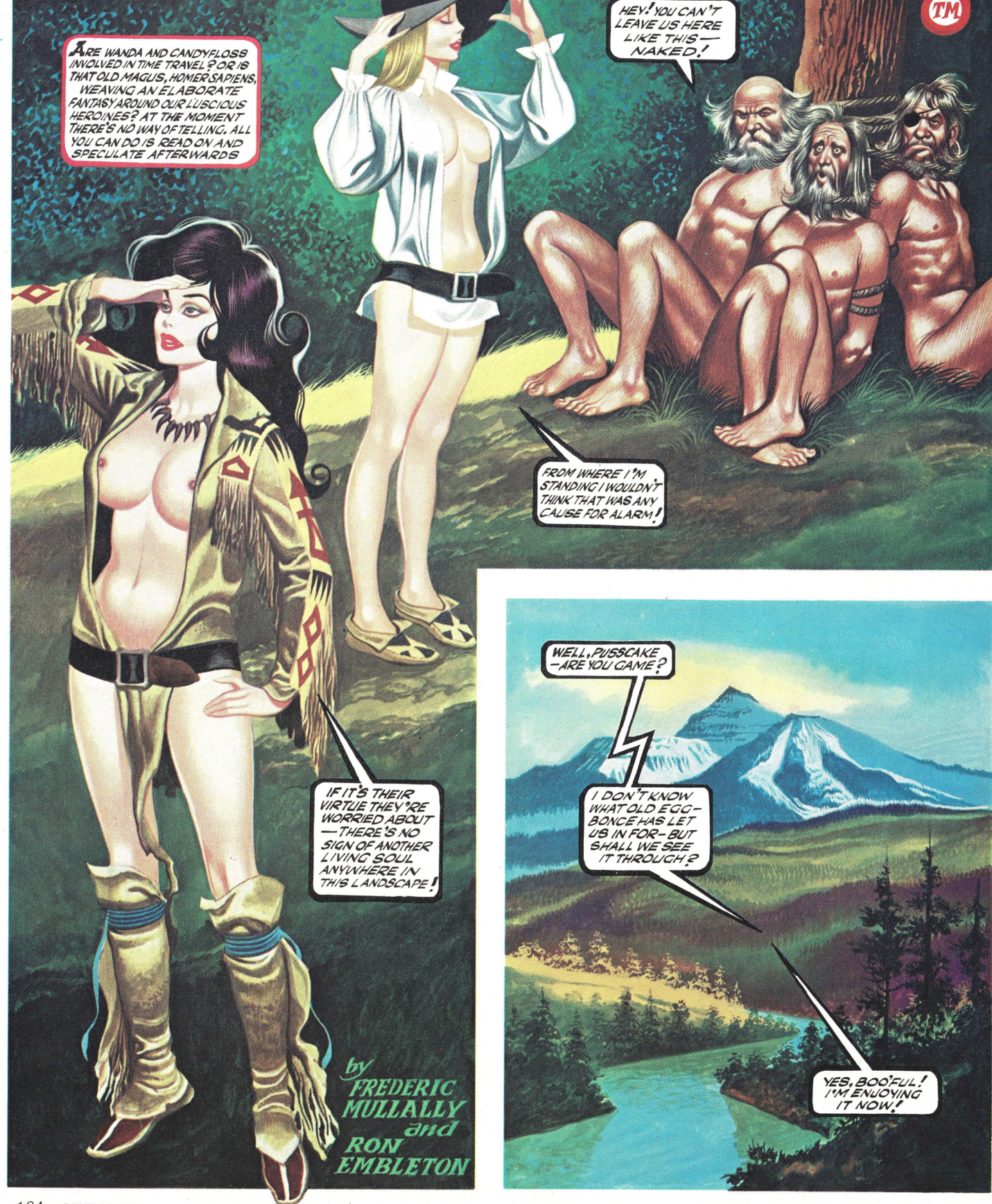
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OH, WICKED WANDA!

ARE WANDA AND CANDYFLOSS INVOLVED IN TIME TRAVEL? OR IS THAT OLD MAGUS, HOMER SAPIENS, WEAVING AN ELABORATE FANTASY AROUND OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINES? AT THE MOMENT THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING. ALL YOU CAN DO IS READ ON AND SPECULATE AFTERWARDS



HEY! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE LIKE THIS—NAKED!

FROM WHERE I'M STANDING I WOULDN'T THINK THAT WAS ANY CAUSE FOR ALARM!

IF IT'S THEIR VIRTUE THEY'RE WORRIED ABOUT—THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANOTHER LIVING SOUL ANYWHERE IN THIS LANDSCAPE!

by **FREDERIC MULLALLY** and **RON EMBLETON**

WELL, PUSSCAKE—ARE YOU GAME?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT OLD EGG-BONCE HAS LET US IN FOR—BUT SHALL WE SEE IT THROUGH?

YES, BOO'FUL! I'M ENJOYING IT NOW!



AND SO OUR COURAGEOUS HEROINES STEP BOLDLY OUT INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.....



BREATHE THAT AIR—IT'S LIKE CHAMPAGNE! NOT A TRACE OF CARBON MONOXIDE!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL HERE, BOO'FUL! LIKE WE HAD THE WHOLE WORLD TO OURSELVES!



TROUT FOR SUPPER?

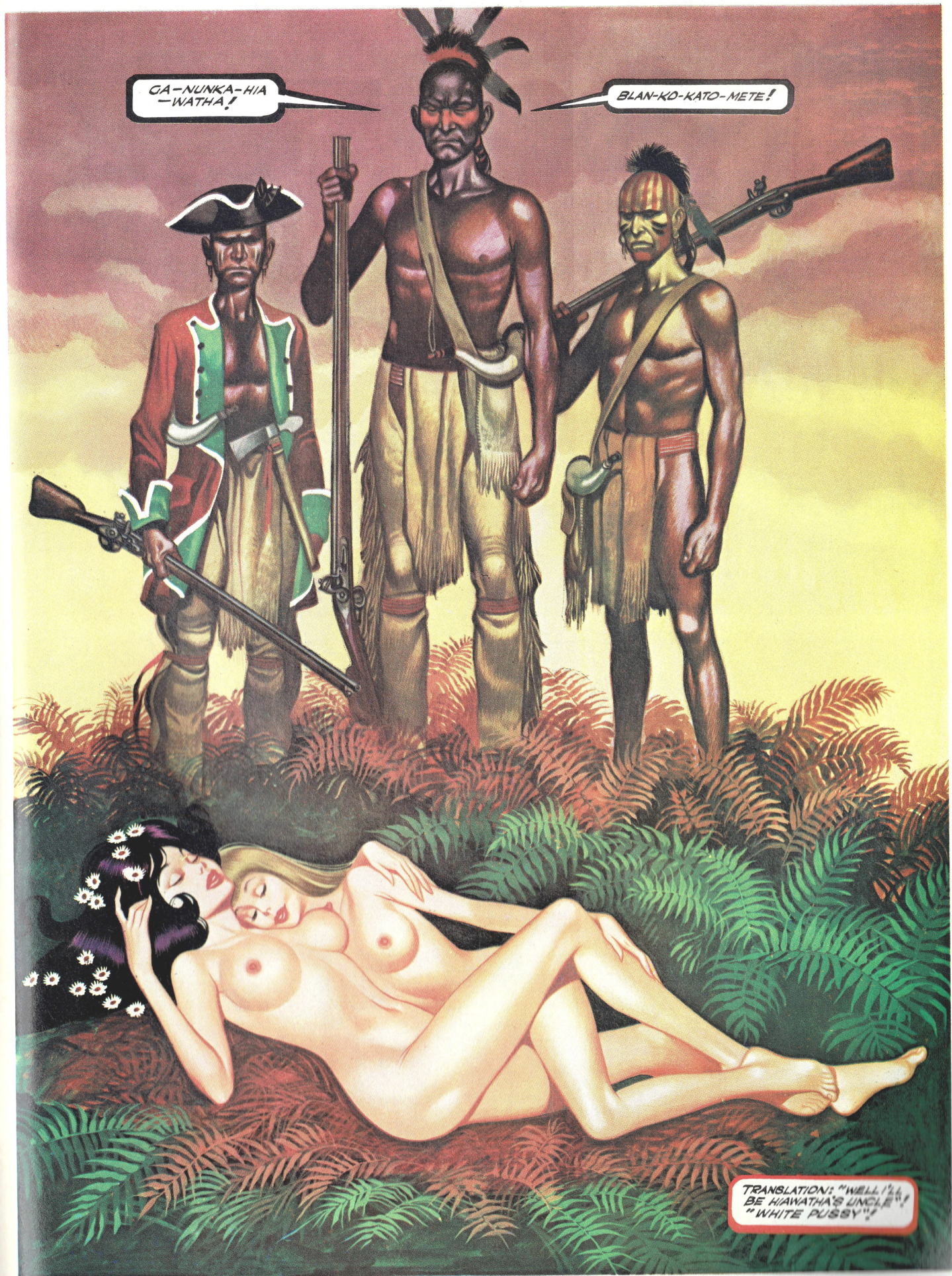
GOODY! I'LL GO FIND SOME BERRIES AND HERBS FOR THE SAUCE!

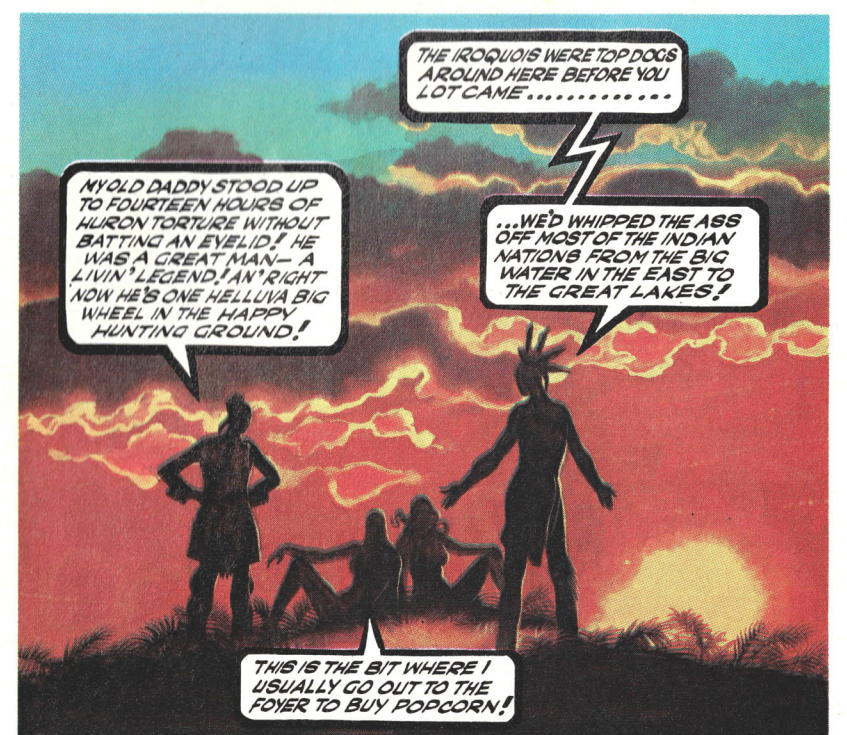
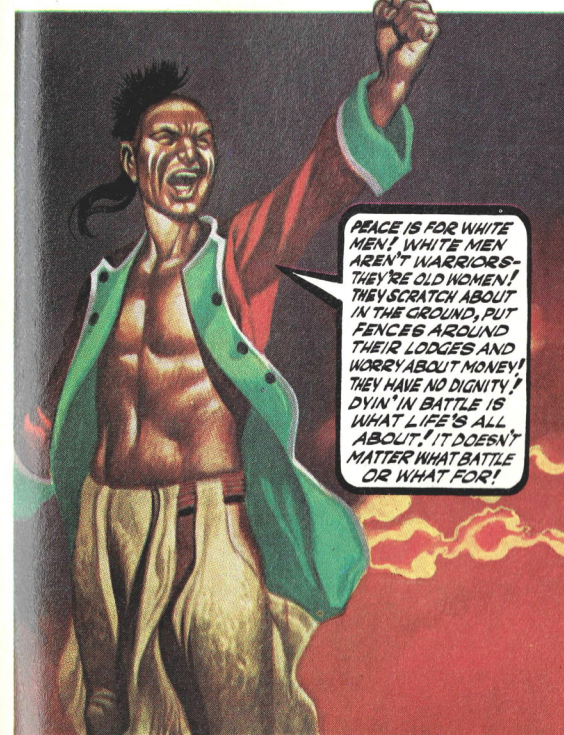
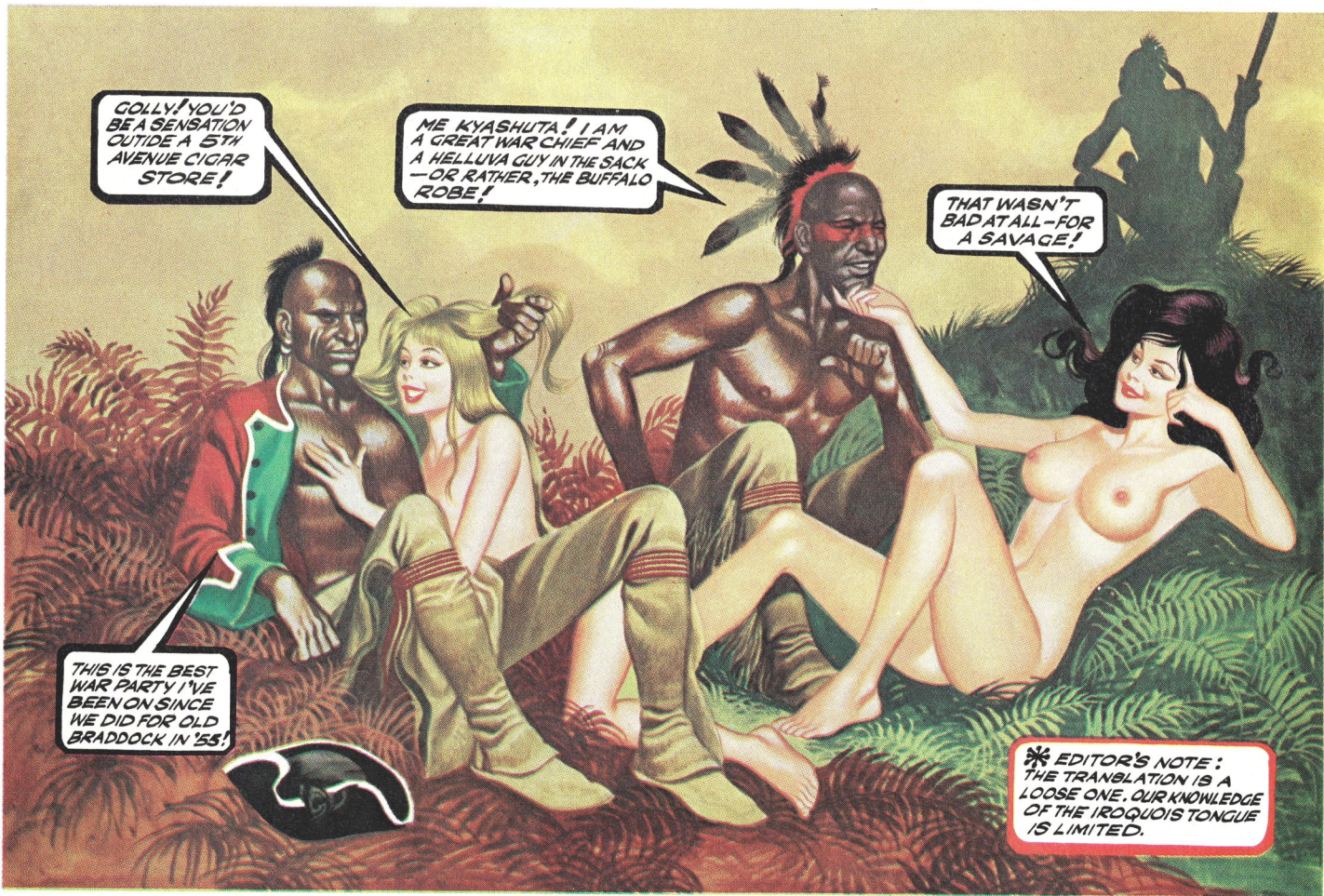


THIS IS GREAT! SO PEACEFUL! NO MOTORWAYS ANYWHERE! NO TRAILER PARKS! NO PLANES OVERHEAD AND NO ADVERTISING HOARDINGS! JUST THE SONG OF THE BIRDS! THIS IS WHAT IT MUST'VE BEEN LIKE A COUPLA HUNDRED YEARS AGO!



WHAT AM I SAYING?!







NOW WE'RE GONNA WHIP THE ASSES OFF THE WHITE MAN!

THE GREAT SPIRIT HAS CALLED TOGETHER ALL THE NATIONS! THE OTTOWA, CHIPPEWA, SHAWNEE AND DELAWARE....

... THE HURONS AND THE IROQUOIS, THE MIAMIS AND THE POTTAWATOMIES!

SOON ALL THE WHITE MAN'S FORTS WILL BE IN ASHES AND WE WILL DRIVE THEM BACK TO THE EAST AND INTO THE GREAT OCEAN!

THEN THE IROQUOIS CAN WHIP THE ASSES OFF THE OTHER NATIONS AND BE TOP DOGS AGAIN!



WHAT IF WE REALLY ARE TIME TRAVELLIN'—AND OLD SAPIENS IS ON THE LEVEL?

COULD I CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY? WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO INFLUENCE EVENTS? WHAT IF THE INDIANS HAD DRIVEN OUT THE WHITE MAN? THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY NEW YORK! NO WAR OF INDEPENDENCE! NO WASHINGTON OR LINCOLN!



NO SLAVERY! NO GENERAL CUSTER! NO NIXON OR CARTER! NO HOLLYWOOD, NO HAMBURGERS OR HOT DOGS! NO T.V. COMMERCIALS! NO SPACE PROBES, COLD WAR OR VIET NAM! NO ROADS, NO CARS—NO FUEL CRISIS!



WHEN YOU THINK OF ALL THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS THAT WOMEN HAVE SPENT LISTENING TO ALL THIS MACHO CRAP!

BUT WANDA ISN'T LISTENING—HER THOUGHTS ARE FAR AWAY!



PUSSCAKE! WE'RE GOIN' ON THE WAR PATH!



AND WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, WHAT, WE HEAR YOU ASK, IS GOING ON BACK AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS?

THAT'S THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IT MEANS HEE-HEE THAT THE MOSTRESS HAS SUFFERED A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

THE SMALL MECHANISM THAT I IMPLANTED IN HER...ER...UM... ANATOMY IS TRIGGERED BY THAT PARTICULAR ACTIVITY—FLASHING A WARNING SIGNAL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE, WHICH ENABLES ME TO BRING THEM BACK POSTE HASTE!

WE'LL DON'T JUST SIT THERE GIGGLING—BRING 'EM BACK!



MY DEAR FELLOW, DON'T DISTRESS YOURSELF—I HAVE ALREADY DONE SO! YOU CAN LET THEM OUT OF THE MACHINE!

SAPIENS—I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

THEY AIN'T HERE! IT'S EMPTY!



OH MY GAWD!

HONER SAPIENS HAS GOT PROBLEMS? WE'VE ALL GOT PROBLEMS! INFLATION IS TURNING THE DOLLAR INTO CONFETTI! YOUR CARS ARE GRINDING TO A HALT IN THE STREETS! THE ARABS HAVE YOU BY THE BALLS! BUT DON'T WORRY—WANDA IS BACK NEXT MONTH! ENJOY! ENJOY!



The dust didn't settle when the Repco Trial ended. Tales of massive, secret efforts to secure victory keep the rumor mill's wheels spinning.

TRIAL BY MYTH

BY BILL TUCKEY

The Queensland police, between street marches, went on to full alert for the passage through their State of the speed-crazed madmen in the Repco Round-Australia Reliability Trial. The Police Commissioner, Terry Lewis, thundered that high-speed driving on Queensland roads would not be tolerated.

He said: "We've got the added responsibility of it being school holiday time with many families on the road." Denying that the deaths of two Repco drivers in Western Australia the day before had anything to do with his attitude, Lewis said rally drivers would be confined to a 100km/h maximum anywhere in Queensland.

That was a prize exercise in semantics. The route — checked and approved by the police months before — called in part for the crews to *average* 100km/h for almost 300km over a bush track that was a minefield of flooded log bridges, dozens of gates, suicidal kangaroos and fallen trees. The first 15 or so cars made it on time or early, still dry in the armpits.

That kind of performance, which surprises no one who has had any contact with the frightening forest kamikaze acts called rallying, is totally beyond the understanding of most

people. They are relatively comfortable in a check-by-jowl river of metal barrelling along a city freeway at 80km/h in a greasy drizzle, yet venture onto a dirt surface only when they pull up at a roadside vegetable stall.

The Australian urban animal does not generally understand the motor car. He is a vehicular voyeur, a spectator at death in the afternoon, devouring all the mindless crap churned out by the daily blatts and the radio stations during the Repco; silly, lazy clichéd stories about crocodile-infested jungles and fear-crazed wild horses.

When the luckless two were killed after their Peugeot 504 did it all wrong in a sunrise-curtained dust cloud into a creek crossing — the first competitors killed in a round-Australia event since the 1958 Ampol trial — the trial was doing what was expected of it. But when the three Marlboro Holden Dealer Team Commodores marched down the white shellgrit of the Melbourne Showground trotting track at 12.31pm on Sunday, August 19, finishing one-two-three, we all felt a little cheated, particularly when Brock, Mehta, Aaltonen and the others persisted in saying that the cars had done it easy, had needed little service, and the event could have been tougher.

So letters were written, rumors were started. One that will take a long time to die quietly is that the Commodores changed 64 front struts during the event. Amazingly, the number is generally the same — not 63 or 66, but 64. Another story was that there were six duplicate Commodores located around Australia and the crews, as a car expired, simply got into another, taking care to change the number plates. They were followed, variously, by three light aircraft, up to 10 service vehicles, and had someone allocated solely to wire up gates behind them, while other cars were sent into vital special stages behind the MHDT team to drive along slowly and obstruct the opposition.

Then, of course, we have GM-H paying the trial organisers to fix it so they could not only win the event, but finish one-two-three. Money was no object, either. Estimates of what they allegedly spent to win have ranged from as low as \$200,000 to the figure of \$3 million proclaimed confidently by a senior Holden dealer at a victory party after the event.

And from stage left, the writers of letters to the editor. In *The Australian* a reader who said he had been in the motoring industry all his life claimed that the Repco was the "Great

Australian Hoodwink". He said: "A true trial should be with standard cars off the production line, carrying only spares which it is capable of carrying, a mechanic who can work on the car without outside assistance, and, of course, some navigation aids.

"The trial itself should have been over roads which the normal public would encounter over a two-year period, mostly bitumen, some dirt and some rough. Times should have been such that top speeds are not necessary."

He added that the Commodores and the Cortinas had been highly modified, with extra body welding, imported seats, altered suspensions, special fuel lines, driving lights, imported shock absorbers, modified exhaust systems and engines rebuilt for more reliability and better performance.

This, he implied, had only been done because the standard car was not designed and built properly in the first place.

Three things need to be said here.

One is that if you expect the car makers to compete in any major motor sport event today, you must accept that they will spend as much money as they need to organise a professional attack with an excellent chance of winning. They are not in the business of paying for people's fun.

The second is that the aim of the organisers of events like the Repco is to try to break the cars and the crews, within the limits of safety and commonsense, and give the public the spectacle they demonstrably want — which is not driving up the bitumen at 80km/h in standard cars.

The third point is that the process of producing accurate information about such an enormous and complex a sporting event defies all the normal practices: the danger in this is that a rumor can quickly become fact and, embroidered, becomes history. It took me nearly a month after the trial was over to reduce a mountain of written words to facts, to kill off the rumors and straighten out the bent reports.

What emerged was that the Holden Dealer Team annihilated everyone else because its attack was better planned, better organised, and it had the best car.

It is idle to speculate about what it cost. In fact, GM-H and its dealers will probably never know, simply because the cost of the time spent in doing the sums would in itself be prohibitive.

You spend the money you think you have to spend to win — and even then there are no guarantees.

The Holden Dealer Team's Repco began in November, 1978, when George Shephard, 37, the snaggle-toothed, dry-humored son of the English migrant who conjured up the idea of the first Redex Trials to promote his engine oil additive, pulled a map of Australia towards him and started figuring out where Repco Trial

director Stewart McLeod would take them.

McLeod, a champion rally driver in his own right and veteran of the Marathon, had been called in at the last moment to plan the route of the second Marathon in 1977 when that hapless organisation broke down. He knows Australia like the laundry lists of the private hospital he runs in Adelaide. Shephard knew that he knew Australia, but Shephard — who has sat in that fearsome left-hand seat for most of Australia's top rally drivers over the last 15 years — knows it just as well.

He was starting with an untried car, the Commodore, just released to an ecstatic motoring press. That was a handicap, because top rally cars take years to design and develop. The 16-valve four-cylinder Ford Escorts that dominate Australian sprint rallying today are hand-built artillery shells that took Ford Europe six years to develop into a winning car, and

You spend the money
you think you
have to spend
to win — and even
then there are
no guarantees.

cost around \$45,000 landed in Australia.

Shephard started with three ideas. One was to modify a Commodore to what he thought was the right state, take it out and destroy it time after time, then apply the lessons learned to building three competing cars. The second was to predict as much as he could about the route — which was to be kept secret until one hour before the start of each of six divisions. The third was to hand-pick the service crews who were to use four HZ Kingswood panel vans, the test car (which soon was nicknamed "Old Silver") and the Piper Navaho Chieftain which would overfly the operation and be used as an R and R base for rotated service crews. He picked mechanics who were specialists in different functions of the car — suspension men, transmission aces, engine bofins, trouble-shooters, and bush mechanics who could fix a major engine blowup with a piece of chewed gum and a length of fencing wire.

Selecting the men to drive and navigate the cars was really a supplementary exercise, but he went for an intelligent mix of local and overseas experience, exuberant

youth and mechanical ability. The main problem every entrant faced was that there was simply no time to do any major repairs — let alone "rebuilt", the word so casually bandied about. In the major rest periods of 12 to 14 hours — Adelaide, Perth, Darwin, Townsville, Sydney — the cars were impounded and couldn't be removed for service until one hour before they were due out. Elsewhere the longest break at a control point was four hours — which happened only twice; two hours — which was given three times; and 40 minutes to an hour everywhere else. Service crews were banned from certain sections, and when they intercepted their cars on the road all work had to be done in the crews' running time.

If you broke something major you were either out for good or lost so much time that you were no longer a winning chance. That's what happened to Ford, the Andrew Cowan Citroen and dozens of very professional privateers.

Shephard built the Commodores by hand from three fully-assembled cars that came down the normal production line with only double the normal amount of body spot-welding. They got all the normal rally equipment — full interior roll cage, bull bar, extra Cibie driving lights, full protective undertray, the rear bumpers replaced with de-mountable and extendable sandtracks, a halved passenger seat in the rear, Scheel front seats, Halda distance and time measuring equipment, alloy bonnet and boot lids, and a 170-litre alloy tank filling the boot. Some special touches were building the 3.3 litre six-cylinder engine to Torana XU-1 race specification and rear door lights to shine on the rear wheels to help tyre changing in the dark.

The suspensions were uprated, engine mounts stiffened, and that was about it.

If that seems a lot — if, like *The Australian's* letter-writer, you think that standard cars should be good enough — remember that these cars had to make times over impossible roads that were probably five times as fast as the normal driver would expect to go.

The Ford Cortinas, the six dealer-entered Volvos, Cowan's Citroen, the Porsche 911 and 924 and the privateer Datsuns and Toyotas all had much the same preparation — some even more. The Cortinas were quite special, built to be a lot stiffer structurally than the Commodores, and with the quickest drivers in Australia — with the exception of Wayne Bell and Peter Brock in the Commodores, Ross Dunkerton in a Volvo and Geoff Portman in a Datsun Stanza.

And what did they have to do to those Commodores, those unheralded and unsung heroes of the service crews, who drove as hard as the drivers and got less sleep?

There were three failures on the Commodores; a 50c rubber clutch control

tube broke on Mehta's car coming into Meekatharra, which meant that he didn't have a clutch and had to keep driving in circles while Aaltonen or Barry Lake opened and closed gates. Brock left the road between Port Hedland and Kununurra and broke a tie-rod end. And a nut worked loose on one front strut in the Mehta car.

Listen to Shephard: "As for all the garbages about the hundreds of front struts we're supposed to have used; each of the four service vans carried a spare set of struts, plus four inserts.

"At Perth we replaced the struts on each car with complete units. The used ones were then fitted with new inserts and put back on the cars at Darwin to finish the trial. The rear shocks on all the cars were changed at Adelaide, Nullarbor, Perth, Port Hedland and Darwin, but we used the same rear springs throughout.

"We changed the rear axles on the two leading cars at Port Hedland and on the Mehta car at Townsville. There was nothing wrong with them — it was just insurance."

It was insurance also that made Shephard plan to replace disc brake pads, batteries, oil filters and air filters constantly. But the three cars used the same engine oil throughout, with a total of only five pints top-up. It was the new Castrol GTX-FM oil announced a week after the event.

Colin Bond, who built the Cortinas, had trouble right up to the start. He had ordered shock absorbers from Bilstein in Germany, but they failed to arrive and he had to use others that didn't quite fit, meaning the pickup points on the front had to be moved further inboard a few days before the start.

All three cars broke a left-hand front shock in the first 30 hours, in Bond's car bending and jamming the suspension. But they really lost the Repco in the middle of the Nullarbor. Bond had his rear suspension come adrift, and George Fury broke his front suspension.

Bond and Fury lost time in checking out of Perth and fitting a new rear end to Bond's car and fixing Fury's front suspension. Then Bond, with new disc pads installed after the first special stage, couldn't stop at a T-junction and rolled the blue-and-white Cortina into a farmer's paddock. They got the battered car to Geraldton, co-driver Bob Riley lying on his back for 300km nursing a swelling black eye and holding the windscreen in place with his feet, and lost more time trying to patch up the three cars. Bond and Fury had both hit the same rock in the middle of a special stage and that started weakening the engine mountings.

Up through Western Australia Carr and Fury's Cortinas found the engines sagging, the sump hitting the steering rack and the crankshaft hitting the bottom of

the sump. Bond put in a litre of oil every 30km to make Darwin, which he and Fury did just in time to avoid being disqualified for too much "late time." There was 14 hours rest there, and a hasty rebuild of the cars when they checked out, but all three then hit the same rock on the same section, and this finally smashed Bond's sump and deranged Carr's engine mountings and radiator.

Bond retired. His navigator, John Dawson-Damer, hitched a ride to Mt Isa in "Old Silver" and caught a plane to Sydney to man Bond's new Lotus stand at the Sydney Motor Show. Bob Riley got a lift with the Perkins brothers in the VW they had rolled and retired near Blinman in South Australia but driven to Darwin to sight-see; Bond put his Cortina's number four on the sides of the VW and they checked through four controls as Colin Bond before somebody woke up.

Carr, in a car that was gradually built back into shape, was absolutely the fastest thing around down the east coast and finished an incredible fifth. Fury got his home in 25th place.

Luck? Insufficient budget? Poor planning? Who knows. The two unluckiest drivers in the Repco were certainly Western Australian Ross Dunkerton, in a Volvo, and Shepparton forestry officer Geoff Portman in the Stanza.

Dunkerton used perhaps 30 shock absorbers — he lost count — on a rear end

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that wouldn't stay put. His shortest-lived shocker lasted 10km. He broke a tie-rod end, had two electric fuel pumps fail and had to drive on with his co-driver nursing a jerrican of petrol feeding by gravity into the carburettor, ran out of spare wheels and stole one from a spectator's Falcon, butchering the stud holes with a cold chisel to make them fit, was bogged innumerable times until his winch gave out, whereupon he threw it in the boot, where it shorted across the battery and started a fire; he was finally talked out of retiring by a farmer who pulled him out of a creek in northern Queensland.

Portman led the trial into Adelaide, then blew seven tyres on the Maralinga stage, rolled the Datsun in the first special stage out of Perth, and rolled it again in the forest north of Kempsey on the way south. He finished 22nd, Dunkerton fourth.

By the time the MHD Commodores left Darwin one-two-three, with Cowan about to retire, the Ford attack blunted and Portman struggling, the idea was simply to get the cars home. In Townsville Shepherd told his three crews bluntly that anyone who abused their cars would be last in the line for service.

In Brisbane Shepherd locked them all in a motel room and told them to cool the tension which had developed as they jockeyed for the lead. The Commodores came home one-two-three with a big time buffer between them and Dunkerton. It was over.

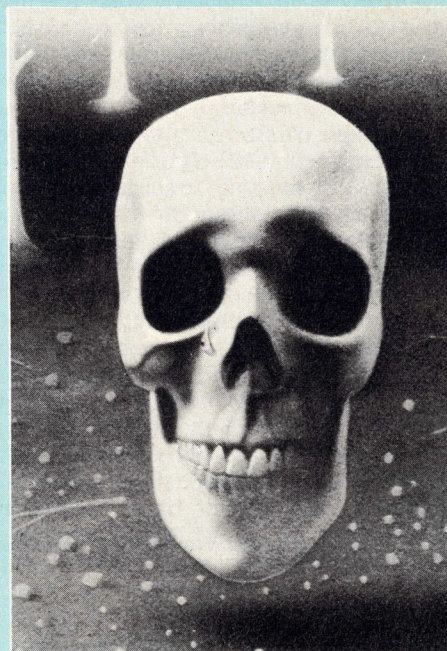
Uniquely for round-Australia events, there were no protests, and little bitterness except the expected complaints from the privateers and enthusiastic amateurs that they had got the worst of the roads after the leaders had been over them and that they got little or no press attention. Their peculiar problem was that after two days the field was spread over 24 hours and perhaps 2000 kilometres, and half the field was out of ken for two weeks of the event.

Will there be another one? I think so. The resources confrontation, the public attitude towards what appears to be an anti-social and anti-environmental pastime will decide when and whether.

But I think there will be. As long as there are cars men will want to race them, and Australia is one of the few places left in the world where you can organise such a breathtaking happening as sending 167 vehicles 19,000 kilometres around the country — more than the distance of the first London-Sydney Marathon — to prove that three men and a car are quicker, more durable, smarter and more competitive than their peers. ☐

In last month's report on the BMW 323i, a production error led to the brakes being described as "steady and entirely unpredictable". Before an attack of the gremlins, the word was *predictable*.

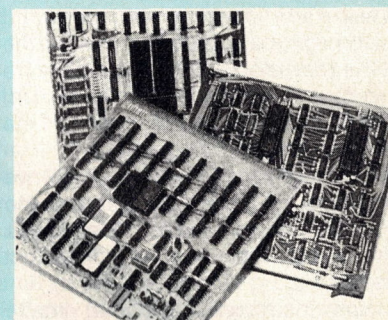
COMING IN JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



Spraying to kill



Shann Turnbull



The Micro Years

SPECIAL SECTION AUSTRALIA IN THE EIGHTIES

Next month Australian Penthouse devotes a major section to the dawning of a new decade: Australia in the Eighties. In a series of special articles and pictorials, we cover:

The Micro Years — Microprocessors are about to revolutionise our lives. Their magic will entertain us, run our businesses, control our dreams and, in no small measure, ensure sociological nightmares. Senior Editor John Hampshire explains the current state of technology and foreshadows the developments of the coming decade. And, as a last-minute guide for Christmas gift-giving, we highlight the latest electronic gadgets now available on the market.

The Economic Turmoil — The social systems of this planet are in unprecedented turmoil. As the most gifted and knowledgeable economists in the world stick to their conventional ways and demonstrably fail us, Australian management consultant Shann Turnbull puts his breathtaking plan for a golden age of a decentralised, self-reliant, self-financing, self-managing, humane and ecological society.

A Conversation With Max — The world was rocked last year by claims of the first successful cloning of a human being. Immediately after his promotional visit to Australia, Pulitzer prize winning author David Rorvik set off on a series of clandestine meetings with the man allegedly cloned — an American millionaire known only as Max. The result is an intriguing interview probing the future, the morality and the dangers of genetic engineering and cloning.

Terror in Space — It began with *Star Wars* and continued with *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Now, stand by for the next generation of space fantasy films, including the horror epic *Alien*. An exclusive pictorial preview.

The Life and Crimes of Charles Sobhraj — Australian authors Richard Neville (of Oz fame) and Julie Clarke detail an incredible series of murders on the Overland Route to Europe. Dozens of people were drugged, robbed and killed by Charles Sobhraj as they followed the hippie trail to Katmandu and Europe. This chilling, true story rivals *In Cold Blood* for horror and excitement and will be presented in two exclusive Australian Penthouse excerpts.

Spraying to Kill — Australian governments have given their stamp of approval for the use of a hideous, lingering killer. The herbicide 2,4,5-T, and its inevitable by-product dioxin, is regarded by scientists as one of the most deadly chemicals known to man — the last word in ultimate destruction. And yet it is being sprayed with abandon leaving a trail of deformities and cancer.

Jeep Renegade. As much fun getting there as being there.



Photograph of Australian participant in the 1979 Jeepers Jamboree held in the Sierra Nevada Mountains U.S.A.

The great outdoors start the moment you climb aboard your Jeep CJ Renegade. With the hard top easily removed and only the sky above the adventure begins as the wheels turn.

You and your Jeep CJ start avoiding the easy way and go looking for challenges. You seek out tracks, hills, water splashes and obstacles to measure Jeep CJ's abilities and give you a chance to test your skill.

Suddenly driving is fun all over again in a way you'd almost forgotten was possible. Places you would have passed up as too difficult to get to become favourite spots to visit in your Jeep CJ Renegade.

That's because it's different from any off-roader you've ever considered — by about a decade.

For a start it's automatic. Not just the transmission. There's a Jeep exclusive system called Quadra-Trac® which automatically distributes the power between front and rear axles as required. This gives you maximum traction at all times. When a tyre starts to lose grip more torque goes to the tyres with traction thereby pushing or pulling you through any obstruction. You run four wheel drive all the time — on road or off it. No need to disengage hubs.

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With both hands on the wheel all the time and the power continually engaged you can literally feel your way along on the throttle.

You do all this in the comfort of denim seats (and protected when you prefer by the one piece lightweight polycarbonate hard top. It's quick on and off and resists denting or scratching). Your steering is adjustable with a softly padded rim. Your front brakes are discs and self cleaning. You ride on big wide traction tyres on white spoked wide rim wheels.

So get yourself behind the wheel of a Jeep CJ Renegade. Head for the hills, the rivers, the forest, the desert.

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Jeep Renegade is supplied with a one piece polycarbonate hardtop. Roll bar padding and night running lights on illustrations are additional dealer options.



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For the name of your nearest Jeep Dealer, and for further information, contact any of the following Jeep Distributors: **N.S.W., A.C.T., & N.T.** Gilbert & Roach Pty. Ltd. 662 Woodville Road, Guildford. N.S.W. 2161. Phone: Sydney 726 5666 Lic. no. 00030. **VIC. RIVERINA & TAS.** Bill Patterson-Cheney Ltd. 200 Cheltenham Road, Dandenong. Vic. 3175. Phone: Melbourne 798 3200. L.M.C.T. 578. **QLD & NTHN. RIVERS N.S.W.** Eagers (Jeep) 11-13 Evelyn Street, Newstead. Qld. 4006. Phone: Brisbane 253 9209. **W.A.** Major Motors Pty Ltd. 225 Great Eastern Highway, Belmont. W.A. 6104. Phone: 277 5177-D.L. 114.



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